

# THE TEST OF A MAN

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# THE TEST OF A MAN

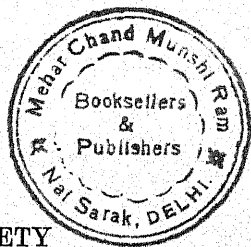
BEING THE  
PURUSHA-PARĪKSHĀ  
OF  
VIDYĀPATI THAKKURA

767

Translated into English by

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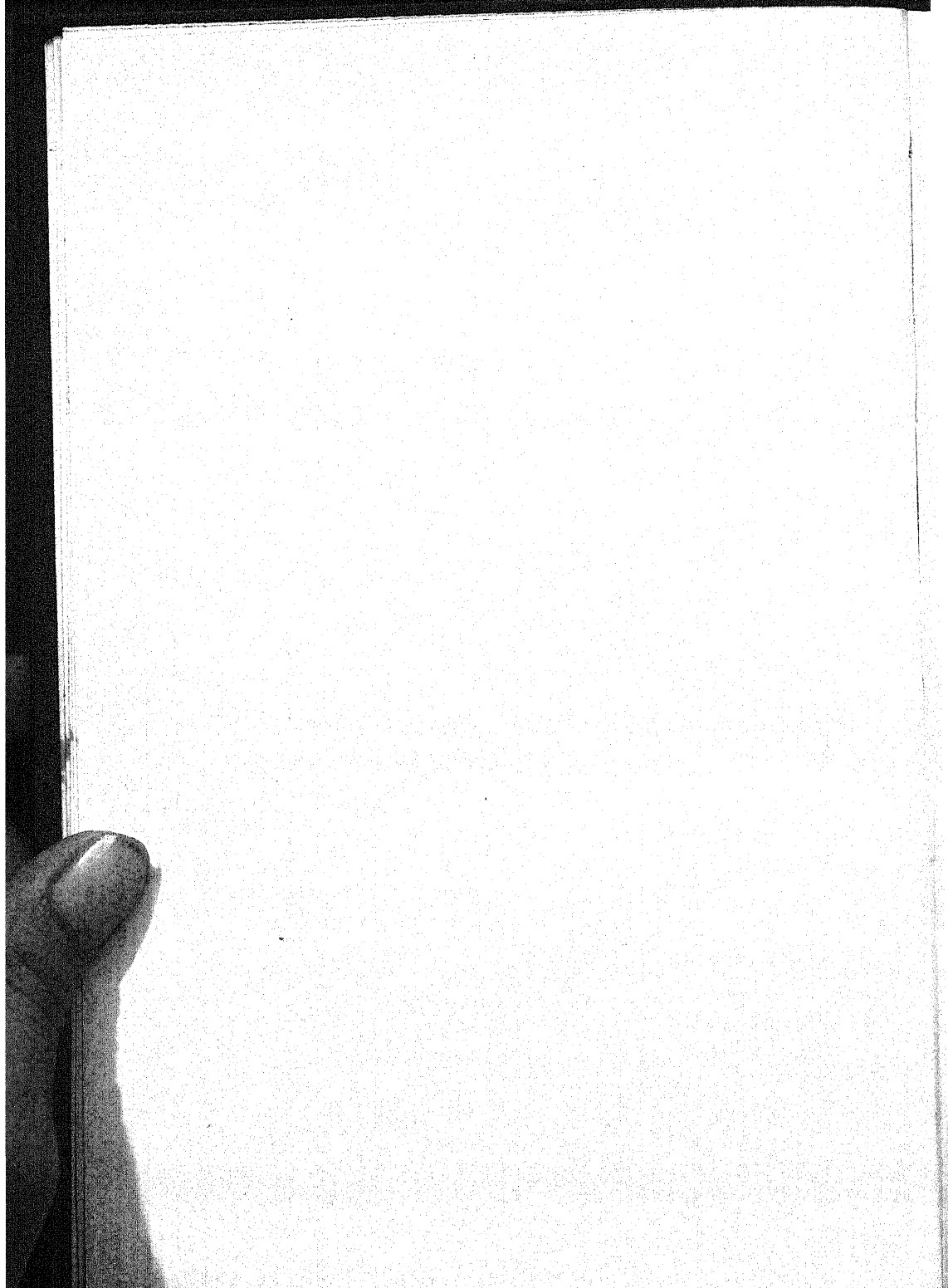
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## INTRODUCTION

VIDYÂPATI THAKKURA, the author of the *Purusha-parikshâ*, here translated under the English title of "The Test of a Man", flourished in the early part of the fifteenth century A.D. and was attached to the courts of Dêva Simha, Śiva Simha, and their successors, Kings of Mithilâ.

According to the *Mithilâ-Khaṇḍa* of the *Bṛihad Viṣṇu-purâṇa*, Mithilâ was a tract in northern India, bounded on the west by the river Gaṇḍakî (the modern Gaṇḍak), on the east by the river Kauśikî (the modern Kôst), on the south by the Ganges, and on the north by the Himâlaya. It thus was nearly the same as the northern half of the modern province of Bihâr, together with the tract of the Nepal *Tarâî* intervening between the frontier of British India and the Himâlaya. Besides this portion of the Tarâî, it included the country now comprising the districts of Champâran, Muzaffarpur, Darbhanga, and portions of Bhagalpur, Monghyr, and Purnea. It appears in Sanskrit literature under various names, of which, besides Mithilâ, Vidêha and Tîrabhukti are perhaps the best known. The last is of interest as being the origin of the name "Tirhut" used at the present day for the revenue division covering the greater part of North Bihâr.

Mithilâ is a land famous in Indian legend and history. For instance, it was in Mithilâ that Râma, the son of Daśaratha, found his bride Sîtâ, the cherished daughter of her foster-father Janaka; but such ancient history does not immediately concern us, and here it will suffice to say something about Vidyâpati's time and the centuries immediately preceding it.

A line of kings frequently mentioned by our author<sup>1</sup> is known as the "Karnâṭa" Dynasty. This was founded in A.D. 1097 by one Nânya (or Nânyupa), an adventurer who

<sup>1</sup> See Tales 3, 4, 8, and 11.

hailed from Southern India, and who established his capital at *Śimarāmapura*, the modern *Simraon*, a town now in the Nepal *Tarāi*, just beyond the frontier of the Champāran District of British India. His conquests extended into Nepal itself, where one branch of his descendants settled, while another remained at *Śimarāmapura*, and there for six generations exercised a sway independent of the growing Moslem power at Delhi. The last of the line—*Hari* (or *Hara*) *Śimha Dēva*—succeeded his father *Śakti Śimha* in A.D. 1303. In 1323–4 he was conquered by *Chiyāṣu-d-dīn Tughlak*, the Sultan of Delhi, who was then making a raid into Tirhut. *Hari Śimha* fled into Nepal, and so disappeared from the history of Mithilā, leaving the country to remain for some years in a state of anarchy. It is of interest to note here that his Minister for Home Affairs was one *Gaṇēśvara Ṭhakkura*, who is said to have been the great-grandfather of *Vidyāpati*, and whose acuteness of intellect is celebrated in Tale 11 of this work.

The anarchy following on the flight of *Hari Śimha* came to an end when a *Brāhman* named *Kāmēśvara Ṭhakkura* was put in power by the Delhi Sultan. The exact date of his accession is unknown. *Chiyāṣu-d-dīn* died in 1324 and was succeeded by *Muḥammad bin Tughlak* (1325–1351),<sup>1</sup> and he in his turn was followed by *Firōz Shāh Tughlak* (1351–1387). *Kāmēśvara Ṭhakkura* lived in the village of *Ōinī*, but his family belonged to the village of *Sugaunā*, and the line of kings that he founded under the suzerainty of Delhi is usually known as the *Ōinwār*, or as the *Sugaunā*, dynasty. *Firōz Shāh* subsequently deposed him, and put in his place *Kāmēśvara*'s younger son *Bhōgīśvara*, who divided his kingdom and gave half of it to his own brother *Bhava Śimha*. *Bhōgīśvara* died in A.D. 1360 and was followed by his son *Gaṇēśvara* (died A.D. 1371) and his grandson *Kīrti Śimha*, whose reign was short. *Kīrti Śimha* died without issue, and the half of the kingdom that he inherited from *Bhōgīśvara*

<sup>1</sup> See Tale 4.

went over to Bhava Simha's family, who at the time was represented by the Śiva Simha to be subsequently mentioned.

With Bhava Simha we come to Vidyâpati's time. Bhava Simha was succeeded by his son, Dêva Simha, the father of Śiva Simha, who at the time of Kîrti Simha's death was a youth of fifteen, reigning as heir-apparent conjointly with his father, and *de facto* ruler of the whole country, Vidyâpati Thakkura being a Paṇḍit attached to his court. Dêva Simha died in A.D. 1412, and Śiva Simha then became titular ruler of the kingdom. He reigned as such only for three years and nine months, during which period he rebelled against the Sultan, was defeated, and carried off to Delhi. His wife, Lakhimâ, and the faithful Vidyâpati took refuge with the Râjâ of Saptarî in Nepal, a personal friend of Śiva Simha. After negotiation she obtained pardon from the Sultan and returned to her own country. There for twelve years she awaited Śiva Simha's return, and then having received no news of him, she assumed his death and became *Satî*. She was followed by his brother, Padma Simha. He reigned for one year only, being succeeded in his turn by his widow, Viśvâsa Dêvî, who, according to Chandra Jhâ, reigned for another period of twelve years. Vidyâpati attended her court also, and at her command wrote a book dealing with the worship of Śiva entitled the *Śaiva-sarvasva-sâra*.

She was succeeded by : Hari Simha, Nara Simha, Dhîra Simha (alive in A.D. 1447), Bhairava Simha, Râma Bhadra (alive in A.D. 1496), Lakshmi Nâtha.

According to a dated MS. copied in his reign, Lakshmi Nâtha was alive in A.D. 1510. The dynasty came to an end with him, or possibly with his successor, when Nasrat Shâh, the King of Bengal, occupied Tirhut and slew the Râjâ in A.D. 1530.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Few dates for this period are available, and most of those given above are based on the local era of Lakshmana Sêna. Regarding this era see K. P. Jayaswal in *JBORS.* xx, pp. 20 f. The traditional initial date of this era varied in times subsequent to the years we are now considering, becoming



Vidyâpati was a very learned man, and was held in high esteem by great men of his time and country. We have seen that he was attached to the courts of Dêva Simha and of Śiva Simha. If a copper plate deed of endowment, by which the latter granted to him the village of Bisapî, is genuine,<sup>1</sup> he was a celebrated Paṇḍit in the year 292 of the Lakshmaṇa Sêna era, corresponding to A.D. 1411-12, the year of Śiva Simha's accession. After Śiva Simha's short reign of little over three years, Vidyâpati attended Lakhimâ, his widow, for twelve years, and then Padma Simha and Viśvâsa Dêvi for thirteen more, which would add about twenty-eight years to 1412 and would bring us to about A.D. 1440. He was also alive during Dhîra Simha's reign, for he mentioned that king in one of his works, the *Durgâ-bhakti-taraṅginî*, which is believed to have been the last written by him. About Dhîra Simha we know that he was alive in the year A.D. 1447. We may thus conclude that Vidyâpati flourished, and was a celebrated author, during at least the first half of the fifteenth century A.D.<sup>2</sup> Besides many important works in Sanskrit, he was the author of the *Kîrti-latâ*, a poem in honour of the Kîrti Simha already mentioned, of which the greater part was in *Apabhraṃśa* Prakrit. But he is most famous for his many songs dealing with Kṛishṇa and Râdhâ in the Maithilî dialect of Bihârî. These are still widely known and sung in Mithilâ, and were adopted by the Vaishṇava

confused with the lunar years of Moslem reckoning. But for the Karnâṭa and Ôinwâr dynasties, as Mr. Jayaswal shows, it will be safe to take it as A.D. 1119.

For further details regarding these dynasties see Chandra Jhâ's edition of the *Purusha-parîkshâ*, pp. 53 ff. and 258 ff., and Shyam Narayan Singh's *History of Tirhut*, pp. 59 ff., but the dates there given should be checked according to Mr. Jayaswal's later information. See also for the Karnâṭas, K. P. Jayaswal in *JBORS* ix, 300, and x, 37, and, for the Ôinwâr dynasty, *ibid.*, x, 47, and xiii, 296.

<sup>1</sup> See *Proceedings ASB.* for August, 1895, and *JASB.* lxvii, pt. i, p. 96.

<sup>2</sup> These A.D. dates are all arrived at by adding 1119 to the corresponding dates for the Lakshmaṇa Sêna era. I may add here that there is still extant a copy of the *Bhâgavata Purâṇa*, reputed to be in the poet's own handwriting, dated L.S. 309, or A.D. 1428.

reformers in Bengal, where they became immensely popular and were imitated by other poets, some writing in more or less corrupt Maithilî and others in Bengali. The result was a great mass of Vaishṇava songs by various authors, which were finally collected in Bengal in a series of *Samkīrtanas*, or Litanies, entitled the *Vaishṇava-pada-kalpataru*.

As a learned Sanskrit scholar Vidyâpati had also a high reputation. We have seen that he attended the court of Dêva Simha, who died in A.D. 1412. At the request of that king he composed in Sanskrit a series of eight moral tales, entitled the *Bhû-parikrama*, or "Tour of the Land". These are supposed to have been told to Bala Dêva on a journey from the Naimisha Forest to Mithilâ.<sup>1</sup>

At the order of Dêva Simha's son, Śiva Simha (A.D. 1412-1416), Vidyâpati next composed this *Purusha-parīkshâ*, or "Test of a Man", here translated into English. In this work he utilized the eight tales that had already appeared in the *Bhû-parikrama*, and they form the first section of the new work. To these he added thirty-six more, in three further parts, making a total of forty-four tales of varying contents couched in elegant Sanskrit. His object, as he states in his Introduction, was not only to give moral instruction, but was also "the delectation of those ladies of the city, who display a taste for the mirthful arts of the god of love".

The framework of the book is supplied by the anxiety of a certain King Pârâvâra, who desires to find a fit husband for his daughter, Princess Padmâvatî, a lady "beauteous in every limb, and endowed with every attribute auspicious". He consults a holy man, by name Subuddhi, or "Good Witted". The saint's advice is simple and direct. "Marry her," he says, "to a man." When asked to interpret a remark so apparently self-evident, he explains that by "man" he means

<sup>1</sup> I have not myself seen this work, and my account of it is based on the description in Shyam Narayan Singh's *History of Tirhut*. According to him the work not only contains these eight tales, but also describes the more important places passed through on the journey, and is, in fact, a sort of gazetteer. See especially pages 71, 181, and 183 of Shyam Narayan's book.

a real man, not something simply in the shape of a human being—as it were, a mere brute beast that has no tail. Such real men are rare indeed, and are of four kinds, viz. (1) the hero, (2) the intelligent (i.e. master of theory), (3) the skilled adept (i.e. master of practice), and (4) he who has attained one of the four objects of life (i.e. Righteousness, Worldly Prosperity, Love, and Final Salvation). He then defines each of these kinds of men, and names four famous examples of the hero class. To these examples King Pârâvâra objects. Tales of such men can be of no use to him. They all lived in the mythical Golden Age and are of little use as examples in this corrupt Iron Age, in which men have no longer the intelligence, the bodily power, or the virtue of those times. He therefore entreats the saint to confine himself to modern history. The saint consents, and proceeds to narrate the tales that occupy the rest of the work.

We have seen that Subuddhi divided real men into four classes—the hero, the intelligent, and so on. In accordance with this the work is divided into four parts, viz. :—

Part I. An Exposition of Heroes, containing eight stories.<sup>1</sup>

Part II. An Exposition of Intelligence, containing seven stories.

Part III. An Exposition of Adepts, containing fourteen stories; and

Part IV. An Exposition of the Four Objects of Life, containing fifteen stories (three concerning Righteousness, four concerning Worldly Prosperity, five concerning Love, and three concerning Salvation).

The Tales are nearly all about people of the time of Vidyâpati, or of a century or two preceding. Most of the characters are historical personages, some well known as rulers of Mithilâ and others famous for their exploits in other parts of Northern or Central India. One character, it is true, associated only with popular legend—the celebrated

<sup>1</sup> These correspond to the eight stories of the *Bhâ-parikrama*.

Vikramāditya of Ujjain <sup>1</sup>—receives prominent mention, but it would be difficult to think of any collection of folktales coming from Northern India that could abstain from celebrating his glory. Older still than Vikramāditya but an emperor of whose historical existence we can be sure, was Chandragupta Maurya, the Sandrokottos of the Greeks, who ruled in Patna from 322 to 298 B.C. Vidyâpati tells the story of the destruction of the Nanda dynasty by the wily Châṇakya and of the accession of Chandragupta in Tales 19 and 20, and describes a later episode in that monarch's reign in Tale 13. The next historical characters that appear in the Tales are the early Moslem Emperors of Delhi. We hear about Shahâbu-d-dîn Muḥammad Ghôri <sup>2</sup> (A.D. 1175-1206), Alâu-d-dîn Khiljî <sup>3</sup> (A.D. 1296-1315), and Muḥammad bin Tughlak <sup>4</sup> (A.D. 1325-1351). Belonging to the same period of Indian history were the Hindû princes Bhôja of Dhârâ <sup>5</sup> (A.D. 1018-1060), Jaya Chandra of Kanauj <sup>6</sup> (died A.D. 1194), Lakshmana Sêna of Bengal <sup>7</sup> (defeated by Muḥammad Khiljî, A.D. 1199), and Hammîr of Ranthambhôr <sup>8</sup> (died A.D. 1301), all of whom find place in Vidyâpati's collection. To these must be added mention of the Râjâs and other worthies of the author's own country of Mithilâ, princes of the Karnâṭa dynasty and their courtiers, <sup>9</sup> including ancestors of Vidyâpati himself, who occupied high positions in the Simraon court.<sup>10</sup> He celebrated the magical powers of his contemporary and friend Paksha Dhara Miśra, the famous logician,<sup>11</sup> and on the other hand tells with gusto the dis-

<sup>1</sup> Vikramāditya is a prominent character in Tales 1, 5, 17, and 39. His date and, indeed, his actual existence are uncertain. According to Indian tradition he defeated the Sakas and established the Vikrama era in 58-57 B.C. According to Mr. Vincent Smith, in the *Oxford History of India*, p. 151, he was possibly the same as Chandragupta II, who came to the throne about A.D. 375. It is interesting to note that, in Tale 39, Vidyâpati makes him a contemporary of King Bhôja of Dhârâ (A.D. 1018-1060).

<sup>2</sup> Tale 41.

<sup>3</sup> Tale 2.

<sup>4</sup> Tale 4.

<sup>5</sup> Tales 16, 25, and 39.

<sup>6</sup> Tales 3 and 41.

<sup>7</sup> Tales 23 and 38.

<sup>8</sup> Tale 2.

<sup>9</sup> Tales 3, 4, 8, 11, 22.

<sup>10</sup> Tales 8 and 11.

<sup>11</sup> Tale 24.

creditable exploits of the Śaśī and Mūla Dēva,<sup>1</sup> two rascals who are said to have lived in Mithilā in former days. The kings of the Ōinwār Dynasty, under whose patronage Vidyāpati himself lived, have no place in any of the Tales, but find frequent laudatory mention in the prefaces and epilogues to each of the four parts that constitute the work.

I have translated these stories in the hope that they will be found useful not only to students of Oriental literature, but also to those who are interested in the general subject of folklore. With this object in view I have endeavoured to avoid giving literal rendering of each sentence, but rather to give a free translation, reproducing so far as I was able the general spirit of the original. For the same reason the system adopted by me for transliterating is rather old fashioned, and not in every respect that adopted by the Royal Asiatic Society for the scientific study of Oriental works. I represent the letter च by *cha*, not by *ca*; the letter ष by *sha*, not by *sa*; and the letter ञ् by *ri* and not by *r*. Thus I transliterate चन्द्र "the moon" by *chandra*, not by *candra*; कृष्ण by *Kṛishna* and not by *Kṛṣṇa*; and पुरुषपरीक्षा by *Purusha-parīkshā* and not by *Puruṣaparīkṣā*, as I know by experience that the orthodox spelling will convey false impressions of the sound of these letters to anyone who is not a professed Orientalist. For the same reason I employ the sign ^ rather than ~ to indicate the length of a vowel. Thus I write "*Pārāvādra*" rather than "*Pārāvāra*", for I find by experience that if a non-Orientalist comes across such a letter as *ā* he will as likely as not sound it as if it rhymed with the *ay* of "bay" or "ray", and will say something like "Pārāvāra". On the other hand, if he sees *ā* he will instinctively rhyme it with the *a* in "father", and so approach correctness.

As a further guide to the pronunciation of Indian names and other words occurring in this translation I advise readers not acquainted with Oriental languages to pronounce all vowels

<sup>1</sup> Tales 21 and 40.

as in Italian and all consonants as in English. When a vowel is long it is so marked. All other vowels are to be pronounced short. The letter *m* in the name *Śimha* may be sounded like *ng*, so that the whole word may be pronounced "Singha". No attention need be paid to the dots under *ḍ*, *n*, *r*, and *ṭ*. These have been inserted for the benefit of persons familiar with Indian languages, and indicate shades of pronunciation not employed in this country.

Certain Indian words, mostly proper names, and the like, have been adopted into English and have become English words, spelt in the English, not the Indian, fashion. With these exceptions all Indian words occurring in my translation have been strictly transliterated. The exceptions are such words as "Brâhman", "Moslem", "Sultan", "Ganges", "Jumna", "Nerbudda", "Benares", "Calcutta", "Delhi", "Fyzabad", and so on, which should present no difficulty to Orientalists, and will be more intelligible to others.

The only complete edition of Vidyâpati's Sanskrit text of the *Purusha-parîkshâ* with which I am acquainted is that prepared by the late Paṇḍit Chandra Jhâ, and published in Darbhanga in the Śâka year 1810, equivalent to A.D. 1888. Another edition is that prepared by Mahâmahôpâdhyâya Gaṅganâtha Jhâ and published in Allahabad in 1911. This does not, however, profess to be a complete text, and is much abridged. The present translation is based on Chandra Jhâ's text, which I must confess, here and there, presents difficulties owing as a rule to the numerous misprints, many of which are not noted in the five pages of errata prefixed to the volume. I cannot pretend that I have been successful in solving all these difficulties, but I hope that none of my attempts seriously affect the gist of any story.

I have above (p. xii) referred to the popularity in Bengal of the songs dealing with Kṛishṇa and Râdhâ composed by Vidyâpati in the Maithilî dialect. The esteem in which these songs were held in that province extended to other works of the poet, and among the early books printed in Bengal was a translation into the Bengali language by Hara Prasâda

Râya of the *Purusha-parīkshā*. So far as I can ascertain, the first edition of this version was published by the Serampur missionaries in 1815. It became a textbook for Government examinations and an edition by Sir G. Haughton appeared in London in 1826, and others in Calcutta in subsequent years. Chandra Jhâ's edition of the Sanskrit text, which appeared in the year 1888, was accompanied by another translation, this time into Maithilī, and also by a valuable series of notes on the history of Mithilâ in Vidyâpati's time and in the century immediately preceding. I take this opportunity of acknowledging the help I have received from these two translations, especially from Chandra Jhâ's, in preparing the present English version.

G. A. GRIERSON.



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12. **Chandra Jhâ.** Edition, with Maithilî Translation and Notes, of Vidyâpati's *Purusha-parîkshâ*. [On p. 263 the poet's pedigree is given.] Darbhanga, Śaka S. 1810 (A.D. 1888).
13. **Nagendra-nâtha Gupta.** *Bidyâpati Thâkurêr Padâvalî*. [A complete edition of the songs, with a very full Introduction in Bengali.] Calcutta, B.S. 1316 (A.D. 1909).
14. **Gangânâtha Jhâ, Mahâmahôpâdhyâya.** Editor of an abridged edition of the text of the *Purusha-parîkshâ* for the use of schools. Allahabad, 1911.
15. **Coomaraswamy, A., and Sen, A.** *Bangîya padâvalî, Songs of the Love of Râdhâ and Krishna*, translated into English by A. C. and A. S., with Introduction and Notes. [Selected translations from the Bengal recension of Vidyâpati's songs.] The Old Bourne Press, 1915.
16. **Shyam Narayan Singh.** *History of Tirhut, from the Earliest Times to the end of the Nineteenth Century*, pp. 181 ff. Calcutta, 1922.
17. **Hara-prasâda Śâstrî, C.I.E.** Edition of the text of Vidyâpati's *Kîrti-latâ*, with translations into Bengali and into English, and an Introduction in Bengali. Calcutta, B.S. 1331 (A.D. 1924).
18. **Bâbûrâm Saksêna.** Edition of the text of the *Kîrti-latâ*, with an Introduction and Translation, both in Hindî. *Nâgarî-prachârîni Grantha-mâlâ*, No. 26. Allahabad, v.s. 1986 (A.D. 1929).

#### ERRATA

p. 64, l. 8 from below : For “delighted” read “delighteth”.

p. 159, l. 1 : For “ying” read “saying”.

## PART I

### AN EXPOSITION OF HEROES

- Verses. 1. *Durgā, with head bowed low, I Thee invoke,  
Primeval Potency Energie Thou.  
E'en Brahmā's self to Thee doth homage pay ;  
Moon-crested Śiva, by the gods adored,  
Himself adoreth Thee. Great Vishnu, too,  
On whom the saints do life long meditate,  
Revereth Thee, in meditation rapt.*
2. Long live Śiva Śimha son of His Majesty Dêva Śimha,—he who is honoured amongst heroes, who is pre-eminent among men of good understanding, and whose name headeth the list of them that are full of learning.
3. In the court of Śiva Śimha, and secure in having His Majesty's command, doth the poet Vidyâpati undertake the preparation of these tales, with a view to the moral instruction of boys of immature understanding, and for the delectation of those ladies of the city who display a taste for the mirthful arts of the god of love.
4. Will not also the wise man, whose intellect hath been made clear by skill in learning, hearken to my work, on account of the moral instruction contained therein, and of the elegant language in which the tales are couched ?
5. Men will be discerned by the test of this device, and thus the tales in the " Test of a Man " will be pleasing to every heart.

In the city of Chandrâtapâ there reigned a king named Pârāvâra, whose lotus feet were adorned with the dust that fell from the thousands of diadems of all the Kings between his capital and the Ocean. This monarch had a daughter named Padmâvatî, a virgin beauteous in each limb, and endowed with every attribute auspicious. Ripe was she for marriage, and when he was aware of this, he became filled with

anxiety as to how he should seek a spouse of equal virtue and worthy of his lineage.

*Verse.* 6. If a man whose face is turned away from what is not his own business, who employeth only such a wealth as hath been honestly collected, who is of a sound constitution, who is a habitual consumer of wholesome food, who is an enemy of such faults as choler and the like, and who is well-to-do, hath a daughter to marry, when he maketh inquiry as to the suitability or unsuitability of a proposed bridegroom, the fear of his proposals being rejected overshadoweth his heart with misgiving.

Accordingly he asked a holy man named Subuddhi<sup>1</sup> as to what best had he do. For :—

*Verse.* 7. In carrying out any desired object, a man should not act merely on his own opinion, for even a wise man sometimes maketh mistakes.

Accordingly, His Majesty addressed the Saint as follows :  
 “Reverend Sir, here be my daughter Padmâvatî. Prithee consider, and advise me as to the person to whom I should give her in marriage ?”

The holy man replied : “Your Majesty, marry her to a man.” “But,” said the King, “how is it possible to give her to one who is not a man ?” “What I mean,” said the saint, “is that in this world there be many men who be only men in shape. Thou must avoid choosing such a man-shape, and have a care to choose a real man. For :—

*Verses.* 8. “Easy enough it is to find a being in the shape of a man, but a real man is rare. Now tell I thee the marks by which he can be known.

9. “The hero, the intelligent, the skilled adept, and he who hath attained the four objects of life<sup>2</sup> are each real men. Others are men-shapes only, mere brute beasts that have no tails.”

“How,” asked the King, “can these people, the hero, the

<sup>1</sup> The name means “Good-witted”, and is used in that sense in Tale 11.

<sup>2</sup> Righteousness, worldly prosperity, love, and salvation.

intelligent, and so on, be recognized?" The holy man replied :—

*Verses.* 10. "A hero is a man who is graced with valour, with discretion, and with energy. Happy are the parents of whatever family he adorneth.

11. "'Valour' is freedom from poorness of spirit, 'discretion' is the appreciation of the difference between the suitable and its reverse, 'energy' is perseverance, and these three a hero constitute.

12. "Moreover heroes are of four kinds, the hero generous, the hero compassionate, the hero valorous, and the hero truthful. Hariśchandra was an example of the first, Śibi of the second, Arjuna of the third, and Yudhisṭhira<sup>1</sup> of the fourth."

"But," said the King, "Reverend Sir, all these were men of a former age. Nor can they serve as examples for instruction in this Kali, or Iron, Age.

*Verse.* 13. "The deeds of a man of the Golden Age will be useless as guides in the Iron Age, for the difference caused by the lapse of time rendereth them useless as examples of conduct. Moreover, now, beings of the Iron Age have not the intelligence, the bodily power, or the virtue of those days.

"Therefore, will you, Sir, explain your point by means of narratives concerning only men who were born in this Iron Age." The Saint replied :—

*Verse.* 14. "The histories of the Kings of the Golden, Silver, and Bronze Ages have been related by former men of wisdom, and now I proceed to tell thee about the Iron Age."

Accordingly a beginning is made with the Tale of a Hero Generous :—

### 1. THE TALE OF A HERO GENEROUS

*Verse.* 1. If merely the name of a Hero Generous be called to mind, or uttered, or listened to with care, welfare doth it everywhere beget.

<sup>1</sup> All these were conspicuous heroes in the legends of the mythical golden age. As we shall see, they do not concern us, and it is unnecessary to describe here their various exploits.

There was once a royal city called Ujjayinî, and the name of its King was Vikramâditya.<sup>1</sup>

One day, seated on his throne, he listened to a certain bard as he recited the following verses :—

*Verse.* 2. "Victory to King Balâha, the Hero Generous, ever continually extolled by Brâhmins whose minds he hath filled with happiness, by bards whose hearts he hath suffused with gladness, by servitors who have attained whatever were their objects, by monarchs who took refuge in vassalage to him and thus achieved all their desires, by the company of the learned whose contentment is complete, and by valiant soldiers who are being rewarded with golden wealth."

As the bard recited these words, His Majesty exclaimed : "How now, Bard ! Who is this King Balâha of thine ? What insolence be this to praise him thus before my very face !" The bard replied : "O King, this be my occupation and duty as a bard, to see that the fame of heroes be widely spread. For :—

*Verse.* 3. "By his words to spur on the hero, to warn the impetuous, to hold back the wretch from his evil way, aye, and to say before kings the praises of their enemies,—these must a bard do if at his death he would not descend to infamy.

"It is for this reason that heroes gratify me with rewards, and that I cause the sprout of the tree of their fame to bud forth from land to land. If the King be indignant at listening to my words, then let him do somewhat more glorious than or somewhat as glorious as what I have said, and there will be no reason for his anger." "What," said the King, "be the peculiar prowess of which thou speakest ?" The bard replied : "O King, each night do the ministers of King Balâha build a mansion of gold at his palace portal, and each day cutteth

<sup>1</sup> Of glorious, pious, and immortal memory. According to tradition he defeated the Scythian invaders of 56 B.C. Sober history tends to put him some four hundred years later, but in Tale 39 he is described as a contemporary of King Bhôja of Dhârâ, who reigned A.D. 1018-1060. Ujjayinî is the modern Ujjain in the Gwalior State of Central India. See also Introduction, p. xv.

he it to pieces, and distributeth the fragments of gold to Brâhmans, worthy persons, and the poor. Gratified by his generosity sing they all his praises far and wide." Said the King : " Bard, be that really true ? " Said he : " Who telleth lies, O King ? If thou believe me not, make thou inquiry through thine own spies." " Bard," said the King, " while I am looking into this matter, must thou remain here, in this city. Then, if thou turn out to be veridical, will I honour thee with rich rewards of precious jewels." With these words he dismissed the bard and himself retired to his inner chamber.

When he was alone he considered and said to himself : " Wonderful indeed is this conduct of Balâha, though, of a truth, nothing be impossible in the manifestations of the Creator. Thither must I go myself and satisfy my curiosity." Having so determined he made over the charge of his kingdom to his ministers, summoned his two attendant genii, Agni and Kôkila, mounted on their shoulders, and had himself transported to the Balâha's capital. There donned he the uniform of a veteran soldier and presented himself before Balâha. He made a bow, and professing that he was a gate-porter in the service of the unconquerable Sâhasânka Vikramâditya, and that now, on hearing of the fame of Balâha, he had come to offer him his services. The King replied : " As thou hast been gate-porter to so great a monarch, thou mayest serve as gate-porter at my palace also."

From that time forth Vikramâditya remained on guard at the palace portal. He watched the marvel, how a golden mansion was each day produced, and how the gold of which it was composed was distributed in charity. Thought he to himself : " How, and by what means, doth this mansion of his come into being ? Nothing like it have I, and in an affair possible for men, a man should never be indifferent. For all this must I the reason find." So, in the course of his investigation, once, at deep midnight, when the city people and the King's attendants were all fast asleep, he saw Balâha issuing alone from the palace and going outside the city, and kept following him secretly and unobserved. Balâha went on to a terrible

cemetery on a river bank, mottled with men's skulls and the tawny flames of cremation pyres, made hideous by the sports of excited ghouls, by the yells of thousands of she-jackals, by the rattling roll of the drums beaten by witches frightened at the foot-tramping of dancing demons. Then, having first bathed himself in the river, he was tied up with ropes made by attendants of Śiva out of human skins, and was hurled by them into a cauldron filled with oil boiling over a fierce fire. There in dreadful agony he lingeringly gave up the ghost. As soon as he was dead the divine goddess Chāmundā<sup>1</sup> appeared in person, greedily devoured his well-fried flesh, and then, satisfied with her meal, she collected together his bones, sprinkled them with the water of life, and so recreated him in his living form. When Balâha thus again came to life he rose and, paying his reverence to the divine goddess, craved of her a boon. "Holy one," said he, "when a man that hath gained renown for his liberality, findeth himself unable to fulfil the desires of his suppliants, it be to him worse than death. For this reason is it that, in my longing to fulfil the desires of those who come to me as petitioners, I am now with mine own flesh making an offering to Thee. Mother, I beseech thee, grant me my desire." "Balâha," said the goddess, "at the morrow's dawn, exactly as on former occasions, by thy portal ordain I that there shall be a golden mansion." So, having thus obtained his boon, Balâha in all happiness and content returned home.

When Vikramâditya had seen all this, he considered and said to himself: "Verily, did that bard say sooth, and this Balâha alone is the Hero Generous superlative, inasmuch as in order to complete his generous purposes, he each day at the cost of his life earneth the wherewithal. But the holy goddess is (not only terrible, but is) also of compassion full. Why should she not grant him all contentment on one single courageous abandonment of life? Anyhow, to-morrow night will I do what is proper to this object." Thinking thus over

<sup>1</sup> She was a form of the goddess Durgâ in her most terrific appearance.



the matter, he returned to the palace gate and resumed his portal duties.

Next evening, while Balâha was busy with his ministers, his feudatory princes, and his servitors, and was preoccupied with some particular affair; while the city people were still at work, and it was only just nightfall; Vikramâditya set off quite alone to the same place as before, himself bathed in the same river, and himself leaped into the cauldron of boiling oil. As the boiling oil spluttered and fizzed from the contact with his still wet body, the divine goddess appeared, devoured his flesh, and sprinkled his bones with the water of life. Then when she had brought Vikramâditya again to life, under the mistaken belief that he was Balâha, and when he had stood up, while the goddess was about to grant him his boon, again leaped he into the cauldron. Again she devoured his flesh, and when, in the same way he was restored to life, he leaped over and over again into the cauldron. Seeing the vigorous sincerity of his nature, the goddess recognized that this could only be Vikramâditya, and thus addressed him. "Vikramâditya! delighted am I indeed with thee. But thou art already master of the eight superhuman powers<sup>1</sup> and why therefore dost thou still display such reckless courage? No special longing had I to eat thy flesh, or his, and it was but to test a man's courage that I display an hunger artificial, a pretended satisfaction of my greed. Gratified indeed am I by thy recklessly courageous act. Choose thou now a boon?"

Then Vikramâditya made low obeisance before her, and asked his boon. "Great Goddess, Mother of the World, tenderly gracious art Thou to thy devotees. Compassion do I feel for Balâha, and I beseech Thee that without further display of reckless courage unto death, each day at his portal

<sup>1</sup> According to tradition Vikramâditya was master of these eight powers, viz. (1) the power of becoming infinitely small, (2) the power of becoming infinitely large, (3) the power of becoming infinitely light, (4) the power of obtaining everything, (5) irresistible will, (6) superiority, (7) subjection, and (8) the power of suppressing one's passions.

a golden mansion may be created ? ” “ So be it,” replied the goddess, and with his boon secured Vikramâditya returned to his own kingdom. Then having summoned that bard who he found had spoken nothing but the truth, he made him gifts of jewels, garments of honour, horses, and elephants.

That same night, when all the city and his attendants were wrapped in sleep, Balâha, according to his wont, made his way to the place of the cemetery ; and, lo, when he arrived there, was there nothing to be seen. But he heard a voice from heaven : “ Balâha, Vikramâditya hath taken off thy torment.” As he pondered over these words, it seemed to him that their meaning was uncertain, and he became distracted with anxiety as to what he should have to give to his petitioners at dawn. So he returned home, and even as he lay upon his couch no slumber came to him. While he was still in this wakeful state, at dawn he was roused by his janitors, and with great wonder beheld the golden mansion in its customary place. Then understood he the true and full meaning of the heavenly voice, and knew that by the graciousness of Vikramâditya he could now disregard the pangs of death that he had hitherto experienced. How this came about was explained in his full court by the bard, who duly arrived and repeated all the incidents of Vikramâditya’s act.

*Verse.* 4. Inscribe the name of Râjâ Vikramâditya, the Lion, at the head of the list of real men. His compassion shineth supreme like the wishing-tree of Paradise, even among all Heroes Generous.

So endeth the Tale of a HERO GENEROUS.

## 2. THE TALE OF A HERO COMPASSIONATE

*Verse.* 1. Admirable indeed is the man compassionate.  
Every living being doth he benefit. By the mere  
celebration of his virtues is prosperity begotten.

By the river Kâlinḍî there is a city called Yôginîpura,  
ruled over by a Moslem sultan named Allâvadîna.<sup>1</sup> He once  
had cause for anger against his general, Mahima Sâhi,<sup>2</sup> who,  
knowing the bloodthirsty nature of his lord when enraged,  
recognized that no trust can be put in a wrathful king.  
For :—

*Verse.* 2. Kings, spies, and serpents should never be  
trusted ; for in sudden haste, without taking thought,  
they slay.

He accordingly made up his mind to abscond somewhither  
while he was yet at liberty, and with his family he took to  
flight. As he fled he reflected that, encumbered as he was  
with his women-folk, a distant flight was out of the question,  
nor would it be seemly to desert them and abscond by himself.  
For :—

*Verse.* 3. If a man, to save his own life, desert his family,  
and to a distant country wend, what then is his life  
worth ? He is like unto one who hath departed to  
another world.

Thinking thus, this Moslem general made up his mind to  
take refuge and abide with that Hero Compassionate Hambîra  
Dêva.<sup>3</sup> So he approached him with these words : “ My Lord,  
in fear of my master, who for no fault is prepared to slay

<sup>1</sup> The author refers to ‘Alâu-d-dîn *Khilji*, Sultan of Delhi on the bank of the river Kâlinḍî. His capture of Ranthambhôr in A.D. 1301, and his putting of Hammîr Dêo Chauhân and its garrison to the sword, are matters of history. The Kâlinḍî is the modern Jumna.

<sup>2</sup> His real name was Mir Muḥammad Shâh, and he was suspected of having an intrigue with a member of the Sultan’s harem.

<sup>3</sup> Now known as Hammîr (or Hamîr) Dêo Chauhân, King of Ranthambhôr in the present State of Jaipur. As we shall see a little later, this fort is called “Ranastambha” by our author. Hammîr was famous for his *Hammîr-hath*, or steadfast courage, and is the hero of at least one epic poem.

me, am I come to take refuge with thee. If thou canst protect me, give me thy word of trust. If thou canst not, I will go elsewhere." The Râjâ replied: "Moslem, so long as I am alive, not Yama, the God of Death, let alone this Moslem King, can injure thee, if with me thou hast sought asylum. Therefore carefree abide thou here."

So Mahima Sâhi, trusting in the Râjâ's promise, took up his abode free from all anxiety in the citadel of Ranastambha.<sup>1</sup> In course of time Allâvadîna learned that he was settled there, and, furiously enraged, in a few days' march arrived at the citadel gate, causing the earth to tremble with the trampling of his army of elephants, cavalry, and infantry, making the four quarters echo and re-echo the uproar of his drums, and with torrents of arrows displaying to the beholder the floods of rain that were destined to fall on the day of the world's doom. Hambîra, also, had made his city impregnable, girdled on all sides with a deep moat, its battlements bristling with spiked palisades, and banners enhancing the symmetry of its portals. Rasping the ear with the twang of his bowstrings, darkened he the heavens with the stream of his arrows. On the conclusion of the first encounter, the Moslem Sultan sent a herald to Hambîra with the following message: "Ho, Râjâ Hambîra, I, the Exalted Moslem Emperor, command thee to deliver up Mahima Sâhi who hath committed acts unpleasing to me, and if thou refuse, then at to-morrow's dawn will I reduce thy citadel to dust beneath the trampling of the hoofs of my cavalry, and therewith Mahima Sâhi will I slay and despatch to Death's abode." Hambîra replied: "Herald, thou art immune from slaughter, and therefore nothing can I do to thee. The answer of this message will I give to thy master with sword-blades and not with words. Not even the God of Death, let alone a Moslem king, dare look askance at one who hath sought asylum in my house." When the herald, thus taunted, had returned with his answer, the Moslem king, in fury enraged, rose impetuously to the assault, and thus the two armies, with standers and retreaters,

<sup>1</sup> i.e. Ranthambhôr.

with attackers and defeated, with slayers and the slain, for three whole years contended with each other. At length, when but half his army had survived, while the fort remained still impregnable, the Moslem Sultan was making up his mind to return home, when two wicked ministers of Hambîra, named severally Râya Malla and Râma Pâla, noticing that Allâvadîna's assaults were slackening, came to him and addressed him with these words. "Your Majesty, think not for a moment of departure. The fort is in the grasp of famine. We know its secrets, and to-morrow or the day after will ye capture it." On hearing this Allâvadîna gave rewards to these wicked ministers, and strongly blockaded the gates of the fort. Then Hambîra, recognizing his evil plight, called his troops together, and thus addressed them: "My men," said he, "Yâja Dêva and you others, owing to my compassion for one who hath sought asylum with me, though my army is but moderate in size, I purpose to attack this mighty Sultan. If there be any strategists among you who think that such action be inexpedient, then let all of you take your departure from this fort and go elsewhere." To this made they reply: "Your Majesty, thou art free from blame. In compassion for the Moslem refugee art thou accepting death in battle. It is from thy hand that we have received our livelihood, and how can we now abandon Thee, our Lord, and so achieve the coward's title. On to-morrow's dawn blows will we deal to the enemy of our lord, and so accomplish your Majesty's desire. As for this unhappy Moslem, send thou him forth elsewhere, and so wilt thou protect him that should be protected; for it was but for his sake that this conflict hath arisen." Then spake Mahima Sâhi, the Moslem: "My Lord, why dost thou, for the sake of me, a lonely foreigner, destroy thy sons, thy wife, and thy kingdom? Therefore, I pray thee, surrender me to the Moslem King." "Moslem," replied the King, "say thou not so. For:—

*Verse.* 4. "What man be there that would abandon sempiternal glory, when it can be gained through this short-lived mortal body.

"If it seem good to thee, I am ready to convey thee to a place where thou wilt be secure." To this did the Moslem reply: "King, say thou not so; for by all means, front of all, against the foeman's head wield I my sword. But let the womenfolk be conveyed outside." Then spake the womenfolk: "When our lords, to protect a refugee, have accepted battle and do celebrate the high festival of their pilgrimage to heaven, how can we without them abide upon this earth? For:—

*Verse.* 5. "A creeper may not live when parted from the tree to which it clingeth, nor a woman parted from her mate. In this world the life-breath of a chaste woman followeth the life-breath of her lord.

"Therefore doth it behove us, the wives of heroes, ourselves to cast ourselves into the pit of fire.<sup>1</sup> For:—

*Verse.* 6. "When King Hambîra giveth up his life for another's sake, battle is the choice accepted by his soldiers, and fire that which his women choose."

Thus, in the battle at dawn, Hambîra Dêva, his armour donned and mounted on his horse, sallied forth from the citadel, with his warriors in regiment. Valiant deeds did he with sword-play, felling the hostile cavalry, wounding the elephants, spreading terror as he deprived the infantry of existence and set headless corpses dancing. Then, after adorning the surface of the earth with a flood of blood-streams, pierced himself with arrows in every limb, while still on his horse he gave up the ghost, and, falling upon the battlefield, into the sun's orb <sup>2</sup> thrust his way.

*Verse.* 7. Those glorious palaces, those loving tender wives, that store of wealth collected in his kingdom, those elephants, those horses, all these (not one of which would another bear to give away) freely, to save another, did Hambîra Dêva abandon when on the battlefield he fell.

So endeth the Tale of a HERO COMPASSIONATE.

<sup>1</sup> Among the Rajputs, when the garrison of a besieged city sallied forth, as a final effort, to certain death, the women left behind performed the terrible ceremony called *Jauhar*, in which they all threw themselves into a vast burning pit, so as to be saved from the lust of the conquerors.

<sup>2</sup> i.e. after death his soul entered the sun—a common belief in regard to such a hero's death.

### 3. THE TALE OF A HERO VALOROUS

*Verse.* 1. When he listeneth to the Tale of the Hero  
Valorous, man achieveth victory, the Coward turneth  
Courageous, and the Lazy becometh Industrious.

In Mithilâ, in former days, there reigned King Nânya Dêva of the Karnâta race.<sup>1</sup> He had a son named Prince Malla Dêva, by nature as it were a lion, and delighting in valorous deeds.<sup>2</sup> This prince used to think to himself that although he was the Heir Apparent and enjoyed an agreeable existence, he was in a kingdom won by his father's exertions, and had gained nothing by his own prowess. For :—

*Verse.* 2. It is cowards, children, and women who live  
a life of dependence, but in proud independence do  
lions and real men their living earn.

Nor, without possessions earned by a man's own brawny arms, can he show filial duty. For it hath been said :—

*Verse.* 3. "A father may have many boys, but it is only  
the son by whose winnings he profiteth, and whose  
fame he heareth, that maketh him a real father of  
a son."

"So," said he, "must I earn my own living in proud independence," and with these words he set out for the land of Kanauj. There, in the character and uniform of an experienced man at arms, he presented himself before Râjâ

<sup>1</sup> Mithilâ is the modern Tirhut, the land in which Vidyâpati, our author, dwelt. The Karnâta is the oldest known dynasty in that part of India, and according to Chandra Jhâ flourished from about A.D. 1097 to 1323, being succeeded by the Kâmêśvara dynasty under whom Vidyâpati lived. Nânya Dêva, a Râjpût, was the founder of the Karnâta dynasty. The length of his reign is uncertain, but he probably lived in the first half of the twelfth century. It is worth noting that the Karnâtas originally hailed from South India, and that the great Indian reformer Vallabhâchârya was born in A.D. 1478 near Bettiah, not far from Simraon, his parents also having come there from that part of the world. Simraon, the ancient Simarâmapura, was Nânya Dêva's capital, and is now in Nepal, just across the frontier of British India.

<sup>2</sup> As we shall see, he was less than sixteen years of age.



Jaya Chandra, the King of Kâśī.<sup>1</sup> That monarch received him hospitably and placed him among his personal attendants. The prince as he continued in this service, gradually rose higher and higher in the King's esteem, until one day he recognized the inconsistency of the honour shown to him. For :—

*Verse.* 4. "Even a thing of trivial quality is highly honoured by kings if it be difficult to obtain, while if a thing of excellent quality be easily obtained, it receiveth no honour from them."

And, again, he considered :—

*Verse.* 5. "The life-breath of the covetous is wealth, of fire it is fuel, of an amorous man it is women, but of a wise man it is general respect."

Accordingly he thus addressed the King : "When I heard of Your Majesty's high virtue as a ruler, then came I hither. Now would I go elsewhere." "Why," asked the King, "art thou in so great haste to depart?" "Because," said he, "I apprehend that possibly the favour that Your Majesty hath deigned to show me may become slackened, and for this reason would I go away now to some other place." "What," said the King, "makest thee think that?" Malla Dêva replied : "Because, Sire, the repute of men such as I am is rooted in valour. A repute for valour cannot be gained in mere wordy warfare, and sword-warfare is not even seen, much less experienced, in Your Majesty's dominions." Replied the King : "Tribute do I take o'er all the land, from sea to sea, and there be no one that dareth to become my opponent. So how can there be any with whom war be possible?" "Your Majesty," said the prince, "the fruit of dominion is the joy of its king in victory, and without warfare where can victory exist, and where that joy? If, therefore, it please

<sup>1</sup> Jaya Chandra was a powerful king who ruled over the country between Kânyakubja, the modern Kanauj, in the Gangetic Dôâb, and Kâśī (or Benares). He flourished in the latter half of the twelfth century. His death at the hands of Shahâbu-d-dîn Ghôrî and the capture of Kanauj in A.D. 1194 are the subject of the 41st Tale in the fourth part of this book (The Tale of the Lover Infatuate).



Your Majesty, I would hence depart. To whose kingdom I repair, he, I promise, will become an opponent of Your Majesty." Then in wrath cried the King: "Boy, who art thou, thou miserable fool! With what insolence dost thou address me? Get thee gone, where'er thou wilt. And whithersoever thou wilt go, straight thither will I make my inroad." The prince replied: "Behold, I depart as I have said," and he set forth to the dominion of a certain king by name Chikkôra. Immediately on receiving news of this, Jaya Chandra marched with a complete army against Chikkôra, and when in course of time the latter heard of his approach he called together a council of his ministers. "The great King of Kâśî," said he, "hath come full of wrath against me with his forces. What had I now best do?" The Ministers replied: "It would be unwise for Your Majesty, who hath but modest puissance, to measure arms with a monarch so mighty. Moreover, as the price of peace will he demand a huge indemnity, far beyond Your Majesty's ability to pay. We therefore advise you to take refuge in some fort."

When Malla Dêva saw that King Chikkôra was about to take to flight, he thus addressed him:—

"King. Why needest thou flee? It is not at all against thee that the Lord of Kâśî hath come or ever will in future come. If thou wilt trust me, will I tell thee the reason for his arrival, and show that thou hast no cause for fear." Chikkôra asked the reason, and he told the whole story as it hath been narrated above. "Then," asked Chikkôra, "what are we to do?" Said Malla Dêva: "If he hath brought his forces only on my account, then there be no need for Your Majesty to flee. Moreover, if Your Majesty stay, Your Majesty will see the wondrous spectacle of a fight between me alone and his multitude of veterans." Said Chikkôra: "But thou mayst not join alone in combat with that monarch of unending might. It be against the laws of war." The Prince explained that as a man of mettle he could not endure another's counsel. "Nay," said the King, "they who begin without counsel

end in misfortune." "No more of this argumenting," retorted the Prince.

*Verse.* 6. "That which I would do is but mine own affair, and it is I myself that shall reap the fruit. If misfortune come to him whose fault it be, why should others grieve?"

To this Chikkôra made answer :—

*Verse.* 7. "Fair is it that equal should fight with equal, for then the victory is a thing of doubt; but they who with a stronger foe contend, are but moths that fall into a flame."

Said the Prince :—

*Verses.* 8. "When on the battlefield death hath been chosen by one who fame desireth, then what other cause of fear hath he, however mighty be his foe.

9. "Moreover, when death on the field of battle cometh to men through their eagerness for fame, the mightier the opponent the mightier is the glory earned.

"And again :—

10. "Men who to save their lives flee from the conflict, of a certainty, by that very act, find death straightway; for despicable ignominy is all that doth survive."

Then said Chikkôra : "Prince, thou art indeed a hero, and the Lord of Kâśī is a mighty king. To the tale of the thrill of battle between you two I and my people cannot even bear to listen, much less can onlookers we bear to be." Said the Prince : "If Your Majesty be unwilling even to look upon the combat, hasten then to some place where you, Sire, canst not be seen by the apparitors of the god of Death, and there bide immortal. But I can do naught but join in battle, and I would ask that Your Majesty gave to me one elephant to ride, and then that you depart. In Your Majesty's absence your emptied city shall be my care."

So Chikkôra did as said the Prince, and took to flight. The next morn King Jaya Chandra arrived at the outskirts of

the city, filling the limits of the sky with the beating of drums and causing the earth to tremble with the trampling of hoofs that pierced the very vitals of the primeval tortoise.<sup>1</sup> When Malla Dêva heard of his arrival he donned his coat of mail and, armed at all points, mounted his elephant and, advancing, beheld the King. "Ho thou rider on an elephant!" cried the King, "art thou an envoy from Chikkôra seeking peace, or art thou Malla Dêva seeking war?" "King," replied the Prince, "I am no envoy, nor do I seek peace. It is I, Malla Dêva, thy antagonist."<sup>2</sup> With a smile cried the King: "Good, clearly dost thou prove thy antagonizing by so thy name proclaiming. Now come thou near and me approach." Replied Malla Dêva: "Why dost not thou thyself approach me? Just now art thou mounted on a horse and I upon an elephant. Thou bearest arms and so do I. This be no time for bandying words." Astonied cried the King to his soldiers: "Seize Malla Dêva and bring him to me alive." But Malla Dêva said:—

*Verse.* 11. "Ye Guardians of the quarters of the Heavens, to witness do I call ye. Ye sages, ye seers, and all ye Aerial Spirits, come ye, and behold this wondrous sight. Ye demons that feed on human flesh, come ye and be satisfied. Ye Maids of Paradise, eager for the love of heroes dying gloriously in battle, speed ye and obtain delight. For Malla Dêva, alone, against many, spreadeth abroad his valour in the battlefield."

So crying, with showers of arrow-bolts slew he many of the opposing soldiers that would have captured him. Then, when Jaya Chandra saw his own dear soldiers lying hurled upon the ground, he shouted to his troops: "Ho, my brave men, if ye cannot repulse this fellow that seemeth bent on death, then bathe ye him in floods of arrows." Whereupon, as they received the order of their lord, they all at once overwhelmed Malla Dêva with torrents of arrows, terrible by the twanging of the bowstring, and he, pierced with a hundred darts, fell

<sup>1</sup> On which, according to Indian belief, the earth is supported.

<sup>2</sup> Here the original has a pun impossible to preserve in English. Malla Dêva calls himself *prati-malla*, or "antagonist".

from his elephant to the ground. In those days a certain poet composed this verse about him :—

*Verse.* 12. "The eighty year old King of the land, Chikkôra, took to flight. The sixteen year old Karnâta stood firm and fell in battle."

When the King beheld him lying on the ground, his body pierced with more bolts than one can tell, he cried : "Ho, thou supreme scion of the Karnâta race, wilt thou live ?" To this Malla Dêva made reply : "Tell me, I pray, which of us two hath conquered in the fight." Said the King : "It is thou that art the victor." "How," said Malla Dêva, "shall this be established ?" Said the King :—

*Verse.* 13. "It is we, who thee attacked, and thou wast but one, and wast by many smitten. Natheless didst thou determine to conquer us, and therefore how canst thou not be declared the victor ?"

Thrilled to the marrow by these words of praise from the King, Malla Dêva answered his first inquiry : "Your Majesty, I shall live," and Jaya Chandra, full of delight at the youth's heroic conduct, thereupon had the arrows extracted from his body and took him to his own home. There he treated him with love, as though he were his own son, and when his wounds were healed promoted him to great honour and created him his vicegerent.

*Verse.* 14. That valour of Malla Dêva, and that wisdom in understanding of the King, the like of these hath ne'er been in the past, and in the future will be ne'er again.

So endeth the Tale of a HERO VALOROUS.

#### 4. THE TALE OF A HERO TRUTHFUL

*Verse.* 1. Even though a man of this Iron Age be defiled  
by lust and other evil courses, and even though he be  
a liar, still if he list to the Tale of the Hero Truthful,  
be cometh freed from all his sins.

Once on a time in the city of Hastinâpura there reigned a Moslem Sultan named Mahamada.<sup>1</sup> He ruled the land from sea to sea, but a Kâphara Râjâ, unable to endure his tyranny, came thither with his entire army to attack him. The Sultan, hearing of his approach, issued from the city escorted by horses from Balkh and Turkestan and many hundreds of thousands of riders and challenged him to combat. In the ensuing battle the Sultan's army was defeated by that of the Kâphara, and took to flight. When the Sultan saw his troops turning tail like a troop of elephants terrified before a lion, he cried: "Ho, ye Kings and Râjpûts, sons of Kings, champions of my army, be there none among you who by the might of his arm cannot for a short moment bring to stand my troops, routed as they are by the enemy?" Hearing these words of the Sultan, two young princes, by name Nara Simha Dêva, of the Karṇâṭa race, and Châchika Dêva the Chauhân,<sup>2</sup> shouted out: "Thine army hath become scattered in terror of the foe, and like a stream of water is falling down and down. Who now can rescue it? But if Your Majesty will come back after a

<sup>1</sup> Hastinâpura is the modern Delhi. The Sultan referred to was Muḥammad bin Tughlak (A.D. 1325-1351). He was an atrocious tyrant, and his reign was marked by several rebellions. The "Kâphara (i.e. Kâfir) Râjâ" referred to below was probably Tarmashirin, a *Khân* of the savage Mongols, who invaded India and advanced with a large force to the gates of Delhi, or one of his lieutenants. The Sultan had to buy him off by a heavy payment of blackmail (see V. Smith, *Oxford History of India*, p. 240).

<sup>2</sup> A Nara Simha Dêva was a grandson of King Nânya Dêva of Simraon, mentioned in the preceding tale, but he cannot have been the Nara Simha Dêva here mentioned, as he reigned from A.D. 1147 to 1199. When Ghiyâs-ud-dîn, the father, and predecessor, of Muḥammad bin Tughlak, was returning from the conquest of Bengal in A.D. 1323, he passed through Tîrbut and took our present Nara Simha Dêva with him to Delhi. Who Châchika was I do not know. The Chauhâns are a famous tribe of Râjpûts.

brief while and see what hath been done, then, in the meantime, we two alone with our sword-blades, will heap up piles of the heads of soldiers of the enemies of Your Majesty." Replied the Sultan: "Bravo! Princes, bravo! Who else but you daresth such a deed of derring do!" and thereon Nara Simha Dêva, his armpits bristling in fierce exaltation, turning his horse round, and urging it on with whip-lashes like blows of a thunderbolt, all unexpected, thrust his way into the Kâphara Râjâ's army. As he so entered it, he met the Râjâ, coming to him haughty in his victory, recognized him by the white umbrella held above him, and with an arrow pierced him to the heart. To the ground the Kâphara lifeless fell, and as there he lay Châchika Dêva smote off his head and carried it away and laid it before the Sultan. The Sultan asketh how he had been slain: "Sire," saith Châchika, "he was slain by one brave as Arjuna, by Nara Simha Dêva. Then I, who had followed him, cut off the Kâphara's head." "Where," asketh the Sultan, "be Nara Simha Dêva?" "When last I saw him," saith Châchika, "he was alone, and being attacked by a great crowd of soldiers eager to avenge their leader's death. Where he be now, I know not."

Then the Sultan, seeing the enemy forces bereft of their leader and taking to flight, became full of joy, and observing some of his troops pursuing them he called to them, "Ho, my men, why dally to destroy these runaway soldiers? Tell me rather, where be that saviour of my kingdom, he who brought death to the Kâphara Râjâ, that lion in the form of a man, Nara Simha Dêva?" There, in the same place, on the scene of his fight, the Sultan discovered Nara Simha Dêva, his body pierced with many arrows, pouring forth a thousand streams of blood, like a *Butea* tree in crimson blossom, and lying senseless from his wounds. Leaping from his charger, he thus addressed him, "Ah, Nara Simha Dêva, wilt thou survive?" Said he, "Is your Majesty aware of what I did?" Said the Sultan, "Known is it all to me. Châchika hath told me how by thee mine enemy was slain." And Nara Simha Dêva replied, "Then shall I survive, for:—

*Verse.* 2. "The tree of my labour hath indeed borne its fruit, if he doth understand it, for whose welfare I undertook and fulfilled my arduous task."

The Sultan extracted the darts from the Prince's body, buried as they were in his flesh up to their feathered ends, and, by due application of various appropriate remedies, in a very few days caused his arrow-wounds to heal and disappear. When the cure had been effected, the Sultan proceeded to show him honour with gifts of a thousand horses, and a hundred thousand umbrellas of gold and other insignia of rank ; but on the occasion of their presentation, Nara Simha Dêva thus addressed him, "Your Majesty giving battle is but the duty that runneth in the blood of us Râjpûts ; so what unwonted deed hath been done by me, that to me this honour hath been shown ? Moreover, if honour must be shown, then let it be shown to Châchika Dêva ; for it was he who not only brought to thee the head of the foe, but who also in his love for truth extolled me before Your Majesty and remained silent concerning his own valiant acts. If that had not been so, when it was he that was bringing the foeman's head as proof of his death, who would have reckoned that it was I that killed him ? Therefore, it is to him that honour should first be given." Then said Châchika Dêva, "Prince Nara Simha, say not so. How could I take the fruits of thy valour, and pass a life supported on the leavings of another ?" Nara Simha Dêva replied, "Well done, Hero Truthful, well done !

*Verse.* 3. "By thy truthful nature, all hath been made clear. Magnanimous art thou, O Châchika, wise, and of chastest birth."

As the Sultan hearkened to their mutual converse, he became filled with satisfaction, and honoured these two princes each with an equal reward.

So endeth the Tale of a HERO TRUTHFUL.



## CONCERNING COUNTER-EXAMPLES

*Verses.* 1. If in the world a mortal be without discrimination, he becometh a thief; if without valour, he becometh a coward; and if without energy, a lazybones.

2. From Discernment are born Compassion, Generosity, and the like; but if a man be deserted by these, even if he still have valour,<sup>1</sup> it becometh to him but a cause of unrighteousness.

3. Like the thief Sarisripa,<sup>2</sup> if a man of valour have no discernment, of a surety he cometh to practise sin; and that, even if he have opportunity to do the right.

### 5. THE TALE OF A THIEF

In the city of Ujjayinî there ruled King Vikramâditya,<sup>3</sup> and he once on a time, being curious to learn how the local thieves behaved, disguised himself as a beggerman, went forth and waited near a temple in his own capital. It was dark, at dead of night, and, while he waited, four thieves came together, and agreed to eat there the food that they had brought with them from their homes, and so, with renewed vigour, to be able to enter the city and carry out their plans. As they did so, Vikramâditya asked them to give him some scraps of their leavings, and the thieves suspiciously asked him who he was. "I am a beggarman," replied the King. "So exhausted am I with hunger that I cannot go any further, and have to wait prostrate here." Said the thieves to each other, "Yes, when we were exploring the streets of the town in the daytime, we certainly saw this fellow here." Then said they to him, "Ho, thou beggerman, why hast thou been lingering here all this time?" Said he, "To beg from the people who come hither on pilgrimage came I here. Where else can I go? I have not been

<sup>1</sup> Read *śaurya* for the *caurya* of the printed edition.

<sup>2</sup> The word means "Creepy Crawly", an appropriate name for a thief.

<sup>3</sup> Regarding this city and this king, see the first tale (p. 4).



able to gather any alms, and in my hunger, I am lying here exhausted." Said they, "If we give thee some of our leavings, what wilt thou do for us?" "I can show you a great high mansion of a real millionaire, and, to boot, will I act as coolie for carrying your loot." Said they, "Good, wait and thou'lt get our leavings." So, when the thieves had finished eating, Vikramāditya took the leavings that they gave him, put them on to a potsherd, had it carried off by one of his private genii,<sup>1</sup> and offered the thieves his grateful thanks for the gift.

The leader of the gang was by name Sarisripa, or "Creepy Crawly". He just then mentioned to his fellows that he was versed in occult lore, and could understand the talk of jackals. Said the others, "Canst thou in very sooth?" Said he, "Listen, my friends, to that jackal that is just now howling. He's saying 'Among you there are four thieves, and there is one King'." Said they, "Here are we four, and we know each other. The fifth is that beggerman, whom we also saw in the daytime, and whom we have seen accepting the leavings of our food. How can that fellow be thought to be a king?" Replied Sarisripa, "What a jackal saith is ever sooth." Said they, "Seeing is believing. If a statement be contradicted by what is plain before our eyes, there be no room for suspicion," and so arguing, the five of them made their way into the city. There they dug a mine into the mansion of one of the great men of the place named Purapati, and making off with a quantity of valuable property, carried it out of the city and buried it underground in a secret pit. Then the four thieves bathed in a tank, returned to the city as if they were respectable folk, and paid a visit to a wine-shop. But the King went back to his palace, and after completing the necessary business of his council-chamber, mounted his throne,

<sup>1</sup> Vikramāditya is said to have had a number of spirits (like the genii of the *Arabian Nights*), who were at his beck and call. Compare his use of them for being carried about from place to place in Tale 1 (p. 5) and Tale 39 (p. 158). In the present case it is evident that the genius was invisible to the thieves.

sent for the chief of the police, and thus addressed him. "Ho, thou Inspector of others' conduct, is this the way that thou obeyest my commands, and art not aware of anything that happened last night. Haste thou forth. There be four thieves drinking wine in the shop of a publican named Pichindila. Put them in irons, and bring them here forthwith." The Chief of the Police made his bow, went off, and did as he was commanded.

[When the men were brought before him] the King thus addressed them, "Aha, friend thieves, do ye recognize me?" Replied Sarisripa, "Your Majesty, just then did I recognize you, but those damned rascals that were with me on the job would have it that even what was said by a jackal was untrue, and what was I to do? I was just led astray by the words of my friends. For as the poet says:—

*Verses.* 4. "If an intelligent man be alone he doeth his business and is happy; but a man's wits lose their balance if he pay heed to the advice of many.

5. "If a man be bent on any work though he be ever so expert in its essence, or even a hero, or even a learned sage, still, Your Majesty, if he find himself in the morass of the counsels of many, there will he sink therein."

Said the King, "That is it, ye thieves. Ye think a deal about being led astray by following the advice of others, but ye think not of what hath been caused by the errors of your own understandings." "How," asked the thieves, "were we led astray through the errors of our own understandings?" "Plain and clear it be," said the King. "While ye are capable of leading a heroic life, ye have taken to thievery. For:—

*Verse.* 6. "It is by valour that other folk prevail throughout the world, that gaining good fortune they rejoice in life, that in the assemblies of the learned they gain merit and a reputation pure. And through that very valour, that great establisher of praise, ye are journeying to the infamy of thievery. Alas, in this world how hard is it to free oneself from this evilness of mind."

Said the thieves, "Your Majesty, in our own case there lieth a cause for this evilness." Said the King, "If ye thus confess that ye be subject to this evilness, wherefore do ye not from it free yourselves?" Answered they, "Your Majesty, it is our poverty that preventeth us from freeing ourselves. For :—

*Verse.* 7. "What evils spring not from our poverty ? It yoketh men in sin ; it giveth them misery for food ; theft it maketh men commit, and knavery it teacheth them ; to the wretch it giveth voice and causeth him to go a-begging from the mean."

On hearing these words, the King replied, "Hearken ye thieves, when ye joined friendship with me, then also did your poverty depart, for friendship is born only of mutual equality. So, just as when I took to friendship with you I thereby for a brief moment have taken to thievery, so through your friendship with me why should ye not take to being kings ? Therefore must ye in future give up this your evilness of mind." Said they, "Why should we not give it up ?" Said the King, "Bound are ye now in chains, why do ye not agree to what I say ? For :—

*Verse.* 8. "When evil men are fallen into another's power, wherefore do they not, with a mere word on the tip of the tongue, abandon evil and accept the good ?

"On the other hand, if ye then again do evil, then will it verily be that ye shall again find yourselves in your present state."

Having so addressed them, the King sent for Purapati, and had his property restored to him. He then released the thieves and appointed Sarisripa, their leader, to be governor of the city of Sâlmalipura, while, as for the others, he showed his mercy and his interest by relieving their poverty with gifts of money before he sent them away.

After a certain space of time, the King considered that he ought to enquire as to how that thief, Sarisripa, whom he

had appointed to be the governor of a city, was behaving.  
For :—

*Verse.* 9. A heavy load on one who is weak, a heavy meal for one with poor digestion, and a heavy rule by one who is evil-minded—how can happiness result from these ?

Accordingly he sent a spy, named Suchâtana, to make a thorough enquiry into the matter, and when he returned, on being asked by the King, he made the following report :—  
“ My Lord, I consider not whether it be pleasing or unpleasing to Your Majesty, but tell the simple truth ; for it is not proper that one who hath been sent to make enquiry should submit a false report. For :—

*Verse.* 10. “ As a beast with a blind eye seeth naught, so seeth naught a King whose spy maketh false reports.

“ For this reason, in verse <sup>1</sup> do I describe Sarîsripa’s conduct as it hath been seen by me.

*Verses.* 11. “ When My Lord, out of compassion for one single man, gave the government to that evil-heart, skilled in working misery to others, Your Majesty created calamities for many.

12. “ Formerly he was already vicious, and by thee he hath been given power. When a man is both vicious and powerful, what evil will he not commit ?

13. “ My Lord, great-souled as thou art, thy thoughts were moistened with the water of pity ; and so thou didst destroy his poverty ; but thou couldst not destroy his nature.

14. “ Kingship’s rule is as it were a tree, of which the threefold fruit is glory, virtue, and happiness ; and if that fruit be not gained by a ruler, what need be there for his rule.

15. “ He carrieth off the goods of honest men, and marreth the repute of the intelligent. In his lust for his own delights naught doth Evil-heart look upon as forbidden.

16. “ The wives of other men doth he seduce, and

<sup>1</sup> In the original the whole report is in verse.

considereth that his own life will last secure. Even while he gazeth at the darts of the god of love, he seeth not the darts of the god of death.

17. "Never showeth he regret for his sins or shame for his evil deeds. Never is he satisfied with what he taketh of others' goods, for when is the glutton cloyed by satiety ?

18. "He saith 'by the grace of my thievery am I come to this governorship. If thievery hath done me this kindness, what fault hath she done that I should abandon her ?'

19. "So if a man consider that his position as a ruler cometh from his evil life, he continueth to follow it. This thief himself is an example of it, and he abandoneth not his evil life.

20. "The kingdom of an Evil-heart, without discernment ruled, possesseth splendour none, even though it be surrounded by troops of elephants, and its court be filled with hundreds of lovely women.

21. "When a villain ruleth over a province, he setteth himself no bounds. He shrinketh not from grasping even that which hath been dedicated to Śiva.<sup>1</sup> Even Brāhmanas are not inviolate, nor is reverence shown to holy men.

22. "Even when he hath done good deeds, he himself destroyeth the merit that he hath thereby gained. In a heart overwhelmed by greed what constancy can there be in what it doeth of itself ?"

Said the King, "Suchêta, now that through thy verses I have come to know the conduct of that Evil-heart, I am filled with sorrow. Moreover, I apprehend that through it my own good repute will suffer."

The spy replied, "It is but too true that Your Majesty's repute hath suffered, for the people all about are saying such as this :—

*Verses.* 23. "The (thief's) ill-repute was it that came to Sâhasânka,<sup>2</sup> and Sâhasânka's renown was it that came to the thief ; for between them there had sprung up a mutual friendship.

<sup>1</sup> i.e. to God.

<sup>2</sup> Sâhasânka was one of the titles of King Vikramāditya.

24. "If he see fit to associate with the mean, even a great man becometh mean himself. When the moon lifted the deer <sup>1</sup> into her lap, blemished did she herself become."

Said the King, "Then what should I do now?" Replied the spy, "My Lord, it is most necessary to dispel Your Majesty's ill-repute. If thou act at once, it can easily be done away with; but if it once take form of words in the mouths of the populace, hard indeed to do away with will it be." Thereupon Vikramâditya went in disguise to the thief's territory, and there himself put the words of his spy to the test. When he found that these were true, he deposed the thief from his government, put him back into his former condition as a thief in chains, and then executed him. For, as the poet saith:—

*Verse.* 25. "May the city recover its prosperity; may its people devote themselves by their virtue to reverence for him who is learned in elden lore; may the merchants, now freed from distress, travel at will upon the highways; may the rich men sleep secure within their palaces, but may religious festivals ever be awake; now that the thief, that hater of the virtuous, hath been slain by King Vikramâditya, the foe of all who sin."

So endeth the Tale of a THIEF.

<sup>1</sup> In Indian tradition the spots in the moon resemble according to some a hare, or according to others an antelope.

## 6. THE TALE OF A COWARD

*Verses.* 1. A man who hath no courage is called by the wise "timid". If a man be timid about his own life he is called "a coward", and if he be timid about his wealth he is called "a miser".

2. The mind of the coward everywhere thinketh little of its own strength.<sup>1</sup> It is fearful of disaster even where there be none, and apprehendeth terror where no terror be.

On the southern bank of the Ganges there lived a king named Pâribhadra, who was by nature a coward. He had been set up by his ministers to rule in the territories acquired by his father. Subsequently, having observed his cowardly disposition, the kings his neighbours made attacks upon his frontiers, and the more they did this, the more territory he abandoned to their incursions. As it is said :—

*Verses.* 3. If a pacifist king display not the power of his valour, and without fighting make peace, then to his foes doth he succumb.

4. Enemies, slanderers, and diseases are by their natures dealers of disaster. If measures be not taken against them, step by step do they ruin cause.

As gradually the ministers observed the incursions of the enemies and the cowardly nature of the king, they thus addressed him. "Sire, owing to the patience displayed by Your Majesty, your territories have been despoiled by your foes, and a display of force should now be made, so as to preserve what hath been left to you." The King inquired what display of force they recommended. They replied, "The force of Your Majesty, and that by a battle." Said the King, "This year it will be best simply to make a treaty of peace. Next year we can make war." They replied, "If war must then be made, wherefore should it not be made at once. If a deed must be done, then away with delay!" Said the King,

<sup>1</sup> It has what in these days we should call "an inferiority complex".



"If there be a battle we shall have to put the elephants, the cavalry, and the infantry into peril." Replied they, "If war be never to be made, then what need be there of an army. It is only for battle that an army be needed, and in a battle an army must suffer losses." Said the King, "But if there be a battle, it is not only the army that suffereth losses. There is also danger of myself being strickened, and if, when the two forces meet and fight, the first arrow pierce my heart, then what will ye, who are devoted to your master, do ? For the book of prudent counsel saith :—

*Verse.* 5. "Even if a wise man abandon his country and all that he hath, he still with resignation must endure the passage of time ; and when a man hath endured this passage, what sorrows hath he not endured."

The Ministers replied :—

*Verse.* 6. "In the face of an irresistible calamity resignation verily is wholesome ; but, if he have power to resist, a wise man cometh to action, nor wasteth he one moment in delay.

"Sire, you have such power ; and if you do not now conquer your foes, then will they seize their opportunity and conquer you." Replied the King, "Then some deputy must be appointed in my place to lead the army into battle." Said they, "Sire, it's only customary to appoint a deputy when it is a weak enemy that hath to be destroyed. If your foe be of power comparable to your own, then should you become eager for the fray yourself. For :—

*Verse.* 7. "No man vaunteth himself as lovely because of another's beauty ; no man prideth himself in his kingship because another king be puissant ; and no man claimeth wisdom because of another's learning."

The King replied, "Ministers, say ye what ye like, but my heart feeleth no lust for battle. Sirs, if ye would have me murdered, then send me forth to fight."

When the ministers heard these words of the king, they arose and left the audience-chamber, saying to each other,



"When, in his father's lifetime he was a prince, he was thought to be clever and intelligent in his actions ; but now that his father is no more, it turneth out that he is but a coward. How shall his kingdom stand ? For :—

*Verses.* 8. "So long as he was an underling he was looked upon as a hero. It is when a man becometh independent that he followeth his own nature.

9. "So long as he was in his father's lap, in his actions seemed he to be intelligent ; but when the load fell upon his own head, his cowardice manifest became.

"Verily cowardice is in a man a blemish great. For :—

*Verse.* 10. "Even though he be safely hidden in a mountain cavern, and guarded by an army of ten million warriors, and hath between him and his foe the seven oceans, still a coward loseth not his cowardice.

"Through his cowardice the kingdom will gradually waste to nothingness. We must ponder on what we best can do. For :—

*Verse.* 11. "A common man with faults, by his own faults goeth only himself alone to destruction ; but through the fault of a king, to destruction go all his subjects too.

"We are all here with our families and our possessions. If we now abandon our master and flee elsewhere, then will be our portion shame and sin ; yet if we abandon him not, our portion is destruction. Therefore sorely are we perplexed. Only serious thought will resolve our perplexity, so let the King make his offer of peace, and let us wait in resignation, for :—

*Verse.* 12. "Doubt as to whether it is at this moment or after many hours that calamity will fall is not a cause for fear. Who knoweth what the Ordainer after each moment will ordain ? "

Having so decided, the ministers returned to their several homes. But this King Pâribhadra, owing to his cowardice,

was again and again attacked by his foes, and on becoming beleaguered in his capital, when he heard the sound of the drums of the hostile army he asked his ministers what was the reason therefor, adding, "Ah, the physicians tell me that the sound of drums is not inimical." They replied, "Sire, not inimical is the sound of drums. It is your cowardice that be inimical." After that, directly he heard the sound of the enemy's drums, he fled away to a distant land :—

*Verses.* 13. His might became eclipsed, for from him far away stood manliness ; and all the kingdom that his father had acquired, by his cowardice was lost.

14. No one seeketh refuge with a coward, nor in his hand doth prosperity increase. It is the treacherous who prevail over a coward ; at a coward the women laugh ; the coward is distraught by hundreds of perplexities, and is ever sunken in a sea of unrounding doubts.

God in creating him concealed his manhood, and yet in him hath been revealed no trace of womanhood.

So endeth the Tale of a COWARD.

## 7. THE TALE OF A MISER

*Verse.* 1. He giveth it not away nor doth he enjoy it, but guardeth his wealth as though it were his life. Ill-omened is it to call him to mind in the early morn, and therefore a miser is beloved of none.

In the city of Mathurā<sup>1</sup> there dwelt a merchant by the name of Gûḍha Dhana,<sup>2</sup> who, after amassing a considerable fortune by his trading, became an out-and-out miser. Once, when he saw signs of an approaching famine, he said to himself, "In this famine all my property is sure to be eaten up by my wife and children, and then shall I certainly die of sorrow at its disappearance. That is a prospect that I welcome not :—

*Verse.* 2. "If a man be solitary he is blessed, for he hath a dear friend in what he owneth. All other folk are non-friends, for it is in money alone that a household hath its root.

"I must therefore make arrangements beforehand, and hide my money in some private place that I can keep secret from everyone." And so accordingly he did. When the famine came, even as he looked at the members of his family dying for want of food, and as they implored him in their last gasps, he merely recited this verse :—

*Verse.* 3. "A miser's money is his life-breath, and why doth she ask me for it? Why doth she not take my life-breath by itself, and so spare me the pangs of losing it and my money too?"

As a result his wife and children all died of hunger, and he himself with only a few gasps of breath left in him came to the following conclusion :—

<sup>1</sup> Now usually written *Muttra*.

<sup>2</sup> i.e. *Secreter of wealth*.

*Verse.* 4. "All that I did not give my wife and children was so much profit added to my store. How can I now, without miserable pangs, spend aught upon my own preservation?"

And so he doth not spend any of his money, even to save his own life.

As thus starving he passed his day, when some compassionate folk of the town saw him in the extremity of weakness, they said to him, "Mr. Miser, what wilt thou do with all that money? While it is still there thou art putting an end to thine own life. Or is this even what we should expect. For:—

*Verses.* 5. "In gaining it he earneth sorrow, in losing it he findeth grief. From his wealth doth a miser never gain the happiness of giving or of using for oneself.

6. "The wealth that be not given away with a cordial heart or that be not pleasantly expended, becometh in this world a cause of sorrow or a cause of affliction to him that storeth it."

Gûḍha Dhana replied, "You men of the town, say anything you like; but rather would I spend my life-breath than my money." Said they, "Well then, when thou art dead thy money will be annexed by the king or by some thief." He answered, "Yes, other people do take the property of some other witless fool, but, if die I must, my money will I fasten to my neck." With these words he tied his money up in a bundle, and set out to the bank of the Ganges to die there. There he went up to a fisher boatman and said, "Brother boatman, I find this life of mine very difficult to get rid of. Even when I would do that, I find myself unable. Distaught am I with sorrow for the loss of my family, so wilt thou plunge me into the Ganges and drown me? If thou wilt do this, a gold mohur will I give thee as reward." Said the fisherman, "Well, give me the mohur." So Gûḍha Dhana produced his bundle of coins in order to give him one; but when he looked at them, he said, "Brother boatman, all these gold mohurs have been made pure by exposure to fire,

and it is not lawful for me to give them to another. So wilt thou kill me just as an act of charity ? ” When the boatman saw all these coins he became filled with cupidity, and said, “ As thou wilt not give me a single gold mohur, just as an act of charity will I kill thee,” and with these words, he plunged the miser into the river. When he had quite killed him, he took the entire bundle of money, and lived on it happy ever after.

*Verse.*     7. Ill be the ripening of the wealth that cometh  
into the hands of misers ; for it be destitute of all  
kindliness and lost to all fruition. In the heart naught  
but sorrow doth that ripening bring forth and to no  
happiness doth it give fruit. Honour and good repute  
doth it avoid, and vileness only doth it bring to light.

So endeth the Tale of a MISER.

#### 8. THE TALE OF THE FOUR LAZYBONES

*Verse.* 1. The cause of enterprise is energy, and that is an essential attribute of living beings. He that in every form of action is without energy is called a Lazybones.

In the land of Mithilâ a king had a certain minister named Vîrêśvara,<sup>1</sup> by nature a generous and kind-hearted man.

He arranged for daily free meals to be given to those unfortunate or destitute persons who desired them, and among them even to the lazybones who did no work. For :—

*Verse.* 2. The lazybones is regarded as the chief of those who have no resource ; for he cannot endure to do anything himself, even though driven by the fire of a hungry belly.

Or, in other words, laziness maketh a state of supreme bliss. For :—

*Verse.* 3. Here his mind and there his limbs linger undisturbed. He is not brought into contact with labour by his own inclinations. When a man is under the power of naught but laziness, I consider that it is only by the fire of his belly that his sleep is ever disturbed.

When they heard that lazybones got what they wanted at these free meals, a great number of belly-stroking mendicants came thither and mixed with them.

*Verse.* 4. A condition of everyone coming together is easy to bring about. What creatures do not rush up, if they see the fellows of their tribe in comfort ?

Later on, when they saw the comfortable conditions of the lazybones, a number of swindlers, putting on a show of sham laziness, began to take free meals there ; and the officials in charge of the lazybones' almshouse saw that extravagant

<sup>1</sup> Vîrêśvara Ṭhakkura was war-minister to Hari Simha Dêva of the Karpâta dynasty of Simraon (see Introduction, p. x ; and Tale 3, p. 13) in the early part of the fourteenth century. According to Chandra Jhâ he was a brother of Gaṇêśvara Ṭhakkura, who is the hero of Tale 11 (p. 47) and who was the great-grandfather of Vidyâpati, the author of our work. This tale is therefore probably a piece of family tradition.

waste was being caused by them. So they put their heads together, because their master, out of compassion and knowing them to be incapable of effort, had arranged these free meals for the lazybones people only ; and now people who were not lazybones at all, were cheating and getting meals also. "This," they said, "is our fault. As by our neglect we are responsible for our master's property being thus wasted, we must put the lazybones people to a test." Having so decided, these superintendents set fire to the lazybones' almshouse while the inmates were fast and sound asleep, and stood by to watch the outcome. As soon as the swindling rogues, who were shamming laziness, saw that the building was in a blaze, they rushed out of the place. A little while after, some men who were only moderately lazy also ran out. But there were four men, genuine lazybones, sleeping just then, and they only began talking to each other. One, whose face was covered by his clothes, said "Hallo, what's all this uproar ?" The second said, "I suppose the house has caught fire." The third said, "Is there no one to cover us with wet sheets or with mats ?" The fourth said, "O you gabblers ! There you go on with your talk. Can't you be quiet and hold your tongues ?" Then the superintendents of the almshouse, hearing these four lazybones continuing to talk among themselves, and seeing that the fire had increased and that the blazing building was about to fall on them, in fear for their lives pulled them all out by the hair of their heads.

Then the superintendents looked at them, and recited the following verse :—

*Verse.*    5. The only refuge of wives is a husband and of children a mother. But in this world for a Lazybones there be no refuge but some man compassionate.

After this experience the minister Vīrēśvara arranged for a supply of goods still greater than before to be given to these Lazybones.

So endeth the Tale of the FOUR LAZYBONES.

The Exposition of Heroes hath now been declared in tales, some by way of direct description, and others by way of contrast.

So endeth the First Part, entitled "an EXPOSITION OF HEROES", of the *Test of a Man* composed by the Poet Vidyâpati Thakkura, at the command of His Majesty Śiva Simha, endued with all insignia of royalty, entitled Rûpa Nârâyana, full of devoted faith in Bhava,<sup>1</sup> and blessed with boons by the Spouse of Râma.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> i.e. the god Śiva.

<sup>2</sup> i.e. Lakshmi, the goddess of good fortune.



## PART II

### AN EXPOSITION OF INTELLIGENCE

After the Exposition of Heroes had been concluded, King Pârâvâra addressed Subuddhi as follows: "Holy Sir, now that I have hearkened to thine account of heroes, I would next listen to thine account of Men of Good Wit." The saint replied:—

*Verses.* 1. "A man of good wit knoweth the right expedient when it is not known, and seeth the path that is invisible.

"If a clown hearken to the tale of such a man, even he becometh erudite.

2. "He whose wits are beyond measure keen, who with his understanding hath acuteness, who is far from being either an ill-wit or no-wit, he is a Man of Good Wit, and is told of in the tales that follow.

"Among these, I begin by telling the Tale of the MAN ACUTE IN WIT."

#### 9. THE TALE OF A MAN ACUTE IN WIT

*Verse.* 3. He whose wits, when affairs present themselves, are nimble and keen in inference, is known as a Man Acute in Wit.

In ancient days, there was a king named Prithu. Once on a time he mounted his chariot with his beloved queen Sulôchanâ and went out from his city, attended by a complete array of troops, to enjoy the spectacle of the chase. When they reached the jungle, the men of the army scattered in pursuit of the game that was fleeing in every direction, and the King as he drove along in the same chariot with the Queen observed in the heart of the forest a newly-born man-child, lying as he had been put to sleep on a piece of a mantle of celestial

stuff. "Look, Dear One," said he, "at this marvel. How is it possible to account for the presence of a babe in this forest so full of lions and tigers?" Said the Queen, "My Lord, this baby is as beautiful to look at as the moon at its full, and my heart melteth in pity for it. If my Lord consent, I will take up the baby, and cherish it with a mother's love." Angrily, the King replied, "Sinful one, headstrong in abandoning proper disgust. How canst thou of a sudden take to thy bosom this child of unknown stock, who for all thou knowest may be of vilest caste?" Said the Queen, "My Lord, no man is blameworthy merely for himself! As the poet saith:—

*Verse.* 4. "A man's condition should be blamed and not the man himself. It is through the virtues of her son, and not through her own, that a woman is hight 'a mother of a gem'. No one knoweth what fate the Creator hath written, or on whose forehead it deigneth to appear.

"Nor, save in some honoured caste, is there such beauty as here appeareth; and therefore, moved by compassion, I cannot leave him thus." At this, as she clung to her resolve of taking up the child and thus disobeying the King's command, roundly did he rate her; for it is the nature of kings to find disobedience unbearable, and of queens to become unruly in the intoxication of their wedded happiness. So as they mutually quarrelled, the King became filled with wrath. Out of the chariot he thrust his Queen, and issued an order to his troops. "Whosoever followeth this miserable woman, this lover of the vile, or whomsoever she may follow, him will I look upon as my enemy and him will I behead." As the poet saith:—

*Verse.* 5. Wrath that destroyeth the understanding of men, what evil doth it not bring about! Yea, it causeth self-murder, abandonment of home, loss of possessions, slaying of a friend.

After all this, when the King had returned home with his troops, the Queen stayed full of terror in the lonely forest,

and communed with herself, saying, "Verily, this hap, and this only, is what cometh to women beloved of husbands cruel. But enough of such thoughts ! I must now busy myself with the fruits of what I have already done." So she took up the babe, with the piece of sleeping mantle, into her bosom, and then sullied her own garments with ashes from a place where the forest had been burnt down, divested herself of her ornaments, and set out walking haphazardly in a certain direction. By good luck, after going a short way, she came upon a village of Brâhmans, and chancing to meet a virtuous and compassionate Brâhman lady, she made a bow, and thus addressed her : " My Lady, I am the wife of a man who is poverty-stricken, and am, in addition, harassed by the enmity of my co-wife. Let me, I pray thee, pass my life under thy protection." The Brâhman lady replied, " Thou art no poor man's wife, surely thou art the wife of some king. For :—

*Verse.* 6. " Thine ears have lost their rings, thy delicate arms have laid aside their jewelled bangles. Thy bosom and thy feet appear desolate for want of a necklace and without thine anklets. Each of thy limbs in turn bewrayeth by these maimed charms that but now hast thou put off thine ornaments. Fair one with gleaming teeth, surely thou art some lady of the gods ? "

Thereon the Queen took refuge with the Brâhman lady, and nurtured the babe to whom, with formal ritual, she gave the name of Viśâkha. As time went by, Viśâkha, so cared for by her, grew up into youthhood, and one day asked the Queen the name of his father. She said she did not know it. Said he, " Thou art my mother, and if even thou know not my father's name, how can I say that my real name is Viśâkha ? If I be one whose father is unknown, then wherefore should I live ? For it is when a son hath been born, that a father findeth joy, and who will find joy because to him I have been born a son ? A son born to a man offereth the libations at his father's funeral rites. For whom shall I such libations offer ? "

And so, lamenting that his life was unfruitful, in his great sorrow, he wept with a loud voice. When the Queen saw this intelligent lad thus weeping and minded to put an end to his existence, she revealed to him all the history of her finding him. "My only fault," said she, "was that I showed compassion to thee, and so came I to this humble plight." "Mother," said he, "I, and I alone, am the cause of this thine evil lot, and heavy is the debt of gratitude I owe thee. And therefore my life, worthless though it be, will I not abandon; but instead thereof will I live to repay that debt to thee. Tell me, in what place didst thou find me: For:—

*Verse.* 7. "When matters must be learned, as they happened in time and place, then it is on the considering of what came before and of what followed, that men's arguments are based.

"I would therefore go thither and discover the place of my birth." So the Queen took him there, and there he wandered through the forest. As he did so, he came upon an eremite settled in a pleasant spot close by a lake. His name was Tapaśśīla. Viśākha approached him with a reverent salutation, and prayed him for his favour. Said the eremite, "Who art thou, and wherefore hast thou hither come?" So he told him all his story. The holy man replied, "My lad, if that old piece of sleeping mantle can be found, then thy parents can be traced." The boy then fetched the piece of mantle from the Queen and showed it to him. The eremite went into his house and brought out the other half of that very mantle, and showed that the two pieces exactly fitted each other. Then, ashamed in mien, he said, "List, boy, to this tale. When first I became an anchorite, the god Indra, the ruler of heaven, alarmed at the potency of my austerities, became filled with fear that, by their aid, I might oust him from his throne. In order therefore to cut them short, he sent down a Vidyâdharî, a sylph, by name Tilôttamâ to seduce me. Through her endearing conduct the god of love defiantly gained possession of my heart. For, as the poet saith:—

*Verse.* 8. "He counteth good counsel but as naught, he regardeth not fear, modesty he honoureth not, whose mind hath been swallowed up by the henna-darkened glances of the lotus-eyed.

"So, in course of time, a son was born to us, and Tilôttamâ having succeeded in making futile my austerities, tore her own mantle in two pieces. To serve as a token of recognition, gave she this half to me, and out of the other made she a bed, and on it placed thee to sleep. Then clothed she herself in another garment, and returned to heaven."

The lad became full of joy on learning that he was the son of a heavenly sylph and of an eremite. With the holy man's blessing he set forth straightway in Queen Sulôchanâ's company and arrived at King Prithu's capital. There he lodged her in disguise in somebody's house and presented himself before the King as a petitioner for employment. He became zealous in his services, and in due course, owing to his acuteness and to general intelligence, he was promoted to the office of chamberlain to King Prithu. By the importance of his position, his acts of kindness and his generous conduct, he brought the whole population of the kingdom, as well as the entire army, under his influence. On this he addressed Sulôchanâ, saying, "Mother, tell me now how can I accomplish thy heart's desire?"

The Queen replied, "My son, if thou canst, then bind thou King Prithu in chains, and bring him to me." "That task," replied he, "is mere child's play." So next morning, he took with him three or four men who were devoted to him, each with chains and a sword in his hand, and entered the palace while full council was being held. He addressed the assembly as follows:—"Ho, ye councillors, all present here, I give you notice and inform you that every one of you, with one exception, is in league with me. One man alone is not on my side, and he alone knoweth that it is he. I hereby give him notice that if he move hand or foot, then on the spot will he be slain. I am now about to enchain the King." With these words he commanded the men with him who carried

the chains to shackle the King, and made him descend from the throne. The councillors each imagined that, excepting himself, all the others were in league with Viśākha, and made no attempt to interfere or to use weapons in the King's defence. In reality, not one of them was in league with him ; and thus Viśākha became King.

Thereon Viśākha brought Prithu bound in chains before Queen Sulôchanâ, and she, as she beheld him, was glad and thus addressed him. "Doth Your Majesty recognize me?" "I do," said he. "Thou art my Queen." "Doth Your Majesty recognize this Viśākha?" He replied, "Viśākha know I not." Said she, "He it is concerning whom I long ago quoted the verse, 'a man's condition should be blamed and not the man himself.' This is that very babe, who hath now attained manhood, and who hath enchained Your Majesty." With these words, the Queen made obeisance to the King and restored him to his throne. Viśākha also having made obeisance to the King, as though he were Prithu's son, was created by him heir apparent. As the poet hath said :—

*Verse.* 9. When Viśākha the King's chief minister became, it was by his acuteness, without e'en an army, with no money, with no established kin, only by his mother-wit that he did win the estate of King. By it too were the desires of the Queen's heart fulfilled, and his own parentage made manifest and famed throughout the world.

It is commonly reputed that that masterpiece of polity, the drama known as the *Mudrârâkshasa*,<sup>1</sup> which hath survived to this day, is the work of this very Viśākha.

So endeth the Tale of a MAN ACUTE IN WIT.

<sup>1</sup> A famous play, the author of which was named Viśākha Datta. His date is uncertain, but was probably not later than A.D. 800. Some of the manuscripts of the play state that his father was a Mahârâja Prithu, but others give the name as Bhâskara Datta. If the name really was Prithu, there is a certain agreement with the story told above.

## 10. THE TALE OF A MAN EXACT IN MEMORY

*Verse.* 1. He who mastereth that which is said to him but once, and who forgetteth not that which he hath heard but once, whose mind keepeth in store what it hath received, is here called "Exact in Memory".

There was in the land of Bengal a learned poet by name Śrī Harsha.<sup>1</sup> Once, when he had finished an epic entitled *The Deeds of Nala*, he thought to himself:—

*Verse.* 2. "An epic poem is for the fame of its author only if it be full of feeling, captivating to the mind, and abounding in grace and poetic ornaments. If it be not so it is but a target for derision.

"Moreover:—

*Verse.* 3. "Gold is tried in fire, and an epic in the assembly of those who be learned in poetic art. If the wise approve not of an epic, what profit hath the poet?"

So he took his epic and set out for Benares, that he might lay it before the assemblage of the erudite, and there he recited it to a learned man named Kōka. This Kōka was one who had become indifferent to worldly pleasures and who continued ever deep in meditation on The Supreme. Each noon he would go to perform his daily ablutions at Maṇikarnikā,<sup>2</sup> and as he went he would listen while Śrī Harsha followed him along the road and recited his poem. So day after day Śrī Harsha did this, but never a reply—not a word of praise or of dispraise—did he win from Kōka. At length one day the poet said to him, "Sir, great travail have I

<sup>1</sup> He belonged to the latter half of the twelfth century. The poem referred to above was the *Naishadha-Charita*, dealing with the well-known story of Nala. It is one of the six *Mahākāvyas*, or "Great Epics" of Sanskrit literature, and extended over no less than twenty-two cantos, so that its committal to memory was no light feat.

<sup>2</sup> A famous *ghāt*, or bathing-place, on the Ganges at Benares, of great sanctity.



spent upon this epic poem, and that it may be examined and tested am I come hither from a far off country seeking thee, because of my knowledge of thy acumen, and because of my affection for a native of my own homeland. As thou goest along the road I recite it to thee in the hope of hearing a judgment on its merits and on its defects; but thou, Sir, never utterest one word either of dispraise or of commendation, and therefore do I perpend that thou never lendest even thine ears to it." Kôka replied, "Ah, thinkest thou that I lend not mine ears? Nay, when I have heard the whole, and have considered the purity of thy graceful euphony, then, having duly estimated, for and against, the use of words and of their meanings, shall I tell thee each particular. It was with this intent that nothing do I say as yet. Not only did I hear thine epic with mine ears, but I have carried it in my memory, and if thou, Sir, dost not believe me, then, I pray thee, hearken." With that he straightway recited all the verses of the epic that he had heard during the preceding month. Hearing them, Śrī Harsha, astonished and delighted, threw himself before Kôka's feet, saying, "Oh, Kôka, thou man of learning, enraptured am I by the exactness of thy memory." But Kôka, after praising the merits of his epic, pointing out its defects, and discussing other details, filled the heart of Śrī Harsha, the poet laureate, with joy, and dismissed him to his home.

*Verse.* 4. Men of understanding seize not the faults of a thing but seek only for its merits. So also the bee (seeketh not honey, but) smelleth the sweet scent it findeth in the flower of a thorny shrub.

So endeth the Tale of the MAN EXACT IN MEMORY.



## 11. THE TALE OF A MAN OF GOOD WIT

*Verse.* 1. If a man's memory, acuteness, and intellect be profound, and if he be competent in resolving doubts, he is known as "A Man of Good Wit".

There was once in Mithilâ a King of the Karnâta line hight Hari Simha Dêva, and he had a minister, thoroughly versed in the Sâṅkhya school of philosophy and skilled in the science of government, by name Gaṇêśvara.<sup>1</sup> His reputation for excellence of wit reached Râma Dêva, the King of Dêvagiri,<sup>2</sup> and on hearing of it, full of astonishment, he wondered how it was possible for there to be such reports of a wisdom like that of a Brihaspati<sup>3</sup> come down to this world of mortals. He therefore determined to inquire into the truth or falsehood of what had come to his ears, and shortly afterwards entered into a treaty of friendship with Hari Simha Dêva. For :—

*Verse.* 2. If a man hath affection with another of equal rank, steadfast in deed, a hero high-souled, and of a grateful nature, its future consequence is happiness.

Moreover :—

*Verse.* 3. When a man's treasury hath become exhausted, when the army hath been defeated and servants have become disloyal, then friendship with one well-born is to him as it were a Wishing-tree of Paradise.

<sup>1</sup> Regarding the Karnâta Dynasty of Mithilâ, see Introduction, p. ix, and Tale 3 (p. 13). Hari Simha Dêva was the last and greatest of the line. According to Chandra Jhâ he was born in A.D. 1294. His reign in Mithilâ began in A.D. 1303 and came to an end about the year 1323, when he was defeated by Ghiyâşu-d-dîn Tughlak of Delhi, and fled into Nepal. Gaṇêśvara Ṭhakkura, his minister of Home Affairs, was brother of Virêśvara Ṭhakkura, the hero of Tale 8 (p. 36). As there stated, he was great-grandfather of Vidyâpati; so this tale also may be a piece of family tradition.

<sup>2</sup> Dêvagiri is the modern Daulatabad in the Hyderabad State. The texts vary as to the name of the king. Some give Râma Dêva, but Chandra Jhâ's text gives Vâma Dêva. In A.D. 1294, when Dêvagiri was captured by 'Alâu-d-dîn Khilji, the name of its king was Râma Dêva. I have not succeeded in tracing anyone of the other name.

<sup>3</sup> Brihaspati was the god of wisdom and eloquence.

Thereafter, by the way of mutual courtesies, a warm friendship sprung up between the two Kings, and Râma Dêva wrote a letter to Hari Simha Dêva asking him to send him as a gift two men, one a man of learning and the other a fool. On receiving the letter and reading it, Hari Simha reflected that he could not possibly neglect the request of a friend, and that he must certainly send him someone who was a man of learning and someone who was a fool, but he felt perplexed as to how he was to comply with it. Seeing him in this state of uncertainty, his minister, Gaṇêśvara, begged that he might be informed as to the cause. "I should feel," said the King, "full of shame if I did not carry out my friend's demand, but I am perplexed as to who is the man of learning and who is the fool that I am to send." Replied the minister, "No one need be sent." "God forbid," replied the King, "that I should be guilty of refusing a friend's request!" "But, Your Majesty," said the other, "all the same, success will attend your friend's request; for Râma Dêva is a mighty monarch, and nothing can be unobtainable in his kingdom of Dêvagiri. Are there not countless learned men and countless fools there already, and what need can he possibly have for any such to be sent to him? I therefore infer that His Majesty is merely subtle and inquisitively curious, and that, on the pretext of asking for two men of this description, he is really putting a test upon Your Majesty's minister, to see if I can or cannot distinguish between a fool and a learned man." Said the King, "Then how had I best arrange matters?" Said the minister, "Your Majesty had best write to the following effect: 'As no man of learning can be found in this kingdom or in Your Majesty's, it would be better to search for him at Benares or at some other holy place; for, as the fruit of learning is only for one's own benefit, there is nothing to make a man of learning take up his abode amid the cares and business of this workaday world. Such a learned man will most likely be found absorbed in contemplation in some solitary cave or other. As for the fool for whom you ask, he is, of course, everywhere easy to find. Why should I

send you such a thing of no value ? But, all the same, I write here the indications by which you will be able to recognize one :—

*Verse.* 4. “ ‘ A man may have well-matched pairs of hands and feet and abide in luxury that cometh from a lucky fate ; and if then from the world he gain censure, he is declared to be a fool.

“ ‘ And again :—

*Verse.* 5. “ ‘ If a man, though he hath been granted a human birth, treasure not up a store of pious deeds, and earn not a fair fame, he it is who is called a fool.’ ”

Replied the King, “ So let it be done,” and the two ministers<sup>1</sup> consulted together, and wrote a reply to the above effect to King Râma Dêva. He, on its receipt, was completely satisfied, and in full court loudly praised Hari Sinhâ and his minister, exclaiming, “ All hail to thee Great Ruler of thy land, who hath for thy minister a steersman in the river of kingly polity conversant with the law.”

And thereon a certain poet wrote :—

*Verses.* 6. The worthy men who would fain count the merits of Gaṇêśvara, but strive with pitchers to measure the waters of the ocean.

7. Had he not been profoundly erudite in duties both sacred and profane, where would there have been such fame, spotless like that of the moon, as his ?

So endeth the Tale of a MAN OF GOOD WIT.

<sup>1</sup> They were the two brothers Virêśvara and Gaṇêśvara Thakkura. See note on p. 47.

## CONCERNING COUNTER-EXAMPLES

*Verse.* 1. There are two kinds of men to be contrasted with the Man of Good Wit. These are the Ill-wit and the No-wit. I shall now, by means of the following Tales, briefly describe them.

I first proceed to tell of the Ill-wit.

*Verses.* 2. He whose wit is acute but who pursueth evil courses is called "an Ill-wit". He is an abode of sin and of ill-fame.

3. Once and again in the tales that follow can the Ill-wit be recognized, and the fruit of the recognition is straightway to abandon his company.

Of the Ill-wits there are two kinds :—

*Verse.* 4. There be two kinds of these Ill-wits—the Swindler and the Calumniator—and these two workers of iniquity are ever of mean lineage born.

Here beginneth

### 12. THE TALE OF A SWINDLER

*Verse.* 5. Skilled is he in crooked works ; sweet are his words and ruthless are his deeds ; a robber of others' goods is he. A man such as that is "Swindler" named.

On the bank of the River Gôdâvari there was once a city called Viśâlâ.<sup>1</sup> The King was Samudra Sêna by name, and he had a son called Chandra Sêna. A certain shopkeeper of the city, observing the innocent heart of Chandra Sêna, considered that :—

*Verse.* 6. "As deer for the leopard, as snakes for Garuḍa,<sup>2</sup> as other birds for the hawk, so honest folk are the food for knaves."

"Now," thought he, "this prince is of a simple, honest

<sup>1</sup> This is the same as Ujjayinî mentioned in Tale 1 and elsewhere.

<sup>2</sup> A legendary vulture, who was the lifelong enemy of snakes.

character. It will surely be an easy matter for me to get hold of what he possesses, and so must I get into touch with him." With this object, he began to pay court to the prince. Now, the nature of a wicked man is like a tamarind fruit <sup>1</sup>—though at first it hath a pleasant flavour, it finisheth by being unpalatable—and it was with that kind of nature that this swindler, by paying court to the prince, at length brought him entirely under his influence. Having succeeded thus far he decided to entice him out of the country on some excuse or other, and, by this means, to get hold of the pick of the contents of the royal treasury. So, in order to excite the prince's curiosity, when engaged in confidential talks he would over and over again give him interesting accounts of foreign lands; and, as he found that these pleased him, he would say, "Your Highness, while your father is still alive, and while you are merely the Crown Prince, what pleasure can you have in enjoying only dainties that you have enjoyed before, or in seeing ladies who are ever ready to consent? It is in foreign parts that true happiness is found; for it is there that every day are seen things one has never seen before, that viands are eaten that one has never eaten before, and experiences are tasted that were never tasted before.

*Verse.* 7. "There do the rivers gleam with lotuses in bloom, and over the woodlands are scattered groves of charming trees; the mountains have their ridges painted with gold and precious stones, and the cities are adorned with lofty palaces.

"Many damsels are there, expert in amorous coquetry; and heroes are there, terrible on the field of battle. But what man of gentle imagination can see these, unless to many foreign lands he wend his way."

Said Chandra Sēna, "My dear fellow, you have filled me with longing. How can I manage to see foreign lands?" The shopman replied, "Your Highness, it can be done by having a purse filled with things that are easy to carry and of great value. If your mind is made up to visit foreign parts,

<sup>1</sup> Read here *tintīḍa* for *kīncā* of the printed text.

you are Crown Prince and have your private fortune ; but Your Highness's mind must be really made up." Said the prince, " Old fellow, it is made up already." Said the swindler, " If the project is to succeed, then it must not get abroad, lest other people begin to talk of it." " Yes," said the prince, " we must not let a soul discuss it."

So, as the prince was really eager to start on his travels, the shopman saw that he was well supplied with suitable valuables, and took him off under the pretence of a hunting excursion. After going some distance they sent back their retinue, and the two companions mounted a pair of fine steeds and set off on their own account. When they had gone a good way and were wearied and feeling the pangs of hunger and thirst, they descried a great tree close by a forest lake. There they dismounted and took their rest under its shade. But the prince, as soon as he had taken his lunch, found the shade so comfortable that he fell asleep on a heap of grass that he had drawn together to form a bed. As soon as the swindler observed his condition, he saw that this was just the opportunity for carrying out his intentions ; and having first, under pretence of massaging his feet, satisfied himself that the prince was sound asleep, the scoundrel bound him hand and foot with vines gathered from the neighbouring trees. When he had securely tied him up, he got on to his chest, and pierced each of his eyes with a poniard. Then, while the prince was calling to him for help, he went off with the two horses and all his store of valuables.

The prince screaming with pain, rolled violently about in the agony suffered by his eyes, and in so doing loosened the vines with which his hand and feet had been tied up. Then, exhausted and helpless, he lay motionless upon the ground.

Now, it happened that in that very tree there dwelt an ancient parrot, who had two fine strong sons, and, as he was unable to get about himself, each day they used to bring him food. On this occasion, while they were so occupied, they told him their adventures. " Daddy," said they, " to-day on the

shore of the river Narmadâ,<sup>1</sup> we saw a most unparalleled and lamentable state of affairs." "Why," said the old one, "was it so unparalleled, and why so lamentable?" Replied they, "King Nila Ratha of the city of Yûthikâpura has a son named Chitra Ratha, and he is blind. Although the physicians have used every art of healing, the blindness has been found incurable. On this account, the whole kingdom is like a house by night without a lamp. It is indeed a lamentable scene that we have beheld." The ancient answered, "My boys, there is indeed a remedy for eyes that have been destroyed, but to physicians it is unknown." They asked him what it was, and he continued, "If a flower of this very tree on which we sit, whether it be dried up or still moist, is smeared upon an eye that has been destroyed, then that eye will receive its sight again."

When the words fell on the ears of the prince he thought, "Ah, God is indeed gracious unto me, that these birds should have made mention of an eye-remedy in the course of their talk. The remedy can be got without any difficulty, so I shall at once proceed to smear my eyes with a flower of this tree." No sooner said than done. By the very first smearing, the pain in his eyes was relieved, at the second the pupils of his eyes came into existence, and at the third he found that he could see quite clearly. Then, full of joy, he began to consider what he had best do, now that he had been delivered from the calamity that had been inflicted on him by his false friend. "If I am compelled by my present state of destitution to return home, my indigence will give rise to ridicule, for indigence is more to be condemned than death itself. So I shall not go home. Nay, I shall take this well-tried remedy and go to Yûthikâpura." So the prince, asking the way as he went along, in course of time arrived at Yûthikâpura, and, having gained an audience with King Nila Ratha, restored the eyesight of his son Chitra Ratha. Well pleased, Nila Ratha asked him for his history, and having, by his statements, his virtues, and his general conduct, satisfied himself as to the

<sup>1</sup> The "Nerbudda" of English books.



suitability of his lineage, married the prince to his own daughter, Chitra Sênâ, the younger sister of Chitra Ratha, whom he endowed with a wedding portion consisting of a fourth part of his kingdom. So Chandra Sêna thenceforth dwelt happily and free from care in the company of his darling Chitra Sênâ, brilliant in countenance as the orb of night.

Once, on the occasion of some festival, Chandra Sêna was on his way to the palace of his father-in-law, Nila Ratha, when he chanced to see, coming towards him on the road, that very shopman, who has been dubbed "The Swindler", and jumped off his horse that he might embrace him. But when the Swindler recognized him, he was amazed to see the very prince whom he had so ill-treated, and he turned to flee. But the prince ordered his retainers to stop him in his flight and bring him to him. When he was brought Chandra Sêna threw his arms around him, crying "Welcome, friend!" The shopman could make no reply, so the prince, delighted at meeting his old friend again, gave up his intended visit to the palace, and returned with him to his own residence. Arrived there he seated himself in a private apartment and said, "My friend, tell me all about yourself. How, after getting all those valuables of mine, have you been reduced to so dire a state of poverty?" Said the shopman, "It was the fruit of mine own evil deeds." "Nay," replied the prince, "forget all that, and tell me how you have fallen to so low a state." Said the other, "Your Highness, in the greed of my nature I took all those valuables of yours, embarked on a merchant vessel, and crossed the ocean to a foreign land. There by trafficking I multiplied them many times, and started for home; but just as I approached the shore of mine own land the ship sank under the waves, and all my property was lost. So here am I come with nothing left but my bare life. Let it now be taken by Your Highness." But Prince Chandra Sêna thus made answer, "My friend, there is no need for fear. You are my friend, and the friendship of true men must be life-long cherished. What property hath been lost, is lost and gone. Of that take I no count. Nay, I shall give



you again still more than that." The shopman replied, "Your Highness, my heart, that hath been defiled by its own offences, cannot believe your words. Never had I with you any traffic of real friendship. How can Your Highness show your former graciousness?" But said Chandra Sêna, "Mine own actions are alone at mine own command, and who am I to be master of your deeds? For:—

*Verse.* 8. "Whate'er thou wouldest have done, so let it be. Whate'er be the path that cometh therefrom, thine it is. But for me, why should I not act with a heart disposed to be thy friend? I abandoned my kingdom and mine own people great though they were, for my own deeds were at mine own command; but I am not master of another's deeds."

As he listened to these verses, the swindler's heart was rent in shame, and straightway he yielded up the ghost and fell down dead. In sorrow for his death the prince loudly wept, and seeing him lamenting, his wife Chitra Sênâ exclaimed, "My Lord, who is this, whence hath he come, wherefore hath he died, and wherefore dost thou lament so piteously?" He replied, "Beloved, this man once did me a great act of kindness, in that when he had robbed me of all that I possessed, and when I was completely at his mercy, he did not kill me out and out." "But," said Chitra Sênâ, "his acting so cannot have been deliberate. It must have been some careless neglect of his." "Even so," said Chandra Sêna, "was he truly of noble heart; for when his former actions were recalled to him, rent with shame he yielded up the ghost. For:—

*Verse.* 9. "The man that feeleth shame is truly noble, even though he sometimes walk in an evil path; for ne'er is shame born in the mind of a man of low degree."

So the prince took care that the funeral rites of the shopman were duly carried out by his caste-fellows; but, all the same, that swindler, in this world, gained only the disgrace that came from his own conduct, and, in the world to come, what he gained was Hell.

So endeth the Tale of a SWINDLER.

### 13. THE TALE OF A CALUMNIATOR

*Verse.* 1. An enemy even of him who is his benefactor ;  
finding guilt even in him who is without fault ; when  
he himself is guilty, then without shame ; such is  
the Calumniator, detested o'er the earth.

There was once a city called Kumudapura, the King of which, Chandragupta by name, was faithfully served by his minister Rākshasa.<sup>1</sup> In the land justly ruled by this King there dwelt a Brāhman and his wife, who had one son. When the father departed this life the mother, finding herself without means to support her child, was compelled to abandon him. The babe thus lying helpless and deserted was noticed by a neighbour—a merchant, Sômadatta by name—and he, moved by compassion, took it up from where it lay and carried it to his home. There he brought the boy up at his own expense, had his initiatory rites duly performed by a Brāhman, and had him taught his letters by a Kāyastha—a man of the scribe-caste. One day a Jain mendicant saw him in his teacher's house, and recited the following verse :—

<sup>1</sup> Kumudapura corresponds to the modern Patna, the capital of the Province of Bihâr. Here Chandragupta was the first king of the Maurya Dynasty. Aided by the famous Châpakya, the Machiavelli of India, in the year 321 B.C. he deposed the Nanda dynasty, who were detested for their tyranny, and slew their last representative. Rākshasa had been the minister of this Nanda sovereign, and was at first bitterly hostile to Chandragupta during the early years of the latter's reign ; but, through the wiles of Châpakya, he was induced to accept the *fait accompli* and became his friend and faithful chief minister. These events form the subject of the drama *Mudrârākshasa* referred to in Tale 9 (p. 44). Before deposing Nanda, Chandragupta had led a victorious rebellion against the successor of Alexander the Great in the Panjâb. Ten years after his accession to the Nanda throne, about 311 B.C., the Greeks, under Seleucus Nicator, and aided by Indian hill tribes led by the son of the Parvatésvara, "The King of the Mountains," who is mentioned later on in the tale (p. 60), made an attempt to reconquer the lost provinces, but were defeated, and Chandragupta became emperor of the greater part of India. Other stories connected with this tale are contained in Tales 19 and 20. Tale 19 deals with the last days of the Nanda dynasty, Tale 20 with the early part of Chandragupta's reign, when Rākshasa was his enemy, and the present tale with the later years when Rākshasa was his loyal friend and minister.

*Verse.* 2. "Born of beggared Brâhman folk, nurtured in a tradesman's home, taught his knowledge by a scribe, mean in wit will he surely be.<sup>1</sup>"

From that time everyone nicknamed him *Kshudra Buddhi* or "Mean-wit", and that became the only name by which he was known. In course of time, the merchant, in the hope of getting requital for his kindness to the Brâhman boy, brought him before Chandragupta, and continued to support him at his own expense till such time as the king might be gratified by his service. At length, when this took place, and the Brâhman obtained means of his own, and could maintain himself, the merchant withdrew his support. When Mean-wit observed this he said, "Daddy, why have I been hitherto maintained by you, and now why have you given up doing so?" The merchant replied, "God bless me! by the King's favour you are now well-to-do, and can quite well support a number of people yourself; and do you, a Brâhman, still expect to be sustained by me, a man of a trading caste. Nay rather it is Your Honour who should sustain me." And so they went on arguing; for:—

*Verse.* 3. The tradesman looked for requital, but the Brâhman wanted the tradesman's money. Neither got what he sought, and so between them did estrangement rise.

At length Mean-wit cried in a rage, "You mean tradesman! Don't you see? If you have been supporting me only up to now, and won't do it any longer, don't I know how wealthy you are, and doesn't the King ask me about that? So, if you won't give it to me, you will have to give it to His Majesty."

Terrified by his threat, the merchant gave in, and according

<sup>1</sup> In the first place, there had been a mixture of castes in his bringing up, as Brâhman, tradesman, and Kâyastha all represent different castes. In the second place, the education of a Brâhman was entrusted to a Kâyastha, and the ability to read and write (and consequently to forge) possessed by men of this caste has not given them a good reputation in popular lore. The Jain mendicant is here represented to be a soothsayer.

to Mean-wit's demands kept supplying him ever and anon with gifts of money till he found himself almost bankrupt. When his wife discovered him at his wit's end owing to his insolvent condition, she thus addressed him, "My Lord, this Brâhman, Mean-wit, was fostered and cared for by thee, and though he hath now become a wealthy man, he not only giveth thee nothing but even taketh from thee thy whole estate. Why dost thou give him money?" The merchant replied, "Darling, he is a villain. If I do not give it to him, he will calumniate me to the King, and it is out of fear of this that so I do. For :—

*Verse.* 4. "Ogres, calumniators, and dogs, these three are verily blindly insatiate. If a man would pass his days in peace, he giveth them somewhat that he may stave them off."

Said she, "My Lord, if that Brâhman be a calumniator, wherefore didst thou foster him?" "Dear one," said he, "because at first, through his cunning, I recognized not his nature. For :—

*Verses.* 5. "It is the fault of the Almighty alone that on the countenance of the wicked man no symbol-mark hath been created that telleth of his nature.

"Moreover :—

6. "By his shutting his eyes to acts of kindness is the wicked man discerned; but when once these acts have been done, what gain cometh from the discernment?"

Said she, "My Lord, there be this gain, that now we are rid of him." "Nay," he replied, "a dire disease cannot be got rid of all at once; and therefore, by giving him somewhat, do I but lengthen out the time." Said she, "My Lord, in this case giving is no counter-remedy. For :—

*Verses.* 7. "Not by gifts, not by respect, not by love, but when he hath been mastered by counter injury, doth the base man cry 'hold, enough'.

“And moreover :—

8. “If thou show love, he surmiseth that thou art weak ; if aught thou give, he demandeth more and more ; but if thou thwart him by a counter injury, the base man becometh loyal to thee, as though he were thy friend.”

He replied, “My family is of good repute, and must avoid humiliation, while he is altogether shameless. By what power of mine can he be mastered ? If we speak of mastery, it meaneth it is he that becometh master over us.” “My Lord,” said she, “we must, I suppose, for a time satisfy him with presents, but one expedient hath occurred to me, namely, that the whole story be told to the King. For :—

*Verse.* 9. “The chief possession of a king is his army, of an evil-minded man his evil deeds, of a poor man his misery, and of an honest man his truthfulness.

“And so, if thou make a true and honest representation to His Majesty, he will himself help thee by thwarting Mean-wit’s devices.”

“Ah,” cried the merchant, “God forbid ! Am I also to whisper calumnies to the King, and to place myself on the same level as Mean-wit ? No, it will be by his own conduct that he will be destroyed. Even now that he hath got into favour with His Majesty, he is whispering to him calumnies against his Chief Minister.” His wife asked the reason for this, and he continued, “It is just the itching of his mouth ; for :—

*Verse.* 10. “When he seeth the mutual love of others, the sinner suffereth a headache ; for by the natural evil of his own disposition, he hateth the entire universe.”

When his wife asked what calumnies Mean-wit was whispering to the King, the merchant explained. “He saith to the King, ‘Your Majesty, Râkshasa, your chief minister, wisheth ill to you.’ To this the King replied, ‘Sir Brâhman, my spiritual teacher and guide, Chânakya, with great circumspection hath entrusted not only this my kingdom, but also

me myself, to the charge of my minister Râkshasa. And when Râkshasa agreed to accept the office of chief minister and took my sword into his hand, Chânakya applauded it, and ceased to feel anxiety on my behalf. In regard to Chânakya's penetrating intellect what fear of error can there be ? For :—

*Verse.* 11. “ ‘ The nine Nandas did he destroy, and moreover by his policy slew he Parvatésvara. He discerned and warded off from me the poison-damsel and the other dangers.<sup>1</sup> Immovably on me endured he the royal Majesty. He, Chânakya, is now my guide and teacher, and how can there be error or change in any act done by him ? ’ ”

Thereon the wife exclaimed, “ God save Chandragupta, who though in contact with the vile transgresseth not the law of his own nobility. A true King of men art thou ! What next did that double-tongued Mean-wit, who had approached the ear of that lord all-knowing, do ? ” Said the merchant, “ The shameless fellow, in order to sever an unseverable friendship, then recited these verses :—

*Verses.* 12. “ ‘ When a king himself in heedlessness inspecteth not his own affairs, it is others that devour his wealth, as thieves devour the wealth of one rapt in sleep.’ ”

“ Moreover :—

13. “ ‘ Though he be surrounded by thousands of ministers and by ten million armies, still a wise king seeketh by himself, and by himself alone, his own welfare.’ ”

“ And again :—

14. “ ‘ When a king, who continually ruleth all men, yet abandoneth and giveth away his rule to others, no real friend hath he, for all men are to him but mercenary kin.’ ”

“ And so on, as he whispered various sayings of this kind

<sup>1</sup> The destruction of the Nanda dynasty and the enthronement of Chandragupta, the slaying of Parvatésvara and the episode of the poison-damsel, are described in Tales 19 and 20.

into the King's ear, he became thoroughly despised by Chandragupta. For :—

*Verse.* 15. "The minister should bear the burden of administration, and the king should enjoy the pleasure of his rule. If it be the king that is to bear the burden, then who be there to enjoy the pleasure ?

"So Mean-wit, having failed in his efforts with the King, approached the chief minister, and said, 'Your Excellency, King Chandragupta is not well disposed to you.' " Here the merchant's wife asked what reply the minister made. He replied, "Through the words of that villain he did for a moment become suspicious of Vṛishala."<sup>1</sup> Said she, "Crooked-minded indeed are ministers who, merely on the words of a bad man, will admit suspicion to their minds. My Lord, these affairs of ours will not abide hidden. When the minister heareth our story, then because thou hast fostered Mean-wit, thou wilt thyself become liable to attack. Let my Lord take precaution for the future. Represent to the minister thine own discomfiture that thou hast suffered at the hands of Mean-wit, so that the minister may know how he hath injured thee."

So the two discussed the whole matter, and finally brought a small present, and explained their own discomfiture to Rākshasa. The Minister, who already had doubts about Mean-wit, was much pleased at hearing the merchant's story, and said, "Sômadatta, I know already all about how thou hast fostered Mean-wit, and it is not only thou to whom he is malicious. How do we know that he will not also be malicious to others ? It is with this object that he cometh to me with baseless tales of the King's maladministration." So the Minister took Sômadatta to the King and related to him all the circumstances. When the King had heard what he had to say, he also told the Minister the scandal that had been whispered to him by Mean-wit, and the two, the King and his Minister, clapped their hands and laughed, crying, "O ! the cleverness

<sup>1</sup> This was a derogatory name of Chandragupta. See Tale 20, p. 89.



of the Villain ! The fellow tried to break even our bonds of friendship."

Then remarked the Minister, "What will this fellow not do, who is showing such malevolence to the Sômadatta that cherished him like a father ? Judging from his present conduct it looks as if he were unlawfully begotten. For :—

*Verse.* 16. "He who is born of infamous lineage becometh an evil-minded sneak. In this world it be only one unlawfully begotten that dealeth ill to him that showeth kindness."

The King replied, "If his mother be alive, then this must be inquired into." The Merchant explained that she was alive, so the King, becoming curious, through an intermediary, persuaded the Brâhman mother of Mean-wit with gifts of money and other rewards and asked her concerning the matter. She, tempted in her heart by the money, confessed the whole truth. "When my husband," said she, "who was a professional beggar, once went off looking for alms, then, one dark night, I was a young girl alone in the house, and was found by a Chândâla<sup>1</sup> of the village, and this Mean-wit is the offspring of the union." Said the King, "When a statement hath already been decided after due consideration, how can any contrary state of affairs be the truth ? This fellow is certainly, as we expected, the son of a Chândâla." Said the Merchant, "Your Majesty :—

*Verse.* 17. "His face I looked upon, his voice I heard, his comeliness I tested ; but, simple-witted that I was, I asked not his parentage."

Said the King, "And now hast thou paid for that, for :—

*Verse.* 18. "Thou art a decent honest man, and hast been in vain arrogantly worried by this fellow called 'Mean-wit', contemptible as a sinful dwarf no bigger than my thumb."

Then the King commanded Mean-wit to make restitution

<sup>1</sup> The lowest and vilest caste.



to the Merchant, and having confiscated the rest of his property, banished him to a land beyond the sea.

*Verse.* 19. Not by error, not by inadvertence, or not even by accident, should there ever be association of the good with the wicked ; for heedlessness of sins that are born of this lasteth to life's end.

So endeth the Tale of a CALUMNIATOR.

## ON NO-WITS

- Verses.* 1. If a man be a Good-wit, he is best of all, and if he be an Ill-wit, he is worst of all. If he be a No-wit, he is equal to a brute-beast, and is neither good nor bad.
2. Hunger, sleep, fear, anger, error, lust, aversion—these be the qualities common to brutes and also to men of no understanding.
3. No-wits are of two kinds—No-wits by Birth, and No-wits by Association. These two classes, in all the deeds they do, are in this world given the name of “Booby”.
4. When children hear a tale about a booby they look upon his acts with contempt, and laugh with delight the while.

### 14. THE TALE OF A BOOBY BORN

We begin with the tale of one who was a Booby Born. There was once a city called Kausâmbi<sup>1</sup> and in it dwelt an astrologer named Dêva Dhara. He had a son, Sânti Dhara, who was born a booby; and, though his worthy father, in the hope of having a praiseworthy son, had him carefully instructed, he never understood the meaning of the words he learned. For:—

- Verse.* 5. When a father delighted in his sons, he giveth them all that he possesseth, but good luck or intelligence he cannot give.

Nevertheless, as this only son was the seedling of his hopes for this world and for the world to come, and was the abode of all the desires of his heart, he gave up following his own profession, and, devoting himself to superintending the boy's studies, stuck to him like a shadow. In this way, after a long

<sup>1</sup> The modern Kosam, about 30 miles above Allahabad.

time, and after great expenditure of labour on the part of the father, the lad mastered like a parrot the science of astrology by mere rote. When he had, in this way, made him thoroughly proficient in the textbooks, the astrologer determined to bring his son to the notice of the King. For :—

*Verse.* 6. Worthy men, in the desire for riches, show their worth to a king, as courtesans achieve their object [by displaying their graces] to the lover [they would capture].

So the astrologer brought his son before the King. Seeing him standing in his presence, His Majesty said, "Well, Astrologer Dêva Dhara, what science hath been studied by this son of thine?" Replied the father, "He hath studied Astrology, and any problem set to him as a test can he solve. So, as Your Majesty hath today deigned to take notice of him, if he can show that he can give the answer to a problem set by you, he will have successfully reaped the harvest of his studies." So, moved by curiosity, the King held a gold ring in his closed fist, saying, "Now, my young astrologer, find out and tell me what is it that I have in my hand." The lad took a lump of chalk, and proceeded to work out the problem according to his textbooks. When he had finished his calculations, he said, "Your Majesty, what you have in your hand, is nothing animal, nor is it a vegetable, but it is some mineral." Said the King, "That's quite right." The youth went on to say, "It seemeth to be something circular in shape." "Right again," said the King. The youth again said, "It's something heavy, with a hole in the middle." Said the King, "Bravo, my young astrologer. Thou art finding out splendidly. Now, quick, say what it is." Then, all in a fluster by the King's praises, thrilled to his armpits in excitement, he shouted out, "I'll tell you straight off," and abandoning all his calculations, made a guess of his own. He cried, "What is in Your Majesty's hand is the upper stone of a grinding mill." The King laughed and said to the father: "Astrologer! Thy son hath certainly completed his studies with textbooks,

but he is a 'No-wit', and wanteth common sense. So far as he predicated by calculation as laid down in the books, his answers were just so far correct ; but no sooner did he try his own guess-work, than he blundered. And moreover, my young astrologer, why does it not occur to thee that a mill-stone will not fit into a man's fist ? How did such an illogical proposition find its way into thy noddle ? It is quite certain that wits thou hast none." With these words the King contemptuously dismissed him.

*Verse.*     7.   A man who hath no wits may tend his preceptor  
with life-long service, he may wander over the whole  
earth from sea to sea, he may study books of learning  
and meditate on them without surcease, but still ne'er  
will he common sense achieve.

So endeth the Tale of a BOOBY BORN.

## 15. THE TALE OF A BOOBY BY ASSOCIATION

*Verse.* 1. If he associate with the base, even a man of wits becometh base himself, just as a cowherd, because he associateth with cows, becometh a blockhead.

In former days there was a wide tract of land by the river Gaṇḍakī<sup>1</sup> well furnished with fresh herbage, and there a large company of cowherds dwelt with their families, following their ancestral pursuit. Among them was born a cowherd named Śalabha, or "Grasshopper", and there he grew up, a regular young country bumpkin, who never in his life had even seen what went on in city life. One day it was noticed that his aged mother was unwell and sick of some disease; so the elder graziers said to him, "Hey Śalabha, thy mother is an old woman, and hath only thee to look after her. Why is she so ill, and why dost thou not take proper care of her? One is bound to do all one can for the solace and bodily care of old folk; so have all thy wits about thee for her comfort." Now Śalabha loved his mother devotedly, but the only method of giving comfort that he knew was that of giving it to cattle; so, after the manner that he had observed other herdsmen tend their sick animals, he tied a hempen halter decked with cowtail hairs round his old mother's neck. He then fumigated her with smoke from burning cowdung, and coaxing and comforting her tried to get her to eat a mouthful of grass. The poor old woman experiencing such ill-treatment and almost at her last gasp screamed out, "Help, cowherds, help." So they came in, and while they undid her bonds, well abused her son. For:—

*Verse.* 2. Only because he companieth with others doth he drink, or eat, or walk. How can a "No-wit" continue alive, when he doth not see how to support himself.

So endeth the Tale of a BOOBY BY ASSOCIATION.

<sup>1</sup> The Gaṇḍak of these days, an important river on the west side of Tīrhat.

So endeth the Second Part, entitled "an EXPOSITION of INTELLIGENCE", of the *Test of a Man*, composed by the poet Vidyâpati Thakkura at the command of His Majesty Śiva Simha, endued with all insignia of royalty, entitled Rûpa Nârâyana, full of devoted faith in Bhava,<sup>1</sup> and blessed with boons by the Spouse of Râma.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> i.e. the god Śiva.

<sup>2</sup> i.e. Lakshmi, the goddess of good fortune.

## PART III

### AN EXPOSITION OF ADEPTS

When Subuddh' had concluded the preceding tales, King Pârâvâra asked him, "Reverend Sir, Thou hast so far given me thine account of Intelligence, and I would fain now hear thy predication concerning experts in the various lores."

The Saint replied :—

*Verses.* 1. "When a man heareth a tale of an expert in these lores, in them doth his own mind advance. Moreover, fame and virtue are the meed of the man devoted to their study.

2. "He who is expert in a lore is called 'an adept', and of these lores there be fourteen.<sup>1</sup> Of these the chief places are taken by arms-lore and by book-lore.

3. "As wealth, mastery of lore is supreme ; for, though it be given to others, it minisheth not, nor can it be carried off by kings or heirs or thieves.

4. "A man may toil with striving and distress to win his wealth, and then oft-times by good fortune is he abandoned ; but learning, once gained, ne'er deserteth him.

5. "What value hath his manhood, who hath not clear understanding ? Moreover, what value hath a man's understanding, if he have not gathered learning ?

6. "A man adept in a certain lore, where'er he may abide, is pre-eminent. There verily is he blest with good fortune, and honoured with the reverence of kings.

<sup>1</sup> The usual list of these fourteen is the four Vêdas, the six lores ancillary to them (phonetics, prosody, grammar, etymology, astronomy, and ritual), religion (*dharma*), philosophy, logic, and the Purânas (i.e. ancient history). These all fall under the head of book-lore. The lore of arms (*dhanur-vêda*) is absent from it.

7. "By saints of old four means of gaining learning have been declared—companionship with the learned, study, repeated practice, and power of comprehension.

8. "In a dirty village of base men, in a city inhabited by slanderers, or in a land ruled by an ignorant king—it is in one of these three that a man of learning perisheth.

9. "Adepts of four kinds are declared herein,—namely, adepts in the lore of arms, those in the book-lore, those in worldly lore, and those in the minor lores.

"We therefore begin with a tale of an adept in the lore of arms."

#### 16. THE TALE OF AN ADEPT IN ARMS

*Verse.* 10. By its very nature book-lore is younger than the lore of arms ; for it is only when a kingdom hath been made safe by arms that the thought for book-lore prevaieth.

Moreover :—

*Verse.* 11. Even though a man be versed by repeated practice in all kinds of lore, it is as an adept in arms that he winneth fame from men who have mastered the use of weapons.

There was once on a time a city called Dhârâ,<sup>1</sup> and there there dwelt a Brâhman lad named Nirvivêka,<sup>2</sup> the son of a man named Vivêka Śarman, and he would have nothing to do with the study of the Vêdas.<sup>3</sup> In disregard of the rules of his own caste, he consorted with hunters, and became devoted to the chase. It so happened that one day, as he had to attend on his mother, he did not go out to hunt in the jungle, and was seated in the court of the house, when he noticed a number

<sup>1</sup> The modern Dhâr in Central India. It was the capital of the celebrated King Bhôja (about A.D. 1018-1060), who is mentioned later on in the tale, and reappears in Tales 25 and 39.

<sup>2</sup> The word means "void of discrimination", "foolish."

<sup>3</sup> The proper subject of a Brâhman's studies. On the other hand, hunting and taking life is forbidden to a man of that caste.



of pigeons making an agitated noise in a hollow in the wall of a temple close by. It struck him that if he could climb up the temple, he would be able to get hold of the pigeon nestlings and throw them down. For :—

*Verse.* 12. As a rake findeth no happiness without women, as a wicked man findeth none without wickedness, so the cruel man nowhere findeth happiness unless he kill.

So this Brâhman (wretch that he was) climbed up the temple in order to capture the young pigeons, and thrust his hand into the hollow. What he did get hold of was a snake that was also inside, and he pulled it out thinking it was one of the nestlings. As soon as it was dragged out from the hollow, the serpent wound itself round his arm, and he, in a panic, realized that if he did not get rid of it, he would be hanging by one hand and would not be able to climb down from the temple, while, if he did try to get rid of it, it would surely bite him. So in his bewilderment, and recognizing the danger into which he had fallen, the stupid fellow screamed out to the people for help. For :—

*Verse.* 13. When a wicked man engageth in the pursuits of vice, though he know the guilt, he heedeth it not ; but when he reapeth the fruit of his vice a craven coward doth he become.

When they heard his screams, a crowd collected, and after a time King Bhôja himself was informed concerning it. Being desirous of saving a Brâhman's life he came to the spot. Although they all put their heads together, they found themselves unable to save the lad, nor could they speedily devise any method of rescue. King Bhôja, his heart melted with pity, saw the boy, in peril of his life, hanging by one hand from a lofty pinnacle of the temple reaching to the clouds, and issued a command saying, "Ho, you people ! if there be anyone among you who can save this Brâhman boy, he will receive a lac<sup>1</sup> of golden coins.<sup>2</sup> If anyone be ingenious or valiant enough to enable this

<sup>1</sup> i.e. a hundred thousand.

<sup>2</sup> The "gold mohurs" of modern times.

Brâhman to get down safely from the temple, of a surety will I give him a lac of golden coins." When he heard these words of the King, a certain Râjpût named Sîmhala, who was an adept in archery, cried, "Your Majesty, no great ingenuity is required to save the Brâhman. With very little trouble will I bring him down, provided he hold steady the arm which has been encircled by the snake so that I can see it." As soon as the Brâhman complied, the Râjpût drew his bow, and taking careful aim, with the discus of his arrow decapitated the serpent. The reptile's body fell to the ground, and there was not a scratch even as big as the tip of a blade of grass upon the Brâhman's hand. The Brâhman then shook off the snake's hood which was lying on his hand, and when he had recovered his self-possession, descended from the temple just as he had been at the beginning of his adventure.

The King gave the Râjpût the promised lac of golden coins and also complimented him with praises and with presents of a dress of honour and other gifts.

*Verse.* 14. The rescue of the Brâhman was effected, a lac of golden coins was gained, and the strength of the Râjpût's arm received the commendation of the King. What cannot be won by mastery of lore ?

So endeth the Tale of an ADEPT IN ARMS.

## 17. THE TALE OF ADEPTS IN BOOK-LORE

*Verse.* 1. He who hath read deeply and hath comprehended the meaning, who hath completely mastered logic and the sciences, whose fame hath been established by the study of learned books and by the knowledge thereof, is named an "Adept in Book-lore".

King Vikramâditya reigned in the city of Ujjayinî.<sup>1</sup> One day there came to his palace gate a certain Brâhman who was suffering from a violent pain in the head. He thus addressed the King, "Your Majesty :—

*Verse.* 2. "A king hath vowed to protect his subjects, and that vow may ne'er be broken, more especially when those subjects are Brâhman in misery and afflicted by disease.

"Therefore, O King, save me, who am a Brâhman, in misery and tortured by disease."

When the King saw the Brâhman in this sad condition he was moved by compassion. Being desirous of finding out what would be the end of the man's case, he summoned his astrologer named Varâha<sup>2</sup> and asked him if the man would recover. Varâha replied, "Only if he drink not wine will he get over his illness and survive."<sup>3</sup> When the King heard this prediction regarding the length of the man's life he was astonished and exclaimed, "What doth this seer of holy writ declare ? Why doth he forbid that which is never done ? How can a Brâhman ever do such a thing as drinking wine ? Anyhow must I look into this matter." So he summoned his physician Hariśchandra, and asked him from what disease

<sup>1</sup> Regarding Vikramâditya and Ujjayinî see note to Tale 1 (p. 4).

<sup>2</sup> A famous writer on astronomy and astrology. His full name was Varâha Mihira.

<sup>3</sup> Varâha was an astrologer, not a physician, and is here prophesying fate, not prescribing a remedy. What he says appears to be nonsense, for no Brâhman ever drinks intoxicating liquor.

the man was suffering, and what was its remedy. "Your Majesty," said he, "he is the victim of the disease known as *Brahma-kīṭa*, and there be no antidote for it." Said the King, "Surely, it cannot be that the Almighty should have created a disease, and yet have created no remedy therefor." The physician replied, "Your Majesty, for this disease there be indeed a remedy, but it cannot be given to a *Brāhman*." "What be it?" said the King. "The *Brahma-kīṭa*," replied the physician, "is a worm inside the head that feedeth on this *Brāhman*'s brain, and therefore we see him distraught with intolerable agony. That worm cannot be burnt with fire, nor cut by an instrument of iron, nor wetted by water. It can be killed only by alcohol, and therefore the only antidote to it is wine." Touching his ears in dismay, the King exclaimed, "God forbid that wine should be administered to a *Brāhman*!" "Then," was the answer, "the prognosis is that without it he will not survive."

The King, who was a truly pious man, in his desire to relieve the misery of another, summoned the Master *Śabara Swāmin*,<sup>1</sup> a great authority on the Scriptures, and asked him what could be done in the present case. The Master's decision was, "In the present case, where there is an incurable disease, for which the only remedy is drinking wine, if the physician be quite certain that this be necessary to save a *Brāhman*'s life, then if that *Brāhman* desire that his life be saved, he will suffer no loss of caste even by drinking wine." On this, the physician asseverated, "May I be a sinner if this *Brāhman*'s life can be saved by any means other than what I have said, and if it cannot be saved by his drinking wine." Then the King, having heard the decisions of the two learned men, each according to his own book-lore, directed the *Brāhman* to take a drink of wine. Just as the wine was brought, a voice came from the sky, saying, "*Śabara*, be not over-rash." But *Śabara*, when he heard it, said, "Drink, *Brāhman*, the wine, and fear not. This celestial voice is proficient in teaching only the letter

<sup>1</sup> A famous writer on Vedic theology.

of the law. What doth it know of the essence of righteousness?" Straightway there fell from heaven on Śabara Swāmin's head a rain of flowers, and, convinced by this manifestation of divine approval, the King with his assembled courtiers accepted his statement, and ordered the wine to be offered to the Brāhman. But he, from the day of his birth, had always looked upon wine as forbidden, and although he tried to drink it, when he drew in his breath for that purpose, he became terribly agitated by its mere smell, and at the same moment the worm in his head, being itself overcome by the fume of the liquor, issued from his nostril and fell to the ground. As it lay there, the king became curious to test the words of the physician, and to his astonishment saw indeed that though it might be cast into fire it did not become burnt, though put into water it did not become wet, and though smitten by an instrument of iron it was not cut, but that on contact with a single drop of wine it vanished.

Said the King, "Sir Leech, what kind of accuracy had thy book-lore? For what was prescribed by thee was a drink of wine, but the disease vanished merely at the mere smell thereof." The physician replied, "Sire, if mere smelling were prescribed, then except in association with the act of drinking the perception of the odour would not have penetrated to the Brāhman's brain. It is for that reason that I prescribed drinking and not mere smelling." "Well said," replied the King, "well said." Then the courtiers present exclaimed: "Sire, well hath it been said both by Varāha Mihira the astrologer and by Hariśchandra the physician, for the words of both have been proved to be veridical. Well, too, hath it been said by Śabara Swāmin, to whom witness hath been borne by a shower of flowers rained down from the abode of the gods. Of a truth, each of these three is severally an adept master in his own book-lore. For:—

*Verse.*    3. "Hail to thee, King; Hail to thy happy land;  
Hail to thy city; Hail to this thy court of Councillors,  
adorned by men of honour endowed with every virtue;  
where is found this physician, where is found this

astrologer, and where is found this master of Vedic lore,—one knowing the remedies for sickness, another predicating truly the decrees of fate, and one who settleth absolutely each point of doubt.”

Then the King thrilled with elation, rejoicing in his heart, rewarded the three adepts with gifts of gold, of elephants, of horses, and of garments of honour; and thus became they loyal attendants on the King who had brought all mystic powers<sup>1</sup> beneath his sway. As for the sick Brāhman, him too he enriched with gold and sent him to his home.

Here endeth the Tale of ADEPTS IN BOOK-LORE.

<sup>1</sup> See note in Tale I (p. 7).

## 18. THE TALE OF AN ADEPT IN THE VÊDAS

*Verse.* 1. He who knoweth the Vêdas with their ancillary lores<sup>1</sup> of phonetics, grammar, astronomy, prosody, ritual, and etymology, is called an Adept in the Vêdas.

In the city called Avantî,<sup>2</sup> there once reigned a king named Priya-śringâra. One day, looking down from the top story of his palace, his eye fell upon a young woman returning from her bath in the city lake. Her name was Mâlatî, and she was the married daughter of a wealthy merchant of the city named Prachura Dhana. As the king gazed upon her beauty he became a victim of the archery of the god of love, and was filled with the longing that the roe-eyed lady would turn back and cast a glance on him. As the poet saith :—

*Verse.* 2. The face of a fair-browed maid, with dancing eyebrow, lit with a smile, and anon betaking itself to bashful shyness, the corners of its eyes brilliantly pouring forth flashes, now dark, now bright,—when such a face of such a maid appeareth, and, clasped round the neck, hath been gazed upon, then who careth for heaven, or for immortality, or for rule over the whole terraqueous sphere.

So the King despatched an old woman, a procuress, to this merchant's wife, and she thus addressed her: "Mâlatî, full indeed of merit do I deem thee, for His Majesty, though he hath at his beck and call a hundred fair ladies, hath become desirous of thee. Come thou therefore for but a brief space and fulfil His Majesty's longing. So wilt thou bring to ripe fruitfulness thy beauty and thy youth, and become gratified with jewels and with gold galore."

"Thou hag!" replied Mâlatî, "Never again utter such

<sup>1</sup> See the note on p. 69.

<sup>2</sup> Properly speaking, this was the name of the country of which Ujjayinî, mentioned in the preceding tale, was the capital. It may here be stated that according to tradition it was famous for the attractive character of its women.



words to me, for a chaste woman am I and of pure family. Even the mere desire for any man except her lawful spouse is forbidden to the chaste. For :—

*Verse.* 3. “Whether he be well-favoured or uncomely, whether he a beggar or a king, it is her lord alone who is dear to the chaste wife, and other men are to her as fathers.

“And therefore all men except my lord are to me but as fathers. The king himself do I specially look upon as a father. For :—

*Verse.* 4. “Parents, it be true, bring forth offspring, but it is the king who maintaineth and protecteth them ; and therefore more than a father is a monarch to be honoured by his subjects.”

Said the bawd, “Ah, Lady of sweet words, thy lord is far away in a distant land ; and thou, still abiding in thy father’s house, and passing thy youth in vain, dost show contempt unto the king. What be this perversity of thine ? For :—

*Verse.* 5. “Thou, whose countenance is as a full-blown lotus, the outer corners of whose eyes reach boldly to the ear, the full rondure of whose comely hips little by little becometh burdensome, high-bosomed, with each orb encroaching on its neighbour’s field,—if till to-day thou hast ne’er transgressed the laws that rule thy kin, then verily in vain have been the labours of the god of love.

“Tell me, now, how canst thou preserve thine innocence ? For :—

*Verse.* 6. “In the hurly-burly of the festivities of awakened youth maids cannot withstand the pangs that love inflicteth. Yea, when her lord bideth in a distant land, what can the poor distracted lady do ?

“Now art thou, as it were, a hind seized by the tiger of separation from thy lord, and what canst thou do ? Plain is it that thou, with thy heart pierced by the darts of the five-arrowed god,<sup>1</sup> must betake thyself to some protector. And so, do thou seek refuge with the king.”

<sup>1</sup> i.e. the god of love.



Said Mâlatî, "Thou hag! Never again may such words be uttered by thee. For:—

*Verse.* 7. "Among a thousand, haply one woman may be chaste; among a hundred, haply one man may be a hero; among a hundred thousand, haply may be found one generous soul; but one who is generous and trusty, and eke a friend, is hard to find even among ten millions.

"Why dost thou then seek to tempt me by comparing me with other women? My heart is hard as a block of wood, and no words of thine can soften it."

As soon as the king heard Mâlatî's words as reported to him by the bawd he became filled with rage against her, and arranged through one of his chief officials to have a false scandal spread abroad against her. As soon as the people of her kin heard that she was reputed to be unchaste they discarded her, and when in course of time her husband returned from his travels, he also abandoned her. Mâlatî became withered like a jasmine<sup>1</sup> flower, whose fragrance has not been tested by a bee. Knowing herself to be innocent, and feeling that her only refuge lay in religion, she appealed to the people of her family, submitted herself to the ordeal of drawing the bean,<sup>2</sup> and safely crossed beyond the ocean of slander.

When the king had learnt that Mâlatî had successfully passed the ordeal, he became filled with the desire for revenge. He sent for Vêda Śarman, the Sâma-chanting Brâhman, learned in the Sâma Vêda,<sup>3</sup> who had conducted the ceremony of the ordeal, and abused him, saying, "Thou Sâma-chanter, what mastery in chanting hast thou that even this drab, who had plainly been shown by one of my high officials to be an unchaste woman, hath managed to win through the

<sup>1</sup> The word *mâlatî* means "jasmine".

<sup>2</sup> It consisted in drawing a bean or similar article out of boiling water. If the person was not scalded or burnt, he or she was proved innocent.

<sup>3</sup> The Sâma is the third of the four Vêdas and consists mainly of chants used in religious ceremonies.

ordeal ? ” “ Sire,” replied Vêda Śarman, “ No unchaste woman was she. If she had been unchaste, never would she have won through. For :—

*Verse.* 8. “ Where the god of fire is the judge, and where I am present as the Sâma-chanter at the holy rite, what can the innocent then suffer, and what profit can the sinner gain ? ”

Cried the king, “ A fig for thy god of fire, and a fig for thee, thou Sâma-chanter, that this drab, whose unchastity hath been clearly proven should have won through ! If she have passed thine ordeal, then by the same test any light o’ love of the town can pass it too,” and, with these words that blasphemous, wicked, king, that scorner of religious rites, began to make arrangements for submitting a common demirep of the town to the ordeal for chastity. Then said Vêda Śarman, “ Your Majesty, if this common woman of the town is to draw out the pebble,<sup>1</sup> it is not seemly also to make the god of fire the judge of her chastity. Nay rather, let the mere verse of the Sâma Vêda as chanted by me be the arbiter. If it be so done, then a test will have been made alike of the power of the Sâma verse, of the Sâma-chanter, and of the holy rite.”

Accordingly, next morning the Brâhman brought water in a copper vessel. He held up this water to be kissed by the rays of the sun, and then cast into it his own golden ring, over which he had first recited a holy Sâma text. Then said he, “ Ho, thou light o’ love, if thou be a chaste woman, then draw out from this water this golden ring of mine.” On this, at the king’s command, the harlot made her declaration that she was a chaste woman and had never known a man other than her husband ; and as she put forth her hand to take hold of the ring, suddenly, through the might of the holy verse that had been recited, there rose straight from the water a blaze of fire the height of a man. With her hand consumed by the flame, the harlot fled from the spot. All the

<sup>1</sup> i.e. the bean or other article to be drawn out of the boiling water.

courtiers present cried out in astonishment and uttered praises of Vêda Śarman, while the king, his face clouded by shame, and fearful of being cursed, cast himself at the Brâhman's feet. But the Brâhman, out of the pureness of his heart, being one of those whose anger could easily be set aside, graciously condoned his sin.

*Verse.* 9. Of all lores the best is the lore of the Vêdas, with its six ancillaries; and of all adepts in lore, in this world the most excellent is the Adept in the Vêdas.

So endeth the Tale of an ADEPT IN THE VÊDAS.

## 19. THE TALE OF AN ADEPT IN WORLDLY LORE

*Verse.* 1. The man who is expert in worldly affairs, even though he be ignorant of book-lore, and who in the outcome of his deeds is equal to an adept in such lore, is called an "Adept in Worldly Lore".

In Kusumapura <sup>1</sup> there reigned King Nanda, and he had a minister, a Kāyastha,<sup>2</sup>—a man of the scribe caste,—named Sakatāra. For some mis-doing the King confiscated his entire property, and thrust him together with his wife and children into jail, where the daily allowance of food for the whole family—for the father, the wife, and children—was only a single platter of bitter meal.<sup>3</sup> When Sakatāra discovered this he addressed the members of his family as follows: "This King hath the heart of a low-born outcaste, and would inflict upon us, innocent as we are, a miserable death; for a single platter of this meal can never be sufficient food for us all. It is therefore expedient that only one of us should eat the whole contents of the platter so that he may keep up his strength to take revenge upon the tyrant." His family replied, "My lord, if it be thou that live, thy hatred will be infuriate because of the murder of thy family, and so will thy revenge be consummated." Accordingly, after so consulting with them, Sakatāra each day ate the entire allowance of food, and preserved his own life, while the rest of the family just died of starvation.

It happened that on one occasion King Nanda came out of his retiring chamber <sup>4</sup> with a smile on his face. Just then,

<sup>1</sup> i.e. the modern Patna. Regarding this tale and also Tales 13 and 20 see the note to Tale 13 (p. 56). In the present tale we have an instance of the cruelty of the last king of the Nanda dynasty, resulting in the prospect of his death by the curse of Chāṇakya.

<sup>2</sup> The caste is important. As we shall see, Nanda's chief minister was Rākshasa, who was a Brāhman, and jealous of his low-caste colleague.

<sup>3</sup> Literally, meal of the *neem* tree, or *Azadirachta indica*. Its leaves and fruit are very bitter.

<sup>4</sup> Text, *prasāraṇa-grhāt*.

a maid-servant named Vichakshaṇā, who was posted there to provide water, saw him smiling and herself uttered a laugh. The King noticing this asked her what she was laughing at. She replied, "At what Your Majesty was laughing at." "What was I laughing at?" "That Your Majesty," said she, "I do not know." Said the King, "Thou naughty liar! Even now thou saidst that thou also wast laughing at that at which I was laughing, and again thou statest that thou knowest not the cause of my laughter. What meanest thou by uttering before me two affirmations so mutually incongruous? If thou care for thy welfare, then tell me straightway the cause of my laughter, or else shall I give thee peace for ever." Terrified at the King's wrath she said, "Your Majesty, just now, at once, I cannot tell; but in a month's time I shall be able."

So the maid having gained so much respite, thought to herself, "This riddle can be solved only by consideration done by some person of great intelligence. Now, from what learned man had I best inquire? Among all the men of great intelligence Sakatâra is recognized as the chief, and he through ill fortune is now in the prison. So, as he is the only person to consult, I must inquire from him." Having so made up her mind, she went to the prison, and comforted the unfortunate Sakatâra, feeble through the trials he had undergone, with dainty food and drink. Then she told him her story and asked for his solution. Said Sakatâra, "Unless I know all the circumstances, according to their time and place, the riddle of the King's smile cannot be solved. Describe to me therefore the particulars of the occasion on which it occurred." So when Vichakshaṇā had done so, Sakatâra resumed,<sup>1</sup> "You say that when the King laughed, he was

<sup>1</sup> Sakatâra's explanation will hardly bear full translation, and I omit some details. The Sanskrit text (here transliterated according to the customary system) runs as follows: *Sakatâra uvāca, "tvam kathayasi yaṁ, 'mūtra-pravāhaṁ dr̥ṣṭvāśvatītha-vṛkṣaṁ paśyaṁ sa rājā jahāsa.' Tarhi pūrva-dr̥ṣṭasya kasyāpi vastunah smaraṇaṁ na hāsa-nimittam. Tadānīm tad dr̥ṣṭi-manasōr vṛkṣāśaktatvāt; prakṛta eva vṛkṣa-dharmō na hāsa-nimittam. Hāsasya vastu-vikṛtidarśana-janyatvāt. Tat kim dr̥ṣṭaṁ vikṛtaṁ*

looking at a *pīpal*<sup>1</sup> tree. Now, the memory of anything that is a common object of sight and has often been seen before is not a cause for laughter. On that occasion it was caused by the influence of the tree on the sight and on the mind, but it is not the natural quality of a tree that it should cause laughter; for laughter is caused by perceiving the incongruity between objects. We must therefore determine what incongruity was observed by the King in the *pīpal* tree. I therefore conclude that something suggested to him a *pīpal*-seed, and that when he considered this tiny seed, and looked at the huge tree that had sprung from such as it, he considered and cried out, 'Ah, wondrous is the incongruity found in the manifestations of the Creator! How great is the difference between this tiny seed and the tree that is sprung from it?' and as he thought thereon, did the King laugh." So Sakatâra carefully considered the subject over and over again, and finally decided that this was the right explanation.

When she had heard Sakatâra's explanation, Vichakshaṇâ presented herself before the King and repeated his exact words. Said he, "Vichakshaṇâ, tell me the truth. Is Sakatâra still alive?" "Certainly," said she. "Who else but Sakatâra," cried the King, "is capable of giving so complete an explanation? Ah, wonderful is Sakatâra's reasoning!" and, delighted at his logical acumen, he summoned him again to his presence, and appointed him to a post of honour, making him immediately subordinate to Rākshasa his chief minister in general in charge of the realm.

While Sakatâra found himself appointed to this position of dignity his thoughts were as follows—"Ah, what be the vile policy of this King? He appointeth me—me whose whole family he hath murdered—to the post of minister.

*rājñāśvattha-vṛkṣe ? Atō jñātaṁ mūtra-pravāhē vahaḍ āśvattha-bījaṁ kṣudratarāṁ dṛṣṭvā tad adbhutaṁ mahāparimāṇa-vṛkṣaṁ paśyaṁ parāmrṣṭavān rājā yad, 'Ahō vaikṛtyaṁ Dhātuḥ prapañcasya. Kvēdaṁ bījaṁ, kvāyaṁ taruḥ tataḥ sambhava evēti', hasitaṁ bhū-pālēna."* punaḥ punaḥ parāmrṣṭya Sakatâras "tad-ēvēti" nīrāhṛitavān abravīt.

<sup>1</sup> The holy fig-tree, *Ficus religiosa*. It is a large tree and has a tiny seed.

He teareth up the roots of a plant and then poureth water on a leaf thereof. Moreover :—

*Verse.* 2. “If a man achieve fierce hatred, and afterward desire friendship, then verily doth he seek for the road that leadeth the pilgrim to the city of death.

“How can my heart also trust this evil-minded one?  
For :—

*Verse.* 3. “If a man’s deed of hatred hath been seen reaching back to former times, then, if trust in him be found coming into the other’s head, death scenteth it.

“Therefore what is expedient? When I think of his former hatred and now of his friendliness, my mind is full of doubts. What should I do? Then too, when this vile evil-hearted master slew my wife and children before mine eyes, the gift of my life did only I accept that dire vengeance I might take. For :—

*Verse.* 4. “All my worldly goods are gone to the King. Let them go. Such men as I lose not heart at that. Inconstant was my good fortune, but when that is gone the wise grieve not. But there never leave me the memories of my sons eloquent in the social gathering, of those loving wives, of those children and those grandchildren.

“And therefore vengeance must I take. But, when I take revenge, from disrepute must I myself protect, that I sink not to the level of the base. For :—

*Verse.* 5. “In this world he who feareth sin and avoideth it is of men the best; and he who committeth sin but feareth its disrepute is middling among men; but he who hath no fear of sin nor shame before its disrepute is by the wise styled ‘Base’, and is every-where despised.”

As he thus meditated, on one occasion he mounted his horse and rode out of the city to visit a certain garden. When he had gone only a short way he noticed a Brāhman



named Chânakya rooting up *Kuśa* grass,<sup>1</sup> and pouring buttermilk on the roots. Sakatâra asked him, "Sir Brâhman, who art thou, and what doest thou here?" Replied he, "A Brâhman am I, by name Chânakya Śarman. I am a master of the four Vêdas with their ancillaries,<sup>2</sup> and was going along this road on my way to be married, when my foot was pricked by a stalk of *Kuśa*-grass. This wound (having caused ceremonial impurity) stopped my marriage, and in my anger at this have I made a vow to destroy the roots of all the *Kuśa* growing on this spot. As I am a master of the Vedic lore of botany, I have fixed upon an easy method for carrying out my vow: for buttermilk is a deadly poison to the *Kuśa*-grass, and so by acting thus, am I successfully doing what I vowed." "Good luck to thee," said Sakatâra, "Your Reverence must indeed be a master of botanical lore, or how else could this vow have been carried out?" Chânakya replied, "If this means had not been ready to my hand, I am cunning in the practice of evil spells, and I should have performed the necessary incantation for causing the destruction of the *Kuśa*." When Sakatâra heard this he said to himself, "Wondrous indeed is this Brâhman's wrath! wondrous is his cunning in device! Could he but become the enemy of my enemy, then with no trouble will I triumph in my vengeance." So he joined him by helping him in his self-imposed task of digging up the *Kuśa*-grass, and then brought him home to his own house.

After a time Sakatâra made arrangements with the royal chaplain, and on the occasion of the obsequial rites in honour of the King's deceased father, brought Chânakya as a person worthy of participating in the gifts usual on such an occasion. In doing this he thought to himself, "As this Brâhman is unmarried, is tawny in complexion and hath dark brown nails and teeth, he is really not a fit person to be a recipient of the offerings. Moreover, he hath been brought to the rite by me, and Râkshasa the chief minister is hostile to me and

<sup>1</sup> *Poa cynosuroides*, a kind of grass with long, pointed stalks.

<sup>2</sup> See note on the Introduction to Part III (p. 69).

my office. For these reasons certain is he to offer an insult to Chânakya." And so, indeed, it happened. When King Nanda was on the point of making his offering, and Chânakya was seated in the place allotted to recipients of gifts, Râkshasa lifted up his voice and said, "Your Majesty, this Brâhmana is not a fit recipient," and with these words cited the scriptural texts supporting his contention. "This Sakatâra is himself of lowest caste<sup>1</sup> and an ignorant fool. How is it that he hath planned, and thus attempted to destroy the King's religious merit." When he heard these words of Râkshasa, Nanda became filled with wrath, and under the influence of his own evil fate, turned Chânakya down from the seat of gifts, and with gross abuse had him expelled from the assembly.

Then Chânakya enraged by such insults made a vow to compass the King's death, and Sakatâra, knowing that now his vengeance would be carried out, departed to Benares, that there he might bring his days to an end in holy fashion. For :—

*Verse.* 5. Thus, without himself slaying, and only by his wisdom, did Sakatâra save Vichakshanâ, test the powers of Chânakya, and accomplish his revenge.

So endeth the Tale of an ADEPT IN WORLDLY LORE.

<sup>1</sup> He was a Kâyastha, a man of the scribe caste, and not a Brâhmana.

## 20. THE TALE OF AN ADEPT IN BOTH LORES

[*In the preceding tale we have heard of the tyranny of Nanda, and of the vengeance contrived by Sakatâra. At its end we see Nanda still reigning in Patna, with Râkshasa as his chief Minister. Sakatâra has gone off to Benares to die there, and Châṇakya has vowed to compass Nanda's death. The present tale is the sequel to this. It describes how Châṇakya killed Nanda, set up Chandragupta on the throne in his place, and maintained him there in spite of the intrigues of Râkshasa. Finally Râkshasa is outmanœvered by Châṇakya, accepts the fait accompli, and takes service as Chandragupta's faithful minister.*]

*Verse.* 1. He whose intellect faileth not in worldly wisdom, while he still continueth to study the Vêdas, if in the Vêdas and also in worldly matter he be expert, he is known as an Adept in Both Lores.

As an example, Nanda was King in Kumudapura.<sup>1</sup> On the occasion of the celebration of the obsequial feast in memory of his ancestors, by a blunder of his Minister, the Brâhman Châṇakya Śarman, who had been invited as an honoured guest, had been thrown into a rage by insults. For :—

*Verse.* 2. Idly did King Nanda rouse Châṇakya's enmity ; for when he had invited him, by the blindness of his understanding, a deadly poisonous serpent did he provoke.

Then Châṇakya made his vow :—

*Verse.* 3. "Until I have hurled this Nanda, this lord of the earth, into the abode of the god of death ; until I have seated a Vṛishala upon his throne ; until I have made this Brâhman Râkshasa that outcaste's minister ; ne'er again will I bind this lock of hair upon my head that now I have untied."

When he had thus made his vow he noticed a low-caste

<sup>1</sup> This is the same as the Kusumapura, i.e. Patna, of the preceding tale.

man of the royal family, named Chandragupta,<sup>1</sup> on duty at the palace gate, and said, "Ho, thou Vṛishala, thou outcaste, if thou wouldst to-day become King of this land, then follow me." Thereon, the Vṛishala, under the impulse of so auspicious a charge, followed Châṇakya, who took him along to a sacred grove,<sup>2</sup> and there with magical incantation dispatched Nanda and all his family to the abode of the god of death. When thus by the power of his incantations he had destroyed the Nandas, he said to himself, "Now that the first of my vows hath been fulfilled, it lieth upon me to fulfil the second and to seat Chandragupta, this Vṛishala, upon Nanda's throne. But how can there be a king unless he have an army? And an army dependeth upon command of money, while at this time in my possession money is there none. What had I best do?" So after considering the matter he approached King Parvatêśvara<sup>3</sup> and thus addressed him, "King Parvatêśvara, I would make this prince, Chandragupta, king in Kusumapura. If therefore thou wilt support him with thy forces in this attempt, thou mayest take half the kingdom." Parvatêśvara, who had marked the power of Châṇakya in the matter of the death of Nanda, felt himself inspired with confidence in the success of such an attempt, and taking his entire army, accompanied Chandragupta to Nanda's dominion, and having reached Kusumapura, there installed him as King.

As soon as Chandragupta was established on the throne, Râkshasa<sup>4</sup> arranged for someone to send him a beautiful dancing girl as a present. As she performed her art before Chandragupta, Châṇakya observed that the flies that settled

<sup>1</sup> Chandragupta, although a half-brother of Nanda, was of mean caste; for his mother, Murâ, was a low-caste concubine. The word Vṛishala means "a Sûdra" or "outcaste", and Châṇakya makes a point of always addressing him by this word, as if it were his name.

<sup>2</sup> According to Chandra Jhâ the site of this grove is still known. It is in the village of Nadârî, about 6 miles north of the town of Darbhanga.

<sup>3</sup> Parvatêśvara, "the King of the Mountains," has already been referred to in Tale 13 (p. 60).

<sup>4</sup> We have seen in the preceding tale that Râkshasa was the chief minister of Nanda. On the death of the latter he remained at first in the capital, appearing to accept the new ruler, but really intriguing for his destruction.

on her body to sip the perspiration caused by her exertions rolled off her and fell dead to the ground. He thus recognized her as a poison damsel<sup>1</sup> and concluded that she had been sent by Rākshasa through a third hand to compass the death of Chandragupta. "It would be best," he thought, "to utilize her to kill Parvatêśvara, who is taking half the kingdom." So he sent her on by the same person who had brought her to Chandragupta, to be given as a present to Parvatêśvara. That unhappy monarch fell dead directly he took her into his embraces, and Chāṇakya having established Chandragupta firmly and safely on his throne, over the entire dominions of Nanda, congratulated himself that he had now carried out his second vow.

"My next task," thought he, "is to entice Rākshasa from the dominions of Malayakêtu<sup>2</sup> and induce him to accept the post of chief minister to Chandragupta, and so to fulfil my third vow. For this also my plans are ready.<sup>3</sup> Rākshasa has a close friend, Chandana Dâsa, who lives in this city, and in whose residence Rākshasa's women-folk are at the present moment concealed. One of my spies, disguised as a picture showman,<sup>4</sup> has abstracted from that house and brought me

<sup>1</sup> These dangerous young ladies are not uncommon in Oriental legend. They were said to be fed on poison from their birth and the result was that their embrace was fatal. They were hence convenient presents to send to a friend whom one wanted to get rid of. It has been said that Alexander the Great escaped from one of them only through the insight of Aristotle. Chāṇakya's subsequent disposal of the young lady may have been high statecraft according to Oriental methods of policy, but cannot be called anything but immoral and treacherous ingratitude according to more occidental ideas.

<sup>2</sup> Malayakêtu was the son of Parvatêśvara, and on his father's death had fled from Kusumapura and taken refuge in his own territories, where Rākshasa subsequently joined him. Later on, as previously stated, he joined the Greek army (see Tale 13, p. 56) in its attacks on Chandragupta.

<sup>3</sup> Chāṇakya's tortuous policy is here much condensed, and is not always easy to follow without explanation. The whole is described at length in Viśākha Datta's play, the *Mudrârākshasa*, referred to at the end of Tale 9 (p. 44). To save explanations I have here and there inserted a few words in the translation to make matters more clear. These are all authorized by the drama, on which Vidyâpati himself evidently depended.

<sup>4</sup> He went about with a kind of raree-show, exhibiting religious pictures, chiefly illustrating hell and Yama, the god of death.

here a ring bearing Rākshasa's name, which was the personal signet usually worn by Rākshasa himself. I have also arranged for a letter to be written by Sakata Dāsa,<sup>1</sup> in his own handwriting, and to have it subsequently signed with this signet-ring; and for it to get into the possession of my old friend and school-fellow Bhāgurāyaṇa who is at present, as my spy, in Malayakētu's service. Then, without any act of expulsion<sup>2</sup> I have caused Sakata to flee from the city, and he has now joined Rākshasa. Moreover Bhadra Bhaṭa and other leading generals, who are devoted to me, who are clever in doing what I need at the right moment, and who have been well paid by me, have pretended to have quarrelled with me, have absconded from the city and are now fully in Malayakētu's confidence. Of a certainty, with the help of that letter and those men, and at this opportunity, Malayakētu will fall out with his friend Rākshasa, and so through all these causes my object will almost be accomplished. For :--

*Verse.* 3. "When a whole group of causes hath come into existence, the effect thereof cometh of a certainty into existence too. In such a case, even though the Creator be opposed to it, he maketh not the deed too arduous.

"Nay, it seemeth that at this moment the Creator is verily propitious to my schemes.

*Verse.* 4. "The race of Nandas have I slain, this their realm have I seized, and the adversary who would have taken half have I destroyed. But little, do I deem, remaineth of my vow undone, and little by little will the Creator it fulfil."

<sup>1</sup> Sakata Dāsa was a professional scribe, who wrote letters for people. He was an adherent of Rākshasa, but wrote this letter in good faith, not knowing to whom it was addressed or by whom it purported to be signed. Chanakya then affixed to it Rākshasa's signature, and contrived that the letter should fall into Malayakētu's hands.

<sup>2</sup> He had Sakata arrested for treason, and then arranged for him to be rescued by Siddhārthaka, one of his own minions, who posed as a friend of Rākshasa. The two then fled from the city to Rākshasa who took both into his service. Siddhārthaka had with him the fatal letter, written in all innocence by Sakata, but which, when signed by Rākshasa's signet, became, though forged, a deadly document proving him to be a traitor to Malayakētu.

"But still, who is there that can fathom the deeds of the Creator? A man may cross the ocean from shore to shore, and yet even as he hath reached the farther coast his ship may sink. The issue, therefore, is not easily controlled, nor may I my vigilance relax."

When he had thus pondered, he summoned his pupil, Śārngarava by name, and asked him what was the news about Malayakētu's advance to attack Chandragupta.<sup>1</sup> He replied, "Jīva Siddhi has but just arrived from Malayakētu's camp, and reports that he had come quite near Kusumapura, with his entire army; but that, owing to the dismissal from office and expulsion of Rākshasa, there had been two or three days' delay upon the road." "Ah," said Chāṇakya, "so Rākshasa hath been dismissed from office! what was the reason thereof?" The pupil replied, "Indeed, a king's actions are often inexplicable. Sometimes a thing may be done without any apparent cause, but in Rākshasa's case the reason was that a letter was found *en route* being conveyed to the enemy by one of Rākshasa's hangers on, and it was in Sakata Dāsa's handwriting and signed with Rākshasa's own signet." "So that," said Chāṇakya, "was the cause of his dismissal. It is what traitors to a king certainly do experience. Hast thou heard where this dismissed and banished Rākshasa is now?" "He is probably hiding in some forest, crushed by the disgrace that he hath suffered." So Chāṇakya gave the following instructions, "My boy, tell the executioners to arrest Chandana Dāsa, and take him off to be impaled. And tell Chandana Dāsa that he must surrender the members of Rākshasa's family that he left for safety in his house, when he fled from Kusumapura at the time that it was captured for Chandragupta." The pupil carried out these orders and when he

<sup>1</sup> This inquiry must have been a considerable time after the long meditation recorded above. In the interval Chāṇakya's intrigues have been crowned with success, Malayakētu, convinced of Rākshasa's treachery, has dismissed him from his camp. He has then quarrelled with his allies, and been deserted by them. He is now, with the remnant of his army, in full retreat to his mountain home. Jīva Siddhi was one of Chāṇakya's chief spies.



came back, he made reverence and reported : " Your Reverence, Chandana Dâsa is devoted to his friend, and prefers to die rather than surrender the members of Râkshasa's family. But Râkshasa, hearing the news, and solicitous to save the life of the merchant <sup>1</sup> Chandana Dâsa, hath himself come to the prison, crying, ' Let the venerable Chânakya do to me what seemeth good to him, but pray him to release this merchant Chandana Dâsa who is innocent and ready for my sake to abandon his life ? ' "

Said Chânakya, " Now hath my vow been fulfilled. Tell Râkshasa that if he desire to save the life of his friend Chandana Dâsa, he must agree to accept the sword of office and serve as chief minister to Chandragupta." " What else," said the pupil, " can the unhappy Râkshasa do, now that he is constrained to save the life of Chandana Dâsa ? Of a surety will he consent. Hard indeed to evade is the noose that bindeth a man to the stream of what must be done.

*Verse.* 5. " Vishṇu himself accepted dwarfhood ; Râma himself took up his abode in the forest ; the Ocean supported the causeway for his army.<sup>2</sup> Ah ! like elephants controlled by the use of the goad, what parts do men not play when so compelled by destiny."

So Râkshasa agreed to be the minister of Chandragupta, and accepted the sword of office though he had not desired it.

Then Chânakya, now that he had secured an efficient and faithful minister for Chandragupta, ceased to have anxiety as to his safety. By his mastery of Vedic lore he had slain Nanda, and by his skill in worldly affairs he had made Chandragupta a king and Râkshasa his minister. So now having completely fulfilled his vow, he bound up again the

<sup>1</sup> The point is the differences of caste. A Brâhman is offering himself to save a merchant.

<sup>2</sup> i.e. even the gods are unable to avoid necessary tasks. Vishṇu had to assume the contemptible form of a dwarf in order to defeat the demon Bali. Râma had to undergo banishment to the forest in order to save the world from Râvâna, and the free and boundless Ocean had to submit to be fettered and limited by a causeway, over which Râma's army might reach Ceylon from India and so fulfil Râma's purpose.

lock of hair that, when he took the vow, he had untied and departed rejoicing to the place that he had chosen for himself.

*Verse.* 6. He whose wrath hurled the nine<sup>1</sup> Nandas to the abode of the god of death, and whose favour endowed Chandragupta, the Vrishala, with a kingdom unopposed—he, Chânakya, a second Brahmâ on this earth, celebrated in every mouth, of a verity was famed all the world o'er for his learning and his wisdom.

So endeth the Tale of an ADEPT IN BOTH LORES.

<sup>1</sup> There were nine kings of this name, and the dynasty became extinct when Chânakya slew the last of the dynasty.

## ON MINOR LORES

*Verse.* 1. "Those who know the essence of things state that there are fourteen lores consisting of the Vêdas and the others.<sup>1</sup> They also declare that the lores of painting, magic, miming, and such like are known as Minor Lores.

### 21. THE TALE OF AN ADEPT IN PAINTING

In former days, there lived two friends named Śaśi and Mûla Dêva.<sup>2</sup> They were both adepts in the minor lores, and, being proud of their accomplishments, in the desire to satisfy their curiosity about foreign lands they took to travelling far and wide over the face of the earth. One day, when they were in the city of Kauśâlâpurî,<sup>3</sup> they saw coming out of a Yôginî<sup>4</sup> temple a lovely princess, in the first bloom of her youth, named Kaumudî. Directly his gaze fell upon her, Mûla Dêva became distraught with love's fever, and seeing him thus prostrate in a faint with the dolours of the tender passion, Śaśi said in his heart :—

*Verse.* 2. "Though our bodies be twain, still in friendship are we one. How can he be a friend who shareth not the joys and sorrows of his mate ?

"So here Mûla Dêva, my friend dearer than life itself, hath been struck senseless by the beauty of the princess. His survival is a matter of doubt, and measures must I take to save him."

As he so considered, he noticed a gardener's wife, a garland-seller of the city, standing by, and he asked her who the young lady was and why she frequented the Yôginî temple. She replied, "The lady is a princess of the royal house, and

<sup>1</sup> See the Introduction to Part III (p. 69).

<sup>2</sup> These two gentlemen reappear in much less reputable characters in Tale 40.

<sup>3</sup> The modern Audh or Oude.

<sup>4</sup> A Yôginî is a kind of fairy or witch, an attendant on the goddess Durgâ.

though His Majesty wisheth to give her in marriage to a consort worthy of her state, she not only refuseth every would-be spouse, but approacheth this Yôgini and indulgeth in mystic contemplation. Why she doth this, I know not." Said Śaśi, "Florist, astonishing is it indeed that she desireth not a man, for :—

*Verse.* 3. "Whether out of doors or in, whether by day or by night, whether sleeping or awake, a woman needeth a youth, and ne'er refraineth from dependence on another.

"Therefore I beg thee to contrive that I, dressed as a woman, may enter the service of this princess."

Having so arranged, Śaśi settled Mûla Dêva in the garland-maker's house, and being himself accomplished in every elegant art, was adopted into the Princess's retinue, in woman's guise, under the name of Śaśilêkhâ.

In course of time the two became intimate friends, and one day Śaśilêkhâ asked the princess, "My Lady, thy fresh youth is like unto the heyday of the god of love, and why dost thou despise the joys of the world? Why holdest thou men in such contempt?" The Princess replied, "Dear Śaśilêkhâ, that is a matter thou mayst not ask me." Said Śaśilêkhâ, "Am I not thy handmaid and close friend, that thee I may not ask?"

*Verse.* 4. "Thy father, by nature melting with love for thee, his own heart mastereth not, and thy mother, passive and helpless, not for one moment abandoneth her woe. Who cannot mourn when before his eyes he seeth thee, as it were a garland whose charm hath ne'er been tasted by a bee? Who would not be afflicted at thy unlucky,<sup>1</sup> nay, at thy unmeet resolve?

"Therefore, tell me what root hath this resolve of thine, so that, if there be for it a remedy, I may apply it. For, if the disease be not unknown, then the means for its cure present themselves, and if no remedy be found, then let us join and bear the grief together. For :—

<sup>1</sup> Read *apathya* for *apatya* of the printed text.

*Verse.* 5. "If one submit to bear the load of grief alone, heavy doth it become ; and so to make it light, should the careworn reveal it to her friends.

"And therefore, dear one who dwelleth still within thy parent's home, tell me the reason for thy refusal to accept a husband."

The Princess replied, "Dear Śaśilêkhâ, thou art to me, as it were, a second heart, and a friend who lovest me with inmost love. So why should I not confide in thee ? Hear therefore, the tale of why I refuse all men. In a former birth I was a hind grazing happily in a fertile grassy park, and in it close by me stayed the spotted antelope my husband. After a time, there came a number of hunters, men who found it sport to slaughter deer, and with a net encircled they our mead. I was then heavy with young and could not go about freely, so I counselled my husband that as he was able so to do, he should leap over the net and escape to some safe place. I entreated him not to lay down his life on my account and out of love for me. 'At this moment,' said I, 'there is a chance for saving thy life, but none for me.' But he, unhappy wretch that he was, although he was quite able to make off, refused to escape, and merely out of affection for me met his death at the hands of the hunters. But as he lay a-dying he threw a look in my direction, and uttered this verse :—

*Verse.* 6. "'Spouses, experts in defeat by the weapons of love, skilled in all his arts, true sweethearts, straightway become the equals of the gods Śiva and Pârvatî ; righteously enamoured of each other, high in caste and clan, for them, even after death, is broken not the cord of love that bindeth them together.'

"Sundered thus from him, though not pierced by the hunter's arrow, I fell dead, broken hearted through grief for my beloved, and, owing to the merits begotten of my faithful love for him, I have been endowed with the power of remembering my former births, and have been reborn as a princess. In this my present stage of existence, as I call to mind each virtue of my dearling, and find that no effort of mine can

bring me to him, no other man can I bear to look upon, much less to wed."

Said Śaśilêkhâ, "My Lady, where is he now? Is that not known to thee?" The Princess replied, "Alas, by this memory of mine, I remember the happenings only of former births; and now in another birth, how can he, clothed in some other body, be recognized by me?" With these words she burst into tears, while Śaśilêkhâ comforted her saying, "My Lady, be of good cheer, be of good cheer. In this matter, the remedy lieth in the hands of Fate." With these words Śaśî, in his women's apparel, hastened to Mûla Dêva, and acquainted him with the whole story. He then returned to the princess and resumed his duties as her attendant.

But Mûla Dêva, who was an accomplished artist, drew a picture, on one side of which was depicted the entire incident of the two deer, as he had heard the tale from Śaśî, while on the other he painted portraits of the princess and of himself. When it was completed he took the picture to the palace and showed it to the princess. As soon as she cast eyes on it, she called to mind the circumstances of her former birth and wept. When Śaśilêkhâ saw this, she said, "Princess, why dost thou weep? Thou hawker of sinful pictures, thou wretched knave, what are thou showing to my mistress that bringeth sorrow to her heart?" But the princess said, "Nay, dear, say not harsh words to him. No sinner or knave is he. He is the loved lord of my life. Believe me that it is he and none other." "But," urged Śaśilêkhâ, "How canst thou know that it is he?" Said the Princess, "I recognize him at once, by looking at this picture." "Nay," said the other, "A knave can show thee any kind of picture." But the princess replied, "He can, if he know the story of my former birth; but how can a knave know that?" Said Śaśilêkhâ, "If Your Highness hath ever divulged the story, then would he know it." "Never," said the Princess, "have I told it to anyone but thee." Replied Śaśilêkhâ, "That was a secret that I never disclosed even to mine own heart, and if what none else knoweth hath been revealed by him, then, of a surety, he must be Your

Highness's lord," and on this information made known, with all honour did they welcome Mûla Dêva.

The whole matter was then publicly declared, and with rejoicing in threefold symphony of music, song, and dance, the wedding of Mûla Dêva and the princess was ritely celebrated. Thus was it that merely by his skill in painting pictures did Mûla Dêva obtain the desire of his heart.

*Verse.* 7. There be a success that Mahâdêva createth not even by the lore of men learned in the Vêdas and the scriptures. That success, moreover, cometh by the minor lores of men learned in painting, song, and poesy.

So endeth the Tale of an ADEPT IN PAINTING.



## 22. THE TALE OF AN ADEPT IN SONG

*Verse.* 1. He who delighteth living beings by skill in singing, and who by the music of his voice hath earned abounding fame, is called an Adept in Song.

In the city of Gôrakshapura<sup>1</sup> there reigned a king named Udaya Simha. He was a discriminating and generous appreciator of merit, and for that reason men of merit flocked to his court. One day there came thither from Tirabhukti<sup>2</sup> a singer named Kalânidhi, and he sang hymns so exquisitely while the King was engaged in religious worship, that he not only gained the applause of all the courtiers present, but was also rewarded with gifts of gold by the King himself. When they heard these praises and observed the gift presented to him, the local singers became indignant and, filled with jealousy, disparaged him to the King, saying, "Your Majesty, this foreigner is but a Kalânidhi<sup>3</sup> by name; for he knoweth not a single fragment of the art of song. Why, therefore, doth Your Majesty thus honour him? For:—

*Verse.* 2. "Whether he show no favour to men of merits, or whether he show favour to dunces, in either case among the folk a king's want of discrimination becometh manifest."

Said the King, "Ye singers, the melody of this man's voice, as it were, floodeth my heart with nectar. Why, pleading that he hath no merit, speak ye that which is opposed to manifest experience?" Replied they, "Then let Your Majesty in full court decide between his mastery of song and ours." Said the

<sup>1</sup> The modern Gôrakhpur. It is now the headquarters of the district of the same name, which lies to the west of Tirhut, being separated from it by the districts of Sâran and Champâran. King Udaya Simha was, as we shall see, a contemporary of Hara Simha of Tirhut, who flourished in the early part of the fourteenth century A.D. He reappears in Tale 28.

<sup>2</sup> i.e. the modern Tirhut, which was Vidyâpati's native country.

<sup>3</sup> Here there is an elaborate pun on the name. *Kalânidhi*, as the singer's name, means "a treasure-store of *Kalâ*, or art of song". But *kalâ* also means "a fragment, or small part of anything".

King, "Kalânidhi, give thou a reply to what these say," and Kalânidhi answered, "My Lord, this be not a proper occasion for my answer, nor is it the time for a song. For :—

*Verse.* 3. "It was only when my listener was Hara Simha <sup>1</sup> Dêva, that I was a singer before a king. Once spring hath passed, the cuckoo no longer singeth the fifth note <sup>2</sup> with his tuneful voice.

"And again :—

*Verse.* 4. "The gods of heaven declare the verity that only one singer is there on this earth, and that I am he; for it is I who delight the hearer with a melody that be a nectar for the ear to quaff."

Said the singers, "My Lord, Your Majesty can now judge the height of this fellow's arrogance." The King replied, "I faith, these people of Tirhut by nature have little modesty about their deserts." Then said Kalânidhi, "My Lord, this be no false arrogance of mine. It is but the simple truth I tell. But if I am to sing, and if these singers are to do the same, who is to be the judge of the quality of our songs?" For :—

*Verse.* 5. "There were but two, the god Hara (i.e. Śiva) and Hara Simha, who were skilled judges of the art of song. And now that Hara Simha to heaven hath taken flight, Śiva alone remaineth as one versed in song.

"If Hara, the Supreme Deity, come visibly himself to judge, then will I compete in song." The singers replied, "My Lord, the Holy Supreme Deity is inaccessible, and Kalânidhi refuseth all other arbiters. As therefore he accepteth no arbiter, clear is it that he suffereth defeat." Said Kalânidhi, "If this be the one condition of your consent, then will I sing

<sup>1</sup> Hara Simha (or as some write his name, Hari Simha) Dêva was the last, and most famous, king of the Karpâta dynasty of Tirhut. See Introduction, p. x, and notes to Tale 3 (p. 13) and Tale 11 (p. 47). In the latter tale Hara Simha is called Hari Simha. He was driven from his throne by Ghiyâsu-d-dîn about the year A.D. 1323. Here it is evident that he is dead, when Kalânidhi is speaking.

<sup>2</sup> The cuckoo is believed to sing on the fifth note of the Indian scale.

before any arbiter ye may choose." Replied the singers, "A man of this country may be looked upon as biased on our side. But deer know music and understand it. They are beasts not men, and will not take sides. Before them will we sing." "But," said Kalânidhi, "deer indeed are beasts, but they be wanton in their taste, and will be attracted by any kind of song. If beasts are to be selected, then let cows be the arbiters."

So, by mutual agreement, cows were made the arbiters, and the King became full of curious interest. The condition of the contest was that cows should be chosen who were athirst and were on the way to water. Whatever singer should by his song induce them to stop drinking and to come back from the water reservoir attracted by the charm of his song, he should be considered the winner. So indeed it was ultimately carried out, and by this test Kalânidhi was adjudged the victor, and received honour from the King.<sup>1</sup>

*Verse.* 6. The man skilled in the art of song delighteth every living being in this world that hath ear and heart, as did Kalânidhi delight the brute beast. If the lore possessed by a man can delight the race of brutes, great indeed must be the delight he createth in the hearts of them that understand it.

So endeth the Tale of an ADEPT IN SONG.

<sup>1</sup> Vidyâpati is evidently proud of the victory won by his fellow-countryman.

### 23. THE TALE OF AN ADEPT IN MIMING

*Verse.* 1. Śiva, the Propitious Deity, is the refuge of the lores of singing, gesticulation, and poetry, and of the emotions that are born from the music of instruments. Yea, in them doth he himself delight.

As Bharata,<sup>1</sup> hath said :—

*Verses.* 2. Concerning this in former days the god Indra made his petition and was listened to by Brahmā, who extracted the essence of the four Vêdas, and from it created a fifth, the miming Vêda.

3. From the Rîg Vêda, did he draw the text, from Sâma Vêda the art of singing, from the Yajur Vêda was born the lore of gesture, and from the Atharva Vêda the expression of emotion.<sup>2</sup>

And Bharata hath again declared that miming be of twofold kind :—

*Verse.* 4. The miming of women is called *lâsya*,<sup>3</sup> and that of men is called *tânḍava*.<sup>4</sup> By the former Gaurî is delighted, and by the latter Mahêśvara.

And Bharata again saith :—

*Verse.* 5. There be no science, there be no craft, there be no lore, there be no art, there be no philosophy, there be no mystic contemplation, that in the drama is not found.<sup>5</sup>

From it proceedeth a twofold profit, the profit invisible and the profit visible. The profit invisible hath for its origin the delight therein experienced by Śiva, the Propitious, and the profit visible hath its origin in the delight therein experienced by the spectator. As Bharata also saith <sup>6</sup> :—

<sup>1</sup> The author of an ancient and very famous treatise on the Theatre.

<sup>2</sup> Bharata, i, 17.

<sup>3</sup> Almost what we should call a ballet. It is a dance in which the emotions are indicated by attitudes and gesticulations.

<sup>4</sup> This is a special kind of frantic dance, performed by men in honour of Śiva. Mahêśvara is a name of Śiva, and Gaurî that of his spouse. I have not succeeded in tracing this verse in the printed edition of Bharata.

<sup>5</sup> Bharata, i, 115.

<sup>6</sup> I have failed to trace this quotation.

*Verse.* 6. To the rich, it giveth pastime; to the happy, self-command; to the heedless, warning; to many kinds of ascetics it giveth indifference to worldly attachments and telleth how transient is the permanence of the universe. To those devoted to poesy it imparteth delight and to poets it giveth glory ever freshly renewed. Verily, the hallowed lore, "the Drama" hight, to the whole world can render benefit.

There was once a king in Bengal named Lakshmaṇa Sēna.<sup>1</sup> His chief minister was named Umāpati Dhara and among those who attended his court was the actor Gandharva. Once, on the occasion of a meeting of the royal council, the latter, having performed his ablutions, attended it after ornamenting his forehead with a white spot of sandal-wood. When the minister noticed this, he said jokingly, "Hullo, Gandharva, I see you are crowned with a dot. Does that mean you are a neuter?"<sup>2</sup> Gandharva replied, "Umāpati Dhara,<sup>3</sup> look at my neck, and you will see another spot of sandal-wood there too. There are thus two dots one above the other, and accordingly I am masculine." At this the King smiled, but Umāpati Dhara got angry and

<sup>1</sup> He was the last Hindū king of Bengal and was conquered and driven from his capital, Nuddea, by Muḥammad Khilji about the year 1199. He retired to Dacca, where his descendants continued to reign as local chiefs for several generations. From the date of the capture of Nuddea, Bengal was ruled by the Moguls of Delhi, till they were superseded by the British in the eighteenth century. See V. A. Smith in *The Oxford History of India*, p. 221. During his reign at Nuddea, Lakshmaṇa Sēna wielded considerable power. He even founded an era from which dates were long counted in Tirhut. He was a great patron of learning and his minister, Umāpati Dhara, had a high reputation as a poet. He reappears in Tale 38.

<sup>2</sup> In order that the joke may be understood it may be explained that in writing Sanskrit the neuter gender is commonly represented by a dot, called *anuvāra*, over the last letter of a word, while the masculine gender is commonly represented by two dots, called *visarga*, after the last letter. For our present purposes we may represent the first by *m* and the second by *h*. Thus the word *naṭa* means "an actor", and *naṭam* means a neuter actor and *naṭaḥ* means a male actor. These words, as we shall see, have also each a special meaning of its own.

<sup>3</sup> Here we have another pun. The word *Umāpati-dhara*, besides being a proper name, can also be translated "the Vehicle of Umāpati". Umāpati is a name of Śiva, and Śiva's vehicle, on which he is said to ride, is a bull.

cried, "Thou degraded actor, thou wandering mime, thou strolling mummer!"<sup>1</sup> What impudence hast thou to utter such words! Dost thou pretend that in thine opinion I am Umâpatidhara and that therefore I am a bull?" Said the actor, "Sir, thou also saidst that when, for instance, a dot is put on the top of the letter *ka* it becometh *kam*, and that in the same way I am a *naṭam*. Now the word *naṭam*, "ill-read," meaneth "fool", and moreover indicateth the neuter gender. In reply to that I pointed out that I was really adorned with the two dots called *visarga*, and that just as, if thou use these two dots after *ka* it becomes *kah*, so if thou put them after the *ṭa* of *naṭa*, it becomes *ṭah*. Therefore, just as *kah* meaneth the Omniscient, so I, a *naṭah*, know everything of my profession." Said Umâpati Dhara, "So thou knowest everything. Very well then, give us a representation of the actions of Râma as referred to in Bhavabhûti's play the *Uttara-Râma-charita*."<sup>2</sup> Gandharva consented, and the King, full of interest, provided him with the necessary material for his make-up.<sup>3</sup> Then, when a proper stage had been arranged, Gandharva assumed the part of Râma and began his performance. As he represented Râma seeking to touch Sîtâ, and, unable to accomplish his desire,<sup>4</sup> falling senseless to the ground, he so identified himself with the character he represented, that he himself rendered up the ghost, and received final emancipation from mortal birth.<sup>5</sup>

*Verse.* 7. He fancied, "this is the very glade, this the very forest fig-tree, Sîtâ herself toucheth my heart, and I myself am Râma." In his thoughts did he so identify himself with Râma, and lament the absence

<sup>1</sup> Umâpati was a Brâhman by caste, while the actor caste is looked upon as degraded.

<sup>2</sup> The reference is to Râma's conduct in the third act of this famous play.

<sup>3</sup> Literally the collection of black-powder.

<sup>4</sup> In the play Sîtâ was invisible, but she had touched him. When Râma attempted to touch her in return, she seemed to be no longer there, and in his grief he fainted.

<sup>5</sup> He had so identified himself with Râma that on his death he received final beatitude.

of his beloved, that absorbed in his part, the mime,  
as though he were a holy saint, ne'er to be born again  
upon this earth, straightway obtained union with  
Vishnu's self.<sup>1</sup>

So endeth the Tale of an ADEPT IN MIMING.

<sup>1</sup> It should be remembered that Râma was an incarnation of Vishnu.



## 24. THE TALE OF AN ADEPT IN MAGIC

*Verse.* 1. The showing of a thing as existing that doth not so exist is called "magic"; and he who is an adept therein is hight "a warlock".

In the forest of Simbali<sup>1</sup> there was a learned Brâhman named Paksha Dhara Miśra, and a warlock expert was he. As opportunity offered, he would delight the King by displaying his marvellous powers. Once, on the occasion of some holiday or other, the King was invited to a feast by Râja Dêva, his father-in-law. He accepted the invitation, and, after performing his daily worship, in his royal pleasure started forth. As he felt unbearably hungry, he mounted his horse in the very early morning, and set out to eat at his father-in-law's abode without giving him time to complete the cooking of the festal meal.

When Râja Dêva learnt this, he considered that he was bound to give a warm welcome to the King, his son-in-law, who was coming as an invited guest to his house and desired food, but that the cooking of the dinner was not yet complete. He accordingly became perturbed as to how he was to solve the difficulty. When this was noticed by Paksha Dhara he said, "My Lord, there be no cause for anxiety, nor wilt thou be put out of countenance. I am now setting out to bring His Majesty here, and on the way I will show him a miracle that will delay his arrival till thy dinner be cooked and ready." So indeed he contrived. On the road the King's attention was diverted by the spectacle of two rams fighting, which had been magically produced by Paksha Dhara. When these had finished their combat, there appeared a pair of athletes struggling in a wrestling match; after that a multitude of

<sup>1</sup> The modern Sihulâ-ban. It is close to the better known ancient site of Balirâj Garh in the Khajauli Police circle of the Darbhanga District of Tirhut. Paksha Dhara is said to have been a contemporary of Vidyâpati, and to have been personally acquainted with him. He was a famous writer on logic.

glittering minnows falling like a wondrous waterfall as they escaped from the throat of a crane that had swallowed them ; and finally a deer pursued by a pack of hounds. While His Majesty delayed on the way to watch all these marvellous sights the dinner with all its food and delicacies was successfully prepared in Râja Déva's house, and when everything was ready, the King was summoned and enjoyed his meal. When he learnt that this fighting of the rams and other spectacles that he had seen were all delusions, he was filled with wonder, and honoured Paksha Dhara the warlock with gifts of jewelry.

*Verse.* 2. The King presented him with jewels, and learned men gazed in astonishment. Who is there that is not amazed by the magical feats of a warlock ?

So endeth the Tale of an ADEPT IN MAGIC.

## 25. THE TALE OF A MAN WHOSE MASTERY OF LORE RECEIVED HONOUR

*Verse.* 1. The lore that is honoured by a sapient monarch  
and that is beyond reproach, serveth to the well-  
being and the glory of them that know it.

King Bhôja<sup>1</sup> reigned in the city of Dhârâ, and in his time  
someone recited before him a verse composed by a contem-  
porary poet. It was to the following effect :—

*Verse.* 2. “As the branch of the tree of thy pure fame  
spreadeth abroad over the whole world, forthwith  
every sea becometh the Ocean of Milk, each snake  
becometh Vāsuki, each mountain becometh Kailâsa,  
and in heaven itself, the heavenly beings all become  
Śankara. Then why, O Bhôja, hasten not the glass  
beads worn by my wife to become pearls ?”<sup>2</sup>

When Bhôja heard this he was so delighted with the poetical  
ingenuity displayed in the verse, that he had the poet weighed  
in the scales, and presented him with the huge equivalent  
weight in pearls. So the poet received his own weight in  
pearls and had all his wishes satisfied, and Bhôja's fame is  
still sung throughout the world. For :—

*Verse.* 3. What worth is a kingdom, whose king is not  
sapient ; what worth is sapience whose owner giveth  
not gifts ; and what worth are the gifts of the  
munificent, if he honoureth not merit ?

<sup>1</sup> We have already met King Bhôja and the city of Dhârâ in Tale 16  
and shall meet them again in Tale 39. He reigned A.D. 1018 to 1060, and  
was an accomplished scholar and a liberal patron of Sanskrit learning. His  
name in consequence has become proverbial in India as that of the ideal  
Hindû prince. See *Oxford History of India*, p. 189.

<sup>2</sup> The verse is primarily a display of Sanskrit verbal learning, the general  
meaning, of course, being that under Bhôja's beneficent sway everything  
has become the most perfect of its kind. It was from the froth of the Ocean  
of Milk, when churned by the gods, that Lakshmi, the goddess of good  
fortune was born. Vāsuki was the King of the Nāgas, or semi-divine  
serpents. Kailâsa is a peak in the Himâlâya, the abode of Śiva and hence  
particularly holy. Sankara, the Supreme Deity, is another name of Śiva.

And again :—

*Verse.* 4. The tree of the art of poets, that desireth to surpass the wishing-tree <sup>1</sup> of the gods, in former days would yield fruit in millions of golden coins. But now that Bhôja hath gone to heaven in all his spotless glory, in every place its harvest is but labour vain.

So endeth the Tale of a MAN WHOSE MASTERY OF LORE  
RECEIVED HONOUR.

<sup>1</sup> A fabulous tree that granted all desires.

## CONCERNING COUNTER-EXAMPLES

### 26. THE TALE OF A MAN WHOSE MASTERY OF LORE DIED AWAY

*Verse.* 1. If a man's mastery of lore fail through the want of sapience of a king, by those who have mastered lores he is called "a man whose mastery of the lore hath died away".

On the south of the Ganges, in the land of Râḍhâ,<sup>1</sup> there reigned a king hight Nirapêksha, or "Undiscerning". On one occasion a certain poet-laureate, named Vâgvilâsa, or "Elegant in speech", a master in all the arts of poesy, deceived by Nirapêksha's title of "King", had the hard fortune to come thither. He approached the King's confidential minister, Vichakshana, a man of learning, and asked to be presented to His Majesty. The Minister replied, "What profit will fall to thee from an audience with him? Thou art a poet, and he no scholar. I opine that naught of pleasure will come to either from your verbal commerce. For:—

*Verse.* 2. "Maimed of a limb do I deem the virtue of that King in whom sapience hath not been born, and who, though he exercise rule, wieldeth it but for his own delectation."

Saith the Laureate, "Sir Minister, even though the King be wanting in sapience, still from my poem will he of a surety experience delight. For:—

*Verse.* 3. "How can the goddess of speech, imbued with varied charms and adorned with elegance of word and meaning, fail to please him who hath ear and heart.

"Moreover:—

*Verse.* 4. "'Tis the fault of the hearer, if he lend not his ear to the voice of the poet; but if he listen and find therein no pleasure then only of the poet 'tis the fault.

<sup>1</sup> The modern Râḍh or Central Bengal.

“And again :—

*Verse.* 5. “The man that delighteth not when the nectar of eloquence hath been quaffed by his ear, is but an ox delighting only in mere grass for food.

“And yet once more :—

*Verse.* 6. “What can a poet, in the manner of poets, do in the way of honouring him who listeneth not nor understandeth, or who when he understandeth giveth not reward ? ”

The Minister replied, “It is for that reason that I say that this king should not be seen by thee.” Said the poet, “Sir Minister, if there be one who feeleth no pleasure even when my poem falleth in his ear, he must be a marvel of a man, and of a surety is worth beholding.” So, after much labour on the part of the Minister, King Nirapêksha granted an audience to the laureate, and the latter, as he looked upon him, recited the following verse :—

*Verse.* 7. “O King of men, at the portal of Indra’s heaven angelic damsels laud that fresh flower of thy glorious blade, that bright foam of the ocean of battle, thy spotless fame ; for they revel in the high festival of the god of love, as they become the brides of the heroes whom as enemies in combat thou hast slain.”

When he had finished his recitation, the King cried out, “Ho, ye ministers, what be it that this fellow babbleth ? It is like the cackle of a flock of birds.” “Your Majesty,” said they, “this gentleman is a great poet, and telleth the story of thy fame. Worthy of honour is he at thy hand.” Replied the King, “Wherefore should honour be shown to him ? Will his fine poem swell my treasury or increase the size of my army ? ” Said they, “The fruit of a treasury or of an army is fame, and that by a poet’s words is magnified. For :—

*Verse.* 8. “In olden days, from long before this present age, all kings that have lived and have departed from this earth have honoured poets with gifts of wealth

for graceful eloquence of speech. Even to this day, as Sarasvati<sup>1</sup> taketh her course, their names are sung. Are not all others, though born, now dead, and outside their own homes unknown ?

*Verse.* 9. "Even as a casket is for golden coins, and as the earth is for a tree, so for the fame of kings alone are the words of poets the one safe abiding place.

"Therefore, Your Majesty, fitting is it that thou shouldst honour this poet laureate with gifts of gold."

The King replied, "If it involve spending money, I have no need of that safe abiding place for my fame. Hey, ye henchmen in attendance, why look ye on at this rascal, this thief of other people's thoughts, who hankereth after and would make off with my money ? Why turn him not ye out ?" At these words the mace-bearers in attendance thrust the poet laureate hands on neck from the palace. As he went, he cried :—

*Verse.* 10. "Fool that I was to serve my preceptor's feet and abandon the joys of sleep. Vain are now the sciences, grammars, all that I have studied. Good Fortune hath become enamoured of the Base, if this fool be a king. If this adversity be the fate even of one who doeth to thee reverence, then, Goddess of Eloquence, far from me wend thy way !"

As he issued from the palace uttering these words, the poet in his rage made formal renunciation of all poesy ; but the king's Ministers came out, and seeing the Laureate as he had renounced all commerce with Sarasvati, they thus deplorably addressed him. "Sir Laureate, what is this that thou hast done ? For, acting as though thou art an imbecile, thou hast brought disaster on thyself ?

*Verses.* 11. "Wherefore, most excellent Sir, because of another's mistake hast thou abandoned poesy—that poesy full of charm in its well-chosen words delighting with ornaments imbued with grace, that in the abodes of the wise is ever a source of delight, and in distant

<sup>1</sup> The goddess of eloquence and learning.



lands is dear ? Moreover, no place for anger is the heart of him who, like thee, is of merit the abode.

12. "E'en as a chaste wife taketh not to unchastity, when her eyes fall upon a courtesan ornate with pearls ; so ne'er should poets renounce their poesy, even when they regard unlettered lords of wealth."

The poet replied, "Defiled have I become by this king's abuse, and therefore poesy hath been renounced by me." And the Ministers replied, "What harm hath come to thee through his abuse ?

*Verse.* 13. "When a man out of the evilness of his heart abuseth him who deserveth not abuse, it is on him who abuseth that falleth the abuse ; for how upon the righteous can it fall ?"

Then the ministers all showed their respect for the Poet Laureate by presenting him with gifts of gold, and sent him to his home ; but, as he had renounced all poetry, his mastery of lore perished then and there.

So endeth the Tale of a MAN WHOSE MASTERY OF LORE  
DIED AWAY.

## 27. THE TALE OF A MAN UNTAUGHT

*Verses.* 1. If a man in his boyhood study not, all his life will he be reviled ; a king may rule from sea to sea, and yet, if he have no learning, he is called a fool.

2. What man, when he seeth the prosperity of a lack-wit, need be indifferent to real merit ? For if a blockhead be even encircled by the armies of good fortune, what fame can he expect ?

There was once in Tirhut a Brâhman named Ravi Dhara, who, though he was a wealthy man, was a fool, clumsy in speech, and an object of universal ridicule. This filled him with regrets, as he thought :—

*Verses.* 3. “Falsely do people say that there be nothing like a betel-roll for setting off a mouth ; for of a man’s mouth it is Sarasvatî<sup>1</sup> who is the only true adornment.

4. “Through his ignorance a fool maketh blunders in his speech, and is laughed at in the assembly ; when he would adjust blunders he hath uttered, still greater laughter earneth he.

5. “When scholarship hath not been gained in childhood, and reputation hath not been earned in youth, what good hath he done, for he hath been born a cause of sorrow to his mother ?

“But now I am old, and study of learned books is beyond my power :—

*Verse.* 6. “Every work hath its season, and if that work be not then accomplished, ne’er will it be done, and sorrow will be the lot of him who should have done it.”

He therefore made up his mind to have his son, whose name was Mana Dhara, educated, and spent considerable sums in having him taught by learned men. After a time his

The goddess of eloquence and learning.

fellow-pupils discovered that the youth's name was the ungrammatical "Mana Dhara",<sup>1</sup> and recited this verse :—

*Verse.* 7. "His father's ignorance is proved by having given him such a name ; and just because he feeleth the disgrace, in his studies is he extra diligent."

And of a truth, Mana Dhara did work hard and became a thorough master of the sciences. In course of time, when he had finished his education, the Brâhman, his father, became proud of the youth's accomplishments, and desiring to be complimented both by the King and by his son, set out with Mana Dhara for the royal head-quarters, and procured an audience. After the usual compliments the King asked, "Well, Brâhman, what is the state of your affairs?" The Brâhman replied, "*Jñânônâstimêva*."<sup>2</sup> As they heard this, and observed a smile on the King's face, the good-natured people who were present lowered their faces, while the ill-natured people laughed aloud. But Mana Dhara cried, "Why laugh ye so ill-naturedly at my father. Ye have no idea of the meaning of his words, and have been trapped in your own ignorance. What my father said in answer to His Majesty's question was perfectly good Sanskrit. What he said was *nô jñâ nâsti mêva*. The word "*Mêva*" means "like Mâ", that is to say, "like Lakshmî," the goddess of good fortune, the word *jñâ* means "Sarasvatî", the goddess of learning, and the whole means that just as good fortune is absent, so is learning absent. Thus, in a few words, while he could not tell at length the exact state of affairs, my father indicated his poverty." When the King heard this explanation he showed great respect to Mana Dhara Śarman, the Brâhman, and gave him a handsome reward, saying "Well done, Mana

<sup>1</sup> The name should be "Manō Dhara". "Mana Dhara" is bad Sanskrit, and the error was due to his father's ignorance.

<sup>2</sup> He wanted to show off his Sanskrit and to say, in that language, "I do not know." But what he did say was utterly wrong for that meaning. He should have said "*mama jñānam nāsti*". We shall see that the words that he did use really had an altogether different meaning, but one which was a suitable reply to the King's inquiry.

Dhara, well done ! Thou hast put exactness into that which was inexact". On this all the courtiers present bare witness to the learning of Mana Dhara, but, as for his father, only to his ignorance.

*Verse.* 8. Though the son gained honour, his father's disrepute remained unchanged. Only by his own merits is it that a man gaineth in the world renown.

So endeth the Tale of a MAN UNTAUGHT.

## 28. THE TALE OF A SCIOLIST

*Verse.* 1. A sciolist is one who, after learning a part of a science, acteth as if he were master of the whole. In the assembly of the wise his end is ridicule.

In the city of Gôrakshapura there reigned a King named Udaya Simha.<sup>1</sup> Once, when he had begun the celebration of the great autumn religious festival,<sup>2</sup> he invited a large number of Brâhmans of tried learning to assist at the recitation of the *Durgâ-mâhâtmya*.<sup>3</sup> Among them was a Brâhman named Kuśa Śarman, a man with his forehead adorned with gleaming sandal sect-marks, fine in presence and with a mighty display of ostentation, and eloquent, so far as he confined himself to uttering a few words that he had learnt parrot-wise. He accepted the invitation to recite the *Mâhâtmya*, and did this, here dropping a vowel, and there uttering a wrong letter or an incomplete syllable. He concluded with the customary verse in which prayer is made for pardon for mistakes. Its meaning is as follows: "My Mother, Umâ, deign Thou to forgive each letter that hath been dropped and each syllable that hath been imperfect. For whose mind at times is not careless?"<sup>4</sup> When Śubhankara Śarman, the King's chief priest, heard him mangle this last verse, he called out, "Ho, Kuśa Śarman, why hast thou recited even this verse wrongly? Thou saidst "*Kshantum arhasau*, instead of "*Kshantum arhasi*," "deign Thou to forgive." So:—

*Verse.* 2. "When he would adjust a few verbal slips, he saith *Kshantum arhasau*. Thou fool, how great will be the harm that thou wilt cause by blundering also in these very words!"

<sup>1</sup> We have already met him in Tale 22 (p. 100), which see.

<sup>2</sup> The well-known "*Durgâ-pûjâ*" holiday of Eastern India.

<sup>3</sup> This is the account of the goddess *Durgâ*'s victory over a number of demons, recorded in the *Mārkaṇḍeya Purâna*. Its solemn recitation is an important part of the festival.

<sup>4</sup> As we shall see, even in reciting this verse he made a blunder.

As they hearkened to this, all the other Brāhmans united in the condemnation, and the King blamed him as an unrighteous fool for presuming to undertake a duty that he was unfitted to carry out.

*Verse.* 3. He who falsely claimeth mastery in some un-studied subject, when on occasion he blundereth, inevitably doth become known as a sciolist. That reproach in the assembly toucheth a man in his work, and even death itself is not its equal as a begetter of unhappiness.

Here endeth the Tale of a SCIOLIST.

## 29. THE TALE OF A DROLL

*Verse.* 1. He who by his comical wit and by changing his bodily form or voice becometh the favourite of a great man is called a "Droll".

There was a city called Kâncî<sup>1</sup> and it had a King named Supratâpa. Once four thieves, busy in robbing a certain wealthy man, were caught by the police at the very entrance to the hole they had dug in the wall of the house, and were brought in chains before the King for orders. He instructed the executioners to take the four outside the city, and there put them to death by impalement. For :—

*Verse.* 2. Wise men, learned in criminal law, declared that a king's duty is to promote the good and to destroy the wicked.

So, in obedience to the royal command, the executioners impaled three of the criminals. The fourth then considered :—

*Verses.* 3. "No matter how near death may be, still a man should attempt to devise some means of escape. If the device succeed, then he escapeth, and if not, then he can suffer no greater harm than death.

"And again :—

4. "Even though a man be wrung by disease, or be suffering death at the hands of a king, if he seek diligently for a remedy, he cometh straight back from the door of Yama's<sup>2</sup> abode."

So he cried, "Hey, Mr. Executioners, as His Majesty ordered, ye have already finished off three thieves, but kill not me till ye have brought me before the King. For I am possessed of one mighty piece of knowledge, and with my death it will be lost for ever. It would be best to delay my death till His Majesty hath been told it, and then will it remain in the

<sup>1</sup> The modern Conjeeveram, in the Madras Presidency.

<sup>2</sup> The god of death.



world." The executioners replied, "Thou sinful scoundrel, thou hast been brought to the place of execution, and now dost thou desire to live? How can His Majesty take notice of any knowledge of a scoundrel like thee?" Said he, "Tell me, do ye think to interfere with His Majesty's affairs? This be a mighty piece of knowledge, and if he knew of it, he would of a surety desire to learn it. Moreover if the news of it came to him through you, he would certainly show ye favour." So they were persuaded by the thief's words, and out of a desire to forward their lord's affairs, they represented the facts to His Majesty, who became curious about it, and after sending for the thief asked him saying, "Hey, thou thief, tell me what be this piece of knowledge that thou dost possess?" "My Lord," replied he, "I know how by proper cultivation to grow gold." "How dost thou manage that?" Said the thief, "My Lord, I make seeds of gold, each the size of a grain of mustard, and sow them in the ground. In only a month's time those seeds like grains of mustard will become trees, bearing flowers, and those flowers will be of pure gold. From a single grain-weight of seeds there cometh a pennyweight of gold. My lord can see this with his own eyes." "O thou thief," said the King, "is that true?" Replied he, "Who is there that can tell an untruth in the presence of My Lord? If my words be not the simple truth, at the end of a month there will be an end of me as well, and Your Majesty will continue distinguished as a lord in tolerance and grace." So the King consented, and when he told him he might do the sowing the thief had some gold refined by a goldsmith, and broke it into little bits each the size of a grain of mustard. He then cleared a piece of ground in a secret place on the bank of a bathing pool in the grounds of the royal seraglio and said, "Your Majesty, the seeds and the field are now ready, wilt thou now graciously provide a person to do the sowing?" Replied the King, "Why dost thou not thyself do the sowing?" Said the thief, "If I had warrant to sow gold, then how should I be so poor? Alas, a thief hath no warrant to do that. Gold can only be

sown by one who hath never at any time committed any theft. Why should not Your Majesty do the sowing Himself ? ” The King replied, “ Once, to give a present to minstrels, I filched my Daddy’s money.” “ Then, let Your Majesty’s ministers sow it.” But they objected, “ We be public servants, and how can we help being peculators ? ” “ Then, let the Chief Justice sow.” But he said, “ When I was a small boy I cribbed some of my mother’s sweetmeats.” Then the thief said, “ So ye also are all thieves, and then why am I alone to be executed ? ” When they heard this, none of the courtiers present could restrain their laughter ; and the King also, whose wrath had been dissipated by the fellow’s comicality, said with a smile, “ Well, Thief, neither wilt thou be killed. My ministers, this thief, although he’s an evil-wit, is also certainly a smart-wit, and is clever in his jesting. In future he shall stand in attendance on me, and on occasion make me laugh at his jokes.” So in this way that thief was promoted to be an attendant on the King.

*Verse.* 5. No one is more despicable than a thief ; yet he by his comical wit cut asunder the noose of death, and was promoted to be a favourite of the King.

So endeth the Tale of a DROLL.

### POSTSCRIPT TO PART III

*Verses.* 6. A hero without perspicacity, a man perspicacious with no heroism, and an adept with neither heroism nor perspicacity, these three bear not the attributes of a perfect man.

7. Out of fear of prolixity, the counter-examples illustrating these are not here described and are merely referred to; for this hath already been done by men of intelligence.

8. Rare indeed is the union of all three, of perspicacity, heroism, and expert knowledge. In the whole universe, but three persons possess them all.

Moreover :—

*Verse.* 9. There are two persons endowed with all these attributes—both Lords of Lakshmī, delightful to all nations, moon-faced, dark-complexioned like two charming clouds,<sup>1</sup>—Nārāyaṇa and Rūpa Nārāyaṇa.

And also :—

*Verse.* 10. Two Lords are there, everywhere illustrious in their paramountcy; one mounted on a bull, the other fixed in virtue; each with his limbs bedight, the one with ashes and the other with rich ornaments; one with the moon for his diadem and the other the royal chief of Brāhmins—the god Śiva and Śiva Śimha.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The two persons are Nārāyaṇa, i.e. Viṣṇu, and Rūpa Nārāyaṇa, i.e. King Śiva Śimha. The former is the lord of the goddess Lakshmī, but the word *lakshmī* also means “wealth” or “prosperity”, and Śiva Śimha is here described as a lord of wealth. Viṣṇu, in his incarnation of Kṛishṇa, was dark complexioned, and so also was the King.

<sup>2</sup> Here also we have an elaborate series of double meanings, in each case one applying to the god Śiva and the other to Vidyāpati's patron Rājā Śiva Śimha. The word *Dēva* means both “god” and “lord”. The word *vrisha* means “bull” and “virtue”. Śiva is commonly represented as riding on a bull. Śiva Śimha is fixed on a virtuous life. The word *bhūti* means both “ashes” and “wealth”. Śiva is commonly represented as an ascetic, his body smeared with ashes, while Śiva Śimha's body is adorned with “wealth”, i.e. golden ornaments. The word *dvija-rāja* means both “the moon” and also “a king of Brāhmins”; Śiva's diadem is the moon. From this and the preceding verse we gather that the three persons who each possess the three attributes of a perfect man are the gods Viṣṇu and Śiva, and one human being—Rājā Śiva Śimha.

So endeth the Third Part, entitled "AN EXPOSITION OF ADEPTS", of THE TEST OF A MAN, composed by the poet Vidyapati Thakkura at the command of His Majesty Śiva Simha, endued with all the insignia of royalty, entitled Rūpa Nārāyaṇa, full of devoted faith in Bhava<sup>1</sup> and blessed with boons by the Spouse of Rāma.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> i.e. the god Śiva.

<sup>2</sup> i.e. Lakshmi, the goddess of good fortune.

## PART IV

### AN EXPOSITION OF THE FOUR OBJECTS OF LIFE

Then King Pârâvâra again asked Subuddhi, "Reverend Sir, thanks to thy descriptive instruction I have learnt from thee what be the necessary attributes <sup>1</sup> of a man, and, now that I am familiar with them, would I know what be the fruit that cometh from being a man." The Saint replied, "In the latter part of the first line of the verse in which I described the attributes of a man, I at the same time mentioned the fruits of manhood.<sup>2</sup> A man is he who hath attained the objects of life. These are four in number :—

*Verse.* 1. "When I described the attributes of a man, I also mentioned their fruit. There are four objects of life—righteousness, worldly prosperity, sexual love, and salvation.<sup>3</sup>

"Of these four, by reason of its pre-eminence, righteousness is the first, and therefore I begin with it.

*Verse.* 2. "Righteousness is to be defined as the performance of duties, such as liberality, study of the scriptures, sacrifices and the like, in accordance with the precepts of the Vêdas. Such performance accomplisheth what a man desireth for himself.

"But some maintain that righteousness consisteth in the remote consequences <sup>4</sup> of this performance."

The King replied, "Somewhat of doubt do I feel regarding the performance of these very duties mentioned by thee.

<sup>1</sup> Heroism, intelligence, and the being a skilled adept.

<sup>2</sup> See verse 9 on p. 2.

<sup>3</sup> The first three are the objects of existence in this world. The fourth refers to the next world.

<sup>4</sup> Such as earning an abode in Paradise as the result of good deeds.

I would therefore ask thee to begin by describing righteousness and thus clearing that doubt away." "What be the nature of thy doubt?" said the holy man. "There be several kinds of heretics," said the King, "such as Buddhists, Materialists, and the like, and many sectarian teachers—Logicians, Philosophers, Ritualists, and others—who preach varying creeds with mutually opposing dogmas, and who are skilful each in finding arguments on his own side. For :—

*Verse.* 3. "There be many eloquent teachers, each affirming the truth of his own creed; and owing to the opposition of their dogmas there ariseth confusion as to righteousness.

"And moreover :—

*Verse.* 4. "Heretics are ever intent upon refuting the arguments of other teachers, while each insisteth on the truth of his own belief. Enemies are they of the Vêdas, while men versed in the Vêdas are enemies of their beliefs. Thus, as they mutually argue, in the uproar of the wordy war, the intellects even of the clear-headed go astray, and, at times, faith in austerities and righteousness is lost."

The holy man replied, "How canst thou, Sire, feel such doubt concerning righteousness? Follow thou only the path that hath come down in the tradition of the tribe in which by the decree of the Almighty thou hast been born. That alone is righteousness for thee. For :—

*Verses.* 5. "There is but one Almighty, and naught is there in the worlds that hath not been created by him. By His will hast thou also been born in the tribe in which thou art. Perform thou only those duties that therein be ordained, and then, if the Creator have made an error, the fault is His and never thine.

6. "Bright and clear is the way of them that follow the path of the Vêdas, and by it travel men of understanding with minds expert in reason pure.

7. "In it is born the illuminated science of astronomy, that bringeth, as it were, ignorance to the test of numbers, that testifieth to eclipses of the sun and moon.

8. "In it are the lores of subjection, fascination, and the like—testified by visible effects; and the scriptures of mystic tradition, a weapon rending every doubt.

9. "In it are found the logic of relations affirmative and negative—through which a consequence is shown at once and visibly,—and discussions of the meaning of precepts in the Vêdas.

"Thus, only the righteousness taught in the Vêdas is complete and true."

Said the King, "Reverend Sir, among sectarian teachers also there are many diversities of belief. Some prefer to worship Śiva, others Viṣṇu, and others Brahmâ; and thus am I filled with great doubt, seeking to whom of these I should devote my thoughts." The holy man replied :—

*Verse.* 10. "Some men make their petitions to Viṣṇu, and some to Śiva, the Lord of Pârvatî. Others in this world address Brahmâ as the Lord. But only in their names is their sublimity distinct. If, therefore, it hath been decided by holy men, masters of reasoning, that in the universe there is but one Almighty Lord, wherefore, contrariwise, doth the idea of distinctness pervade thine anxious breast?"

"In this way righteousness consisteth only in showing reverence to Him, through the means of fasting, austerity, worship, and the like.

*Verse.* 11. "He who carrieth out this righteousness is called a righteous man, and of these there are three kinds—the genuinely righteous, the righteous though in darkness, and the contrite.

"And among these I begin by telling the tale of a man genuinely righteous."



### 30. THE TALE OF A MAN GENUINELY RIGHTEOUS

In the land of Mithilâ<sup>1</sup> there lived a Kâyastha<sup>2</sup> named Bôdhi, and he, although he carried on the profession of his caste in the King's service, never injured any living creature, never took another's goods, and never desired another's wife. He lived only on the salary granted to him by his liege lord, performed the daily worship proper to his lowly caste, and passed his days as a devoted adorer of Śiva, at the accustomed place and season offering gifts to Brâhmans suitable to his own tribal rules of worship.

Once, as he neared the end of his days, the following distich from the Purâṇas fell upon his ear :—

*Verse.* 12. " Even the Ganges<sup>3</sup> saith, ' When will some-one who hath never injured a living creature, who hath never taken another's goods, and who never looketh after another's wife, come and make me pure ' ? "

When he heard this, he thought to himself, " Since my birth never have I done injury to a living creature, never have I taken another's property that was not a free gift, and never have I desired another's wife ; and so of a surety am I also one of those who have fulfilled the three conditions of this verse. For :—

*Verse.* 13. " The evil deed have I avoided afar, and against the good deed have I never displayed anger. Of a truth my whole life hath been passed as though in pious and chaste pupilage.

<sup>1</sup> i.e. Tirhut.

<sup>2</sup> A man of the writer caste. In Vidyâpati's time this caste was considered to be lowly and its members had a general bad character for dishonesty. Cf. note to Tale 19 (p. 82). It is to be noted that, though a Kâyastha in a position exposed to great temptation, the hero is described as a truly righteous man.

<sup>3</sup> The River Ganges is naturally pure and holy, and is here represented as humbly considering itself unworthy of receiving the corpse of a man so good as described above.

"I shall therefore make a test of this utterance of the Holy Ganges." With these words he set out towards the river. When he was only a mile or so from the bank, he stood still and recited the first line of the distich from the Purâṇas quoted above, and completed the verse with a second line of his own composition.

Thus :—

*Verse.* 14. "One who hath never injured a living creature, who hath never taken another's goods, and who never looketh after another's wife, even I, O Holy Ganges, am hither come ; so attain thou purity."

Thereupon the Ganges, delighted at his words, burst her banks in a torrent of waves crowded with tortoises, fish, crocodiles, and porpoises, carrying in their flood the trees that fell into it from either shore, and like unto a necklace of pearls gleaming white and bright. In this wave she submerged the Kâyastha,<sup>1</sup> and as in accordance with his fate the term of his life was now accomplished, he abandoned his earthly frame and obtained the bliss of heaven.<sup>2</sup> Good men to this day sing the praises of the deed—a marvel, as it were—of this Kâyastha, who put to such a test the results of the gracious mercy of the Holy Ganges.

*Verse.* 15. His mortal frame may go, his fortune may go, and all his friends and relations may go. But throughout the world in tale and story his fame will last for aye.

So endeth the Tale of a MAN GENUINELY RIGHTEOUS.

<sup>1</sup> Note the insistence on the man's lowly caste.

<sup>2</sup> It is an interesting fact that at the present day a legend is generally current that Vidyâpati himself met his death in this very way. The verse said to have been uttered by him as he died is well known, but is not the same as above.

### 31. THE TALE OF A MAN WHO WAS RIGHTEOUS THOUGH IN DARKNESS

*Verse.* 1. When a man naturally in spiritual darkness impetuously and on the spur of the moment performeth a meritorious act, he is said to be a man righteous though in darkness.

In the country of Râdhâ<sup>1</sup> there dwelt a Brâhman named Śrī Kanṭha. He was a man who had mastered all branches of learning, was an expert in moral philosophy, and was skilled in every accomplishment.<sup>2</sup> In order to employ the abilities that he had exercised from his earliest days, and to gain recognition and increase his reputation, he became desirous of being admitted to the presence of royal personages and took to journeying in foreign lands. Once, in the course of his wanderings, he reached the confluence of the Ganges and the Jumna<sup>3</sup> on the occasion of a solar eclipse. There he chanced to see a cow being devoured by a crocodile, and, as she was sinking in the water, in despair of her life uttering piteous cries. Filled with compassion, he thought :—

*Verse.* 2. “There is no sacred place more hallowed than this confluence, there is no time more holy than that of the sun’s eclipse, and there is no greater righteousness than saving another being’s life.

“Just now all these three have come together, and therefore must I achieve the rescue of the cow from the mouth of the crocodile. For :—

*Verse* 3. “If, by the sacrifice of the perishable body, everlasting merit can be secured, then who is the good man that despiseth such merit when offered to him unforeseen ?

<sup>1</sup> Central Bengal. See Tale 26 (p. 111).

<sup>2</sup> It is to be understood that, though a learned man, he was not religious, and, in other words, was in spiritual darkness.

<sup>3</sup> Close to Allahabad, and a very holy spot, especially on such an occasion.

"Yet, I ween that the matter brooketh no delay, for a deed done too late not only beareth no fruit, but leadeth to the anguish of regret."

With such thoughts the Brâhman leaped into the flood, and in full assurance of his duty, valuing his life as but a straw, smote the snout of the crocodile with a shovel. The rapacious brute, startled by the blow and at the same time greedy for his flesh, let go the half-swallowed cow and swallowed down the Brâhman in her stead. On the other hand, the cow, directly she found herself free from the crocodile, speedily made her escape, and reached her home in comfort. Thus :—

*Verse.* 4. Even though a man spend his days in all prudence, of a sudden disaster may o'er take him ; yet when he hath been released from that disaster, he rejoiceth as though a triumph he had gained.

For when the Brâhman had saved the cow's life in exchange for his own, upon his head there fell a rain of flowers from the sky, he himself gained an abode in Paradise, and to this day his fame is told in song and story.

*Verse.* 5. Only after long continued travail doth a mighty hero such honour gain ; yet this impetuous Brâhman earned it in one short moment by his sudden act.

So endeth the Tale of THE MAN WHO WAS RIGHTEOUS THOUGH  
IN DARKNESS

### 32. THE TALE OF THE CONTRITE PRINCE

*Verse.* 1. When a man hath sinned but afterwards repenteth, and, doing penance, turneth away from sin, he is called "Righteous through Contrition".

On the bank of the Ganges there was a town called Kampilâ,<sup>1</sup> ruled over by King Hêmângada. On his decease, his ministers placed his son Ratnângada upon the throne. Directly he was installed this prince, made arrogant by the wealth inherited from his father and in the intoxication of his youth, proceeded to exercise tyrannous injustice upon his subjects. For :—

*Verse.* 2. If a worthy ruler be followed by a son like unto him, the kingdom standeth within the bounds of righteousness ; but if that which is honoured be followed by that which is honoured but unlike, it falleth to destruction.

Moreover :—

*Verses.* 3. In the days of youth, when wealth acquired hath become manifest to all, or when mastery of learning hath been tested and known abroad, who doth not become intoxicated ?

4. But that man alone is admirable and honoured by the wise, who refraineth from arrogance concerning his wealth, his youth, or his learning.

And again :—

*Verse.* 5. He who hath conquered pride in wealth and who in his youth hath conquered the god of love, is among men a lion, and what in this world hath he conquered not ?

And once more :—

*Verse.* 6. Among women who have fallen from the morals of their tribe, in a king who hath fallen from righteousness, even as in an elephant unchained, what sin doth not find its birth ?

<sup>1</sup> The modern Kampil, now a village in the Farrukhâbâd district of the United Provinces. It played an important part in the ancient history of India.

So, as soon as he became king, Ratnāngada took to seizing the property of well-to-do people, and to carrying off women of good family. In his greed for such he even took the lives of the innocent, and became a tyrannous oppressor of his subjects, till all the people looked upon him not as a king, but as a robber. "For," said they :—

*Verse.* 7. "When a king, like an elephant blind with intoxication and in his insolence disregarding his driver's commands, hath strayed from his kingly duty, without doubt he is naught but a robber.

"If, on account of his guilt, we meditate mischief against him then shall we be ourselves guilty of the sin of treacherous rebellion, and if we bear with his cruelty the end will be destruction. It would therefore be expedient to arrange for some holy men to instruct him in the path of righteousness." So the ministers summoned the holy men, who thus addressed the young King :—

*Verse.* 8. "O mighty king, seek thou righteousness. Righteousness is the base of royal rule. Or else, what distinction is there between all common men and thee, a Lord of men ?

"In a former birth, virtue was practised by thee, and as the fruit thereof now hast thou gained an unvexed rule. Therefore in this thy present birth practise thou now the virtue that from sin abstaineth." Said the King, "And, prithee, what be virtue ?" Replied they : "Your Majesty, it consisteth partly in negative and partly in positive practice. A negative practice consisteth in warding off such sins as seizing another's goods, approaching another's wife, or injuring another ; and positive practice consisteth in mercy, liberality, protecting one's subjects, and performing sacrifice and holy rites as taught in the Vêdas. The fruit of these is Virtue." Said the King, "And what cometh therefrom ?" Replied they : "By it are accomplished the three objects of worldly existence."<sup>1</sup> "What proof be there of that ?" said he.

<sup>1</sup> Righteousness, worldly prosperity, and sexual love. A fourth object<sup>1</sup> connected with the next world, is final salvation. See Introduction to this Part (p. 125).



They answered, "the Vêdas are the proof thereof, and they have been declared by God Almighty." Said he, "There be no God Almighty, and then how can the Vêdas have been declared by Him? If He exist, He would be experienced by me. He would be visible to me, and if He be not experienced then He existeth not. Ye Holy men are worthy of respect, and wherefore cozen ye me with untrue words? If ye again speak thus to me, punishment shall ye suffer."

Alarmed at the King's words, the holy men went forth from his presence, saying to each other, "This king is an atheist. He heedeth not the advice of the good, nor is it ever possible that advice be welcome when tendered to those who busy themselves in walking on evil paths." So they each departed to his own home. Then the ministers and the officers of the army held counsel and decided that he was an unworthy ruler, and must somehow or other be deposed, his younger brother being placed in his stead on the throne. As they all agreed to this action, so indeed was it carried out.

*Verse.* 9. How can his kingdom stand, whose ministers are disaffected? When the subjects are disaffected, the life of a king becometh of no account.

So, as soon as his brother assumed the royal power, Ratnângada, fearing death at his hands, betook himself to a sacred grove inhabited by hermits. He had been deserted by all the people of the court, and had not even a single attendant, but he did not give up a certain light o' love named Lavangikâ. With this hussy he settled in the grove, and kept himself alive by forcibly robbing the hermits of the wild fruit and roots that they used to bring in from the forest. Driven to desperation by his exactions, they finally got rid of him by telling him that his brother was coming to slay him. So in terror of his life, with no money and no attendants, but accompanied by the girl alone, he fled from there and took refuge in a mountain cave. There, in his utter destitution, he had to go out each day armed with a bow and live, like a mean hunter, on the flesh of any animal whose life he



succeeded in taking. In this way the two of them spent many days in utter misery, till their garments had turned to rags, and, as winter approached, they found themselves with only a single blanket to protect the two of them from the cold. The two would lie close together, but the one blanket was not wide enough to cover both, and when he left her to go hunting, then she remained behind all alone, pinched by the freezing air. At length one day, in her extreme misery, Lavangikâ thus addressed him, "Out upon thee, thou mean wretch! Thou wast born in royal kin, and through thine own blunder not only art thou gone to ruin, but hast also brought me with thee into this wild land. Wouldst thou ruin me too? Then kill me, or leave me. This misery I cannot thole. Art thou a hero? Then how dost *thou* endure this misery? For:—

*Verse.* 10. "No sleep is there for thee who hast no bed; no travel is there for thee who hast no horse; thy mouth that once was full of betel, is now, for want of camphor, filled no more. Once no air was welcome to thee that was not moved by peacock fans; and now why sittest thou despairing like a ghost, become an imitation of a hunter?"

Ratnângada replied, "Darling, have patience, have patience! The cure for a man's misfortune cometh at the fated happy time, and so no need is there for impatience. To-night light thou a fire and so keep off the misery of cold, while I take the blanket and go somewhither to seek another. I swear to thee that before long will I bring a blanket and give it to thee." So saying, he took the one blanket that they had and made for the city. There he dug a hole in the wall of a Brâhman's house, and, to make his entrance easier, put down his blanket just at the entrance, and himself went inside in search of someone else's. As he was pulling a blanket off the Brâhman's body, the man's sleep was broken, and when he perceived this the thief ran back out of the house. But the Brâhman cried out in a loud voice to the neighbours to seize and kill the thief, and

Ratnāngada in terror not only abandoned his own blanket, but fled from the place in fear of his life. When he had run some way he stopped exhausted and pierced with cold, saying to himself, "Alas, I came to get another blanket, and have lost the one I had. Now who was it that brought this about? No deed can be brought about except by the will and by the deliberate act of some doer. By whose will and by whose action hath my blanket gone? If this had been brought about by my wish, then I should have profited by the gain of a stolen blanket; but who brought about the exact opposite? I think that there must be someone having the nature of a doer in the universe. He must be God Almighty. The holy men identify Him by His sacred majesty, for so is the meaning of His name recognized; and alas, and woe is me, through my folly till to-day never have I recognized the Creator of the universe.

*Verses.* 11. "Heedless of the words of my teacher, through errors of my mind, through conceit and other faults, I knew naught of God Almighty, the Creator of Heaven, Earth, and Hell.

12. "From birth to birth men in their lust may sin and sin; but when a man's mind turneth to righteousness, that alone is his day of joy.

13. "Only when a creature abandoneth sin and honoureth righteousness, then may this time be the beginning of his march to Paradise and happiness.

14. "Even as without a physician doth no disease depart from one who is sick; so, I ween, without holy deeds is destroyed not the sin of a sinner.

"So, from to-day on, do I devote myself to a hermit's life." Having so resolved, the King tenderly took the girl whom he had left waiting in the forest, and conducted her to the city, where he left her, thinking :—

*Verse.* 15. "Days that are past are gone, nor, strive as thou may, will they return. So the days now are many, but they also will go, for time hath no limit.

“From this day forth will I pass the rest of my life dispelling darkness and turning my soul into a bee at the lotus-feet of Śiva, the Lord of that which moveth and of that which moveth not.”

With these words he became a hermit of great virtue.

*Verse.* 16. No man is born a thief, nor is he as a hermit born. According to his works alone, as such or as such do they speak of him.

So endeth the Tale of the CONTRITE PRINCE.

## ON WORLDLY PROSPERITY

Counter-examples of unrighteous men, such as hypocrites and the like, are not given here, because such persons do not fall within the definition of a real man.<sup>1</sup> They are not real men, but come under the category of swindlers. It is impossible to describe a counter-example that would not be imperfect or mutilated in some essential attribute.

What follows is therefore a series of tales dealing with the second object of life, that is to say with worldly prosperity.<sup>2</sup>

*Verse.* 1. It is said that there are three kinds of wealthy people—the magnanimous, the silly, and the greedy. Each will be defined, and, according to its definition, a tale concerning each will be set forth.

### 33. THE TALE OF THE MILLIONAIRE MAGNANIMOUS

*Verse.* 2. The man who hath acquired wealth by honourable means, and who spendeth it not only on his personal pleasures but also in liberal gifts, is a vessel of meritorious acts and of good repute. He is called “magnanimous”.

In the city of Pāṇḍupattana<sup>3</sup> a minister of the King of Gauda, or Northern Bengal, was a Kshatriya<sup>4</sup> named Mahârāja Dêva. He was pure in his devotion to his lord and was highly esteemed by him. Owing to his being distinguished by an umbrella of honour as his ensign, he was commonly known as the *Nâyaka Khân*, or “Noble Khân”, and, later, as the *Satya*, or “Truthful”, *Râjâ*. As the poet has said :—

*Verse.* 3. Four objects of life are there—namely Righteousness, Prosperity, Love, and Salvation. And in this world, ne’er have I seen him who doth not win success in all through being devoted to his lord.

<sup>1</sup> See Verse 9 on p. 2.

<sup>2</sup> See Verse 1 on p. 125.

<sup>3</sup> Now called Paṇḍuâ, a famous ruined city near the modern Malda in Northern Bengal.

<sup>4</sup> A man of the military caste.

So this minister, who was an innately righteous man, in ways not opposed to righteousness and based on observation of the fall, maintenance, and rise of prices, accumulated great wealth. When he had thus become rich, he said to himself : " Although worldly prosperity is in itself one of the objects of life, it appeareth to be mere self-conceit for a man to persuade himself that he is specially favoured by Good Luck. For Good Luck herself is impartial, and it is only men whose devotion hath been tried, and who are clever in business, that are employed by her in the continued accumulation of wealth.

*Verse.* 4. " If a man have not loyal servants, and if he put not his trust in loyal men, he beareth himself the burden of his labours and enjoyeth not its fruit.

" And again :—

*Verses.* 5. " If a man deem that he hath full sufficiency in the wealth that he hath accumulated, then owing to his indolence, in his future, Good Luck thriveth not.

6. " But if a man have many skilful and obedient assistants, then the power of gaining wealth is come within his grasp.

7. " It is not ' wealth ' that the wise call wealth, for real wealth is the ability to earn. Even if men's wealth diminish, the ability to earn still remaineth.

" At the present moment I have, it is true, all this property, and yet I feel anxious for more wealth, although indeed the necessity of wealth is a doubtful matter.

*Verse.* 8. " Whether king or commoner, a man can eat but a couple of pounds of food and no more. What good is all his wealth and prosperity to the one, and what harm doeth the want of wealth to the other ? "

So he made up his mind that, as he was by this time a master of wealth, he would now enjoy its fruits, and passed his youthful days very prudently, tasting pleasures not forbidden by religion, with garlands, sandal-wood, women, betel, founding a good repute by carrying out works of public charity, accumulating merit by giving huge gifts of jewels and gold each time equal in amount to his own weight, and

honouring with money-presents persons eminent in the arts.

When the days of his youth had passed, becoming indifferent to worldly pleasures, he accumulated a still greater store of merit by such religious observances and fasting as could be accomplished by mortification of the flesh. When old age, that destroyer of all vanity, came on, as he noted how in his body there was no increase of beauty or of vigour, and in his home no increase of wealth, he considered :—

*Verse.* 9. “When I am dead and gone, my wealth will go, and all my skill in arts will go. All the power of lordship will go, and all the comeliness of my form. When all a man’s might is thus about to depart, he also will readily abandon it, and when we see that, why, for the festival of Durgâ, abandon we not all ? <sup>1</sup>

“As thus I abandon all my might, therewith becometh manifest the abandonment of all desire.” With these words, in emulation of Hariścandra,<sup>2</sup> he gave all that he had as gifts to Brâhmans and, in emulation of Vikramâditya,<sup>3</sup> this Satya Râja took the vow of starvation to death at the confluence of the Ganges and the Sarayu,<sup>4</sup> there departed this life, and went to Paradise honoured by the gods.

*Verse.* 10. In this case, wealth was accumulated to many millions, (in his youth) love was happily enjoyed till he wished no more, and suppliants were honoured to the full of their desires. For good men what greater completeness can there be than this ?

And moreover :—

*Verse.* 11. Who be there that give not alms to beggars that have come to their door from afar ? But this donor magnanimous, Mahârajâ Dêva, awaited not their coming. He himself sent goods to the homes of suppliants.

So endeth the Tale of the MILLIONAIRE MAGNANIMOUS.

<sup>1</sup> i.e. give away one’s entire property in charity on the occasion of the festival of the *Durgâ Pâjâ*.

<sup>2</sup> An ancient king, famed for his unequalled liberality.

<sup>3</sup> See Tale 1, p. 4. He was famed for his intrepidity.

<sup>4</sup> The main river of the province of Oudh, and sacred through association with Râma.



### 34. THE TALE OF A SILLY RICH MAN

*Verse.* 1. When a man, influenced by wealth that will more and more accrue, lavisheth that which he hath already got, and fatuously neglecteth the three objects of worldly existence,<sup>1</sup> he "a sillypate" is dubbed.

There was once in the city of Ayôdhyâ<sup>2</sup> a merchant named Vasu, and he had a son named Prachura Dhana. When, on his father's decease, this youth succeeded to the property, he addressed the old men, friends of his father, saying, "Ancient Sirs, prithee explain to me the methods by which my father gained wealth so great." They replied, "By commerce, and by that alone. For :—

*Verse.* 2. "Understanding cometh from instruction by the aged; honour through serving a king; good reputation and the acquirement of merit through generosity; and if thou desire wealth it is through commerce that it is won."

Prachura Dhana then asked them what they meant by "commerce", and they replied, "My dear Sir, your father bought goods in Bengal and sold them in Gajjana<sup>3</sup>, and bought goods in Gajjana and sold them in Bengal. When a thing was cheap he bought it, and he sold it when it was dear. As it is said :—

*Verse.* 3. "A merchant should seek profit through diversities of price, conveying goods from one land

<sup>1</sup> Righteousness, worldly prosperity, and sexual love. See the Introduction to Part IV (p. 125).

<sup>2</sup> The modern Ajôdhyâ, a famous town in the Fyzabad district of the United Provinces. The word "Vasu" is that now usually spelt "Bose" by Europeans, and is one of the commonest surnames in Bengal. The word means "wealth", and "Prachura Dhana" or "Prachura Vasu" (both names are used for the son in the original text) means "having ample wealth".

<sup>3</sup> ? = Ghazni in Afghanistan. The word also occurs in the Epilogue (p. 185), where it certainly has not this meaning.



to another, in accordance with variation of time and season.

“And moreover :—

*Verse.* 4. “A woman that is not devoted to her husband, and a man that hath no industry—these two, as a rock weareth away under rain, gradually come to naught.

“Therefore, Sir, it is fitting that, like thy father, thou also shouldst display industry; for the man that is not industrious, even if he be worth hundreds of thousands, is eventually deserted by Good Luck.”

Then this son of a merchant thought to himself, “My fortune is estimated at ten millions.<sup>1</sup> If out of that I purchase goods to the value of a hundred thousand, and transport them to another country, the value will be quadrupled. So I need be under no anxiety about my future increase of wealth. If I use but a million in this way I can make another ten millions. So I shall put by a million, and spend the rest of my fortune now, and experience the pleasure that is suitable for my youthful days. For :—

*Verse.* 5. “Wealth may exist, or may depart, or may be acquired again and again; but when the days of youth are once gone, ne’er come they back anew.”

When his companions and friends heard this, they applauded his resolve. “Bravo, Son of Merchant!” said they, “thy father was a stingy fellow. Money-grubbing is simple slavery. Thy money is intended to be enjoyed by thee”; and so incited to recklessness by these words, he made up his mind to spend everything that he had. For :—

*Verse.* 6. If a man have wealth, and he waste it in riotous living, the loss is his: but those others who devour his substance feel no regret at his extravagance.

And moreover :—

<sup>1</sup> We need not look upon this young gentleman as an Indian Croesus. The millions were probably counted in *purāṇas*, each of which was worth less than a halfpenny.

*Verse.* 7. As long as men get hold of and devour a master's money, so long only do they sing his praises ; but when his wealth is diminished they desert him.

In this way, without ever thinking of the future, this silly young fellow dissipated his entire possessions with the help of garlands, sandal, and women. Even out of the million that he had previously determined to put by he took nine hundred thousand and used them on his pleasure, leaving only one hundred thousand as his reserve ; and at last he consumed that hundred thousand too. So :—

*Verse.* 8. As water drawn from a well that hath no spring gradually faileth, so in a house that hath no resources doth its splendour fade away.

So this merchant's son, when all his possessions had been squandered, divested of all resources, sank lower and lower into penury. As the poet hath said :—

*Verse.* 9. When a millionaire findeth himself without wealth he loseth knowledge and discernment, and spendeth extravagantly according to his former means. When he hath been reduced to poverty, no expedient is there to which he can resort.

So endeth the Tale of the SILLY RICH MAN.

### 35. THE TALE OF THE UNSATED FLORIST

*Verse.* 1. He who ever longeth for much gain, nor is content with what he hath already gained, ever fixing his hopes on more and more, is styled "Unsated".<sup>1</sup>

In the city of Vijayapura<sup>2</sup> there dwelt a florist named Kṛita Kuśāla. He was an expert in his craft and skilful in arranging flowers, so that by supplying the people of the town he accumulated considerable profits from what they paid him. He nevertheless looked upon these as insignificant, and in the hope of becoming still more rich he began to offer garlands to the king himself. As he waited on His Majesty, he gained his favour by the skill displayed in the weaving of his garlands and, as flowers bloomed in season, in the arrangement of his bouquets, and he thus became very wealthy. Yet still his craving did not depart from him, and, as he became more and more distracted by his greed, he thought to himself:—

*Verse.* 2. "Utter indifference to that which one possesseth not, fostering content with what one already hath, wide generosity, and devotion to happiness—from these four is born no increase of wealth."

In accordance with this conclusion he took to utilizing his wealth in schemes for making still more money, such as lending it at interest, land-farming, commerce, cattle-rearing, and the like, and at the same time carried on diligently his own proper profession of florist. He ceased his attentions to the king, and as he trusted no one but himself, fell into confusion while he insisted on doing everything with his own hands. While he looked after his trading, his farming became impossible; while he did his farming, he could not collect

<sup>1</sup> The Sanskrit word means literally "one whose hopes are fixed on more".

<sup>2</sup> Probably the modern Bijāpur, a famous city in the Bombay Presidency.

his interest ; and while he calculated his interest, his cattle-rearing went wrong. Continually, while he was busy on one thing, he was called away from it by anxiety in regard to another. While he wanted to do everything, he found himself powerless, and became able to do nothing. Then the king became angry with him and confiscated his entire property. For :—

*Verse.* 3. A king may be faithfully served by thee from the time of thy birth ; yet on some brief inadvertence, if he take not thy life, he seizeth all that thou hast, as though he were thine enemy.

So the florist, deprived of all his money and reduced to poverty, became smitten by all its evils. For :—

*Verse.* 4. Hunger, desire for the unobtained, garrulity, complaining language, unseasonable awkwardness—these be the five evils of poverty.

Now this florist, although he had become thus poverty-stricken still retained the attributes of a real man,<sup>1</sup> and kept vigorously at work, in manly fashion, in order to support his family. Once, when he was bringing some flowers to make into presentation wreaths, and was journeying by night from one town to another, he saw a procession of seven huge chests marching along a desolate path between two lakes. When his eyes fell upon them he thought, “ Gracious Heavens ! How can lifeless things like chests manage to emerge from one lake and move to another ? This is indeed strange. Belike they are treasure-chests and are able to walk about through the power of the guardian deity of the treasure. So I had better offer him worship.” He did so, and made an offering of flowers to each chest. The leading chest became gratified by the nocturnal offering made to each, and from it there issued a tenderly gracious voice saying, “ My poor man, thou wilt get some gold from the hindmost chest in our procession.” The same thing was said by each of the five chests that followed the leader, and the seventh

<sup>1</sup> He was a skilled adept as a florist. See verse 9 on p. 2.

opened its lid, showed the gold inside, and said, "Ho, florist, take thou of the gold. Seven double handfuls are given to thee by us seven, and thou mayest take them, but not another handful." So the florist, filled with joy, took out seven double handfuls of golden coins, and put them into his flower basket. Then, moved by his immoderate greed, he put his hands into the chest to take an eighth, but the chest suddenly shut down its lid, and went on its way, tearing off his arms at the shoulders as it did so. Thus, with his arms torn off, the florist met his death.

*Verse.* 5. To the man who desireth millions of wealth, every region of the universe seemeth to be made of precious metal. So long as life existeth never is the greedy man satisfied, and therefore never happiness doth he find.

So endeth the Tale of the UNSATED FLORIST.

### 36. THE TALE OF A PRUDENT KING

*Verse.* 1. When a man hath gained possessions by his valour, and by his discernment guardeth them with prudence, he is called a "Prudent Man", nor doth Good Luck ever forsake him.

In a city named Jayantî<sup>1</sup> there ruled a king named Vira Parâkrama, and he reigned there happy and contented, for he had many possessions won by his own valour, had the eye of justice, and had many sons. One night, when he was lying comfortably on his bed, he chanced to hear a woman's weeping. After a time, recognizing that the voice was that of the weeping of a lady of high rank, he went outside, and guided only by the sound discovered, some short distance without the city, a fair damsel in a flood of tears. She was ornately apparelled, graceful in every limb, and rich in youthful beauty. Said he, "Fair Lady, what sorrow causeth thee thus to weep?" She replied, "Prince, I am thy Good Luck, and for all these days have I abode within thy tender arms, thou hero just-minded. Now must I go hence, and therefore do I weep." "Why," said he, "must thou therefore weep?", and his Good Luck replied, "Out of love for thee." "If thou hast this love, what causeth thy desertion?" She answered, "Knowest thou not that I, Good Luck, am by nature fickle; nor to abide long in one place do I desire. As the poet saith:—

*Verse.* 2. "Of heroes is she afraid, she entertaineth no love for the gentle, she manifesteth her dislike in the assemblies of the wise, ne'er in one place doth she long abide nor long is it before she departeth. No covenant hath the abiding or the departure of Good Luck."

The king reflected, "What is there that be wrong in me? Good Luck ne'er deserteth a man but for some wrong conduct.

<sup>1</sup> I have not identified it, it is a commonplace name.

Except that I have a number of sons I see no fault of mine.  
As they say :—

*Verses.* 3. "Let not a king be without a son, and let him not have many sons ; for if a king have many sons, oft times doth that beget naught but dire fruit.

4. "Keen in the lust for territory, in the lust for glory, and in the lust for wealth, hostile to each other, verily do the sons of a king become."

Then said he aloud, "Revered Lady of the Lotus, if go thou must, who hath power to oppose thee in thy wish. Go, therefore, where thou wilt ; but there be one boon that I would crave, and in thy pity grant it me." Said Good Luck, "If the granting of that boon hinder me not from going elsewhere, then say thou it. Whate'er else but that thou mayst demand, that shall I give thee." Said he, "Goddess, grant that my sons may never be at variance." Replied she, "In that case, if they ne'er be at variance, how can I ever leave thy family ? For :—

*Verse.* 5. "Like a river that ever floweth down away, shining unstable as the lightning-flash, bright coloured for a brief moment like the evening sky, full of worth, yet a shameless woman wandering from man to man. That am I,—I who love a just-minded king, even as I am the beloved of Vishnu.<sup>1</sup> Ne'er come I where there be no justice, ne'er depart I where there be no mutual strife."

With these words, Good Luck became a long-enduring resident in his home.

So endeth the Tale of the PRUDENT KING.

<sup>1</sup> Good Fortune, or Lakshmi, was the spouse of the god Vishnu.



## ON LOVE

Misers and similar people, even though they be wealthy, do not fall within the definition of a real man. They have therefore been described previously as counter-examples.<sup>1</sup>

What follows is therefore a series of tales dealing with the third object of life, that is to say with love.<sup>2</sup>

*Verses.* 1. The sentiment<sup>3</sup> of which affection for a woman is the corresponding permanent feeling, and which hath a place in man's delight, is called "The Erotic Sentiment", and Love is the bliss that be erotic-born.

2. Of the three objects of worldly existence,<sup>4</sup> Love is the most important, and is the fruit of the other two, namely Righteousness and Worldly Prosperity. He whose bent is attached thereto is known as "Amorous".

He is of five kinds, namely :—

3. The Faithful, the Courteous, the Discerning, the Cozener, and the Infatuate, are, according to the learned, the five kinds of lover.

Amongst these the first Tale deals with a FAITHFUL LOVER.

### 37. THE TALE OF A FAITHFUL LOVER

*Verse.* 4. The lover impassioned, yet virtuous, who is devotedly attached to his own wife, and turneth his face away from the wives of others, is called "a Faithful Lover".

<sup>1</sup> See Tale 7, pp. 33 ff. For the definition of a man see Verse 9, p. 2.

<sup>2</sup> Throughout this section the word *kāma* or "love", refers only to love between persons of different sexes. It does not refer to maternal love, fraternal love, platonic love, or the like.

<sup>3</sup> According to Indian poetics, there are nine *rasas* or sentiments—the erotic, the comic, the tragic, the terrible, and so on. Each of these is born from a *sthāyibhāva*, or permanent feeling of the mind.

<sup>4</sup> Righteousness, Worldly Prosperity, and Love. These, with Ultimate Salvation, form the four objects of life as described in the Introduction to Part IV (p. 125).

In former days there was a certain king Śūdraka by name, and the name of his Queen was Sukhālasā. While they were still in their first youth they became filled with mutual affection, and as time passed their love increased so greatly that he never desired to wed a second spouse, while she remained a devoted and loyal wife. As the poet saith :—

*Verse.* 5. May the love of the two young folk, in each life to which each is born, united in virtuous passion become a single bliss, like unto that of Sītā and of Râma.<sup>1</sup>

And, similarly, Bharata, in his description of the three kinds of women,<sup>2</sup> saith of the “ woman that is one’s own ” :—

*Verse.* 6. “ In wealth, in tribulation, or even in death ne’er deserteth she her lord. It is due to virtuous acts done in some former birth that a husband’s love for such a wife is born.”

As days went on, these royal spouses, happy in their mutual affection and familiar with all the arts of love, would in lawful manner indulge in amorous sport in groves adjoining their palace or in arbours on the shore of a lake near by, and thus passed happy times in joy and gladness as they willed. But once, after the first watch of the night, while the queen lay rapt in slumber upon her costly bed, she was bitten by a black and most deadly snake. The king, distraught with grief at her plight, did all that lay within his power, and at enormous cost secured the services of physicians proficient in the lore of poisons, by whose skill in charms and antidotes he saved her life. But though her life was saved, owing to the deadly nature of the poison the beauty of her bodily form became turned to sad uncomeliness. For :—

*Verse.* 7. The fair tresses, like a wreath of black bees, that once adorned her head, no longer hung in braids ; her countenance that once rivalled a gracious moon had become swollen and disfigured ; her eye that

<sup>1</sup> The heroine and hero of the famous *Râmâyana*.

<sup>2</sup> See Tale 39 (p. 158).

had once resembled the water-lily at early dawn was now hollow and sunken; an odour of decay now issued from her body, that had once been fragrant as a lotus.

Still, disfigured as she was in this sad way, the king's affection never wavered, as he called to mind her early beauty and the endearments experienced by him in former days. Nothing did he leave undone in seeking for a remedy for her disease, nor did he ever leave her side. Though he might hunger, he ate not; though needing sleep, his couch he sought not; betel he ne'er took, nor ever clove or camphor tasted he. With his ministers he took no counsel, and his army he no longer inspected. Distraught by affliction he remained motionless as though he were painted on a picture.

Moved by the spectacle of the king in this piteous state, his ministers approached him and said, "My Lord, Her Majesty hath fallen a victim to her fate, and what can man do? When a matter hath no remedy there be no resort but resignation. Your Majesty's kingdom reacheth from sea to sea, and wherefore casteth thou no thought on it? For the sake of one single wife that be as good as dead thou lettest thyself sink into despair. My Lord, that is unworthy of thee. As long as My Lord liveth can he not find countless ladies endowed with youth and beauty, marriages beyond count can he not make? Away, therefore, with sorrow! Thy days, bought as it were by merit gained in former births, should not be passed without enjoying happiness." The king replied, "Ah, ye ministers, hear ye me. This lady, wife of my bosom, and my partner in all pious acts, hath been the sharer of my evil deeds and of my merits, the cause of all my happiness in this world, and the same to me as life itself. So long as she liveth, even though she be at death's door, no right have I even to die, much less to order my own life. For, if I die, sorrow will be her lot, while [if I live as ye would have me live] what love be that where there be forgetfulness, what fellowship be there where there be no sharing alike of sorrow and of joy, what wedlock be there where there be no mutual

practice of devotion ? And so, how can I take thought for my kingdom ? How can I desire another wife ? A first marriage is by ordinance of God alone, while taking a second wife is the crime of a man who hath abandoned decency. Therefore am I resolved ne'er to take a second wife, and moreover, except with this queen, I cannot live. For :—

*Verse.* 8. “ She on whom my memory ever dwelleth ; she in whose glances mine eyes ne'er surfeit find ; she, through whom my body becometh hallowed when purified by drinking the nectar of her lip ; she to whom I have said ‘ thou art my very life ’, and without whom I find no joy—if lone and lorn apart from her I think of life, shall I not to abject vileness sink ? ”

When by these words the ministers understood that, without his queen, the king's sole resource was death, they said among themselves, “ It is clear that His Majesty's life can be saved only by saving the life of the Queen. Our posts as ministers depend on Her Majesty's life, and must we therefore make every effort that we can to save it.” Having so determined, they summoned a number of physicians learned in poison, and again began to apply antidotes to Her Majesty. As soon as they had identified the nature of the poison [the queen began to dance like one possessed, and a Nāga woman <sup>1</sup> issued from her body] crying, “ O King, while thou wast ruling over this land, my Nāga husband was slain by a low-born hunter, and a grief-stricken widow did I become. When I saw the hunter, vengeance would I have taken, but then thought I ‘ this hunter vile is no foe worthy of my royal spouse. How can I my vengeance take save on a foe my spouse's equal, and therefore will I smite and cause the king to thole grief for some dear one lost.’ For this cause did I bite thy queen.” Said the King, “ O lady Nāga, what fault have I committed ? ” Replied she, “ Whilst thou wast ruler

<sup>1</sup> The words enclosed in brackets are not in the printed text, and have been supplied from the Bengali translation. A Nāga was a kind of snake-demon, said to have the head of a human being and the tail of a serpent. The home of such Nāgas was said to be in hell, but they occasionally appeared on earth in serpent form.

of this land, murder was done by the vile hunter on my husband innocent." "Lady," said he, "I knew naught of it, and even Yama, the judge of departed souls, pardoneth crimes of which the doer hath no ken. Thou art thyself a faithful loving wife, full of courtesy and kindness, and therefore do I beseech thee to depart from my beloved." She replied, "Yea, I will depart from her, if thou in exchange for her life wilt give thine own." "Ah," cried the King, "here, verily, is news of happiness! Gladly do I give my life," and with these words, thrilling with delight, he seized a sword and put it to his neck intending to behead himself. As he did so, he cried joyfully, "So let it be, let my life be the price for the love I bear my darling. Let all her love be paid for even so." But the Nāga woman forbade him. "King, slay not thou, slay not thou! Moved by conduct truly worthy of a man, have I departed from thy beloved.

*Verse.* 9. "A sway that ruleth from sea to sea, a noble form, a full maturity worthy of enjoying royal delights—if all these thou art ready to abandon for the sake of one young girl, then, O Monarch, art thou truly wise.

"Fain, in a future life, would I win such a mutual love in my fate also, and in this hope must I follow my spouse and immolate myself upon his funeral pyre." With these words she departed from the queen, who as the symptoms of the poisoning disappeared, like a digit of the moon released from a screening cloud, shone she forth more lovely than before. Thereafter the King, filled with the highest rapture, now that he had safely passed over the ocean of calamity, with her enjoyed for many years the happiness of royalty.

*Verse.* 10. 'Twas as though a treasure sunk in the ocean of unjust calamity had floated up again to the surface. The queen had lost all disfigurement and resumed her comeliness, and thus to the king restored his happiness.

So endeth the Tale of the FAITHFUL LOVER.

### 38. THE TALE OF A COURTEOUS LOVER

*Verse.* 1. When a man, even though his fancy may wander, is full of tender affection for his lawful wife, and never layeth aside regard for the Lady of his House, he is said to be "Courteous".

There was once a king of Bengal hight Lakshmaṇa Sēna,<sup>1</sup> and his queen was named Ratna Prabhâ. He had also many secondary wives, "Lotus-flowers," "Painted Blossoms," "Swarthy Creepers," "Elephantines,"<sup>2</sup> and so forth, all excelling in birth and good qualities—each charming as she assumed a mood<sup>3</sup> of being a Ruler of her Lord, or Adventurous, or Pining, or Disappointed, or Resentful, or Angry yet Sorry, or Expectant and Ready, or Separated and Lonely—and as the King was generous, loving, handsome, and clear-witted, they would delight him with wanton jokes, pleasant words, frowns, passionate glances, close embraces, varied dalliance, and the sipping of the nectar of their lips. Nevertheless, although he spent happy hours with these young ladies, he exhibited such devotion to Queen Ratna Prabhâ as to assure her that she alone was his real beloved, and that all the others were but as handmaidens.

On one occasion, a treaty that existed between him and the King of Benares became broken, and war was declared. The King of Benares, who was strong in cavalry, had arranged to attack Lakshmaṇa Sēna at some other time, but Lakshmaṇa Sēna seizing upon a convenient opportunity in the rainy season, assembled his fleet and set forth up the Ganges to attack Benares. As the poet saith:—

<sup>1</sup> Regarding this celebrated king see note to Tale 23 (p. 104).

<sup>2</sup> According to Indian writers on poetics, all young women, as regards beauty, fall into one or other of these classes, which are mentioned in order of merit. The third, according to our author, is represented by a word that I have translated by "Swarthy Creeper". Other writers generally call her *Śankhinī*, or "Mother-o-pearl".

<sup>3</sup> Here we have the standard catalogue of the various moods assumed by members of the fair sex.



*Verse.* 2. A king strong in a fourfold <sup>1</sup> army is powerful according to time and place, and if he succeed in choosing his own time and his own place then doth he become the victor.

As he was about to set forth Queen Ratna Prabhâ thus addressed him : " My Lord, thou art a king, and hast many whom thou mayest love, and canst everywhere find joy ; but I am a wife, and have thee only for my resort. When thou art in a far country how shall I be able to spend the Night of Bliss ? <sup>2</sup> Therefore, I pray thee, let me go with thee." The King replied, " Dearest, thou alone art the Lady of my House ! Other women, like flowers or betel, are but sources of pleasure for a moment. If thou also go with me, what will become of my palace and of my kingdom ? Thou art as it were a second Lakshmi, the goddess of Good Fortune, to my Kingdom, and therefore abide thou here guided by my ministers, and of a surety on the Night of Bliss will I return and thee salute." Said she, " If thou break this thy promise, then will I throw myself upon a funeral pyre." Said he, " Break that promise will I not."

So the king set forth with his fourfold army, the banner of his fleet kissing the moon's disc, the depths of the ocean churned up by the blades of his oars, and heaven, earth, and hell terrified by the rolling of his kettledrums.<sup>3</sup> Arrived at Benares, he blockaded the royal citadel with his ships. When the rains began to fall his time was fully occupied in defeating his opponents, and, owing to his being busied in carrying out

<sup>1</sup> Elephants, chariots, cavalry, and infantry.

<sup>2</sup> This is the well-known festival of the *Āṣvini* in honour of Lakshmi, the goddess of Good Fortune. It is held at the new moon of the month of Kārtika (October-November), or just at the end of the rainy season. Every house is illuminated, and there are great rejoicings, husbands being specially attentive to their wives. In Tale 43 the festival is again referred to, and in the same connection. It should be noted that the king calls his wife a "second Lakshmi" when he promises to return by this date.

<sup>3</sup> The printed text has here *nishāna*, in the meaning of "kettledrum". If the text is correct our author has apparently made a slip, for the word is not Sanskrit. It is Hindi—possibly a corrupted borrowing of the Persian *nishān*.



his hopes of victory, he altogether forgot his promise to the queen. When the festival of the Night of Bliss fell due he noticed in the evening that the people of the city and the soldiers of the defending army, after completing the worship of the goddess Lakshmi, were waving torches and having a general illumination. He asked his attendants the reason. "Ah," said he, "this must be the festival of the Night of Bliss and I have broken my promise! Her Majesty, Queen Ratna Prabhâ, is sure to throw herself on to a funeral pyre and so to die! What am I to do? For:—

*Verse.* 3. "If a man of noble birth his promise doth not keep, mean and ungrateful is he, and keepeth he nothing in this world.

"Merely not to keep a promise is a sin, and how much greater sin is it if it cause a spouse's death! I must call my ministers for advice." And so he said to them, "Ye ministers, hearken. Such and such is the turn of affairs, what now had best be done?" Replied they, "Your Majesty, no cause is there for disquietude. What can be impossible to thy royal might? If the boatmen be encouraged by the hope of great rewards, they will get the vessel to thy capital this very night. Let your Majesty embark at once, and so redeem his plighted word. We all will here remain, steady in the blockade of the enemy's citadel?" Thus, in fact, was it arranged, and the King set out in a vessel manned by a thousand sturdy young rowers and speeding like a fellow of his desires. He arrived at Lakshmanâvatî<sup>1</sup> by the fourth watch of the night, and so was in time to prevent the death of his beloved, who was just about to throw herself upon the pyre. Her Majesty, too, as her eyes fell upon the King, knew that her test of his affection had been successful, and, with this consummation of her hope, exulted in the mutual happiness of her wedded life.

<sup>1</sup> This was the name of one of Lakshmana Sêna's capitals. It is the same as the modern Gaur in the Malda district of Northern Bengal.

*Verse.* 4. The love in which there is no transgression of command ; in which harshness overlieth not courtesy ; in which the affection, that at the first sprang up, turneth not in the heart to be a laughing-stock ; of which the glory is mutually experienced by the equal sharing of prosperity and adversity ;—that love existeth in the happiness of two loving spouses. All other love is but a prison-house of the Wanton God.

So endeth the Tale of the COURTEOUS LOVER.

### 39. THE TALE OF A DISCERNING AMOROSO

*Verse.* 1. The Discerning Amoroso, who seeketh happiness in enjoyment, is of three kinds, according to the women by whom he is beloved. Women, too, are of three kinds—women that are one's own, women that belong to others, and women that are common property.

So, according to Bharata <sup>1</sup> :—

*Verses.* 2. She who is one's own is a wedded wife, a companion and a helper in both worlds. In this world happiness doth she impart, and in the next world Paradise.

3. The sensual find constancy to their own lawful wives a hard resolve, nor can they find delight except with others' women.

4. The woman who is common property is a harlot, and her main desire is for money. To a rich man, though he be worthless, showeth she no hatred, and to a poor man, though he be of worth, showeth she no affection.

[This tale is not translated. It tells how the capital city of King Bhôja <sup>2</sup> was called Dhârâ, and in it there dwelt two courtesans, one named Kêtakî and the other Jâtakî. The two women quarrelled as to their respective merits and appealed to King Bhôja for an award. He was unable himself to decide and sent them on to King Vikramâditya of Ujjayinî (see Tale 1, p. 4), who cross-examined each and sent them

<sup>1</sup> I have failed to find this passage in the printed edition of Bharata's *Nāṭya-śāstra*. It is probably not intended as an actual quotation. The matter is a commonplace in Indian works on poetics.

<sup>2</sup> See Tale 25 (pp. 109 ff.). With reference to the present Tale it should be borne in mind that, in ancient India, courtesans, like the Greek *Hetæræ*, occupied a recognized position in the social scale of the community. Women of this profession could be intimate friends of reputable ladies, could be members of a king's retinue, and even find free access to the royal harem. For further details see "Side-light on Ancient Indian Social Life", by Kalipada Mitra, in *JASB.*, N.S., xxix (1923), pp. 55 ff.

back, ying that he would communicate his decision to King Bhôja. After their departure he himself mounted on Agni and Kôkila (pp. 5 and 23), went to Dhârâ, and in disguise, pretending to be a lover, visited each woman in her own house. Observing their conduct, he found that, while Kêtakî was tender and compassionate, Jâtakî was without affection and was only greedy for money. He therefore decided in favour of the former, and gave her a rich reward.]

So endeth the Tale of the DISCERNING AMOROSO.

#### 40. THE TALE OF A COZENING RAKE

*Verses.* 1. When a Cozener seeketh to possess a woman, he payeth her court; but he taketh aversion to her once his object hath been accomplished. By no woman is a cozener really loved, and no cozener really loveth a woman.

2. Women may be hoodwinked for a moment by the crooked banter of an amorous cozener. They may laugh with him, or they may sport with him, but they trust him not.

3. The love of a wanton trull, of a false friend, of a wicked lord, or of a knave, is like unto a flash of lightning—born of a sudden, then it vanisheth.

There is a city called Pāṭalīputra (the modern Patna), and there dwelt a Rājput named Khadga Sarvasva. He was once bringing his pretty young wife home from her father's house, when at a lonely spot on the road she was seen by that cozener Śaśī, who became filled with amorous desire to possess her. When Śaśī returned home he explained the state of affairs to his heart-close friend Mūla Dēva.<sup>1</sup> "Dear Mūla Dēva," said he, "to-day saw I a Rājput lady going along behind her husband. Wearied as she was with her long journey, her stately gait, like that of a must elephant, had become slow and unsteady. She bare a countenance made more beauteous by beads of sweat, like the orb of the moon honoured by a scattering of pearls. Yea:—

*Verse.* 4. "In her lovely form, that one might imagine to be made of gold, fatigue from the burden of her youthful rondure appeareth before mine eyes, and, as she walketh, a grace is born surpassing that of a stately elephant. Roe-eyed is she, and, as she

<sup>1</sup> We have already met these two disreputable gentlemen in Tale 21 (p. 95). In that story, too, Śaśī assumed the personality of a woman, but with a slightly more respectable object. In Tirhut folklore the two commonly appear as typical knaves.

glanceth, by the might of the sportive aiming of those Cupid's darts, at first there floweth a life-giving wave from the Milky Ocean, and then a stream of deadly poison.<sup>1</sup>

"From that moment my heart hath been aching for a tryst with her. Tell me, thou who art skilled in every artifice, how can this be brought about. If there be no means therefor, distraught by the pangs of Cupid's arrows, of a surety will I my life abandon, and thou wilt behold the destruction of a friend." As the poet saith of such as he :—

*Verse.* 5. The cozening lecher pursueth women, one after other, ever new and new ; nor with a thousand conquests doth he find content.

Said Mûla Dêva, "Friend, there be no need for care. A means will of a surety be found. Tell me, knowest thou by what road the Râjpût pair will travel ?" "I know it," said Śaśi, "for I asked them." Said Mûla Dêva, "Then indeed hast thou forethought shown. Go thou at once and pitch a tent at a lonely spot on that road some way ahead of them, and wait thou there dressed in woman's apparel. There will I also come to thee there."

[The rest of this Tale is not translated. It tells how Śaśi follows Mûla Dêva's advice, and how the two knaves wait on the road for the approach of the Râjpût pair. There Śaśi hides in the tent and pretends to be a woman in child-bed, while Mûla Dêva, by a shameful strategem, diverts the husband's attention, and the other succeeds in his design upon the woman's virtue.]

*Verse.* 9. Not e'en a jot of shame existeth in the soul of a cozeners, skilled as he be in crooked devices, and ever ready to provide a laugh.

So then they all went their several ways. As the poet saith :—

<sup>1</sup> This is an allusion to the legend of the churning of the Ocean by the gods, in order to obtain the nectar that would enable them to live for ever. They were successful, but the churning also brought up a terrible poison that would have destroyed everything, if the god Śiva had not swallowed it before it could do mischief.

*Verse.* 10. Fair as an image of perfect beauty, was she by passion smitten. By no procuress was she seduced, by no endearing speech was she enticed, nor was she gratified by gifts of gold. With the heavy burden of her full bosom languid was she in her gait, and with her long journey weary; yet was this spouse of another suddenly possessed by that crafty cozeners.

So endeth the Tale of the COZENING RAKE.



#### 41. THE TALE OF A LOVER INFATUATE

*Verse.* 1. If a man be a woman's thrall, captive in the chain of her frown, even though he be possessed of valour, of learning, and of understanding, he is called "A Lover Infatuate".

On the bank of the Ganges, there is a city called Kanauj,<sup>1</sup> where reigned Râjâ Jaya Chandra, the King of Kâśî. When this monarch had conquered all the surrounding lands and had satisfied his ambition to levy tribute from sea to sea, full of ardent affection and enslaved by voluptuous passion he luxuriated in the enjoyment of the sweets of royalty with his queen Śubha Dêvi. For :—

*Verse.* 2. The judgment of men followeth the path of prudence only so long as they be not the target aimed at by the side-glances of roe-eyed damsels.

And again :—

*Verse.* 3. Men may be learned in the scriptures, steadfast, pure, and free from worldly ties ; yet wherefore become they Cupid's slaves at the mere contact with a fair maid's passing glance ?

After a time a Moslem Sultan named Sahâvadîna,<sup>2</sup> came from Yôginîpura<sup>3</sup> with an army all complete in elephants chariots cavalry and infantry, and assailed Jaya Chandra. Over and over again did they contend in war to the death on both sides—the battleground a very dancing stage of headless corpses ghosts and demons. Over and over again was the Moslem Sultan defeated and put to flight, and in this way when Jaya Chandra had become arrogant owing to his repeated victories, the defeated Sultan, sullied by the humiliation of his disgrace, conceived against him a hatred dire.

<sup>1</sup> The ancient Kânyakubja. Regarding Jaya Chandra see Tale 3 (p. 14) (the Tale of the Hero Valorous).

<sup>2</sup> i.e. Shahâbu-d-dîn, also called Muḥammad Ghôrî.

<sup>3</sup> Delhi. Cf. Tale 2 (p. 9).

So he considered to himself saying, "If Jaya Chandra cannot be overcome by force in battle, then must I set my wits to work against him. For :—

*Verse.* 4. "If a weakling be conquered in battle by a stronger foe, then skilled agents should he employ, to sow dissension in the other's hosts.

"True tidings concerning my enemy's forces must I therefore seek :—

*Verse.* 5. "In every kingly policy is knowledge of true tidings counselled ; for the policy of those whose true condition is known to an enemy ne'er beareth fruit.

"It therefore behoveth me to ascertain who it be that hath most authority in Jaya Chandra's realm, for no profit cometh from alliance with or from conflict with men who possess not authority." So when a spy, who had been sent out for this purpose by the Sultan, returned, he reported as follows : "Sire, at the present moment, Jaya Chandra hath a mighty army and great wealth. He is far-sighted and perspicacious in his judgment and loyally devoted to him are his subjects." Said the Sultan, "Who be it that possesseth most influence in his realm ?" Replied the spy, "Vidyâdhara, his chief minister, and Śubha Dēvi, his Queen." "Doth the King pay heed unto the words of his Queen ?" "Not only doth he heed her words, but he doeth all that she saith, nor ever disregardeth it." Said the Sultan, "If he be thus a woman's thrall, then is he already fallen into mine hand, and whither can the wretched fellow go ? Let me first get the wife under my control, and she will easily become my willing tool. For :—

*Verse.* 6. "Surges, haste, eddies, ferment, all these hath water, and like to it in nature is womankind. Try though thou may, they ne'er upward go, but with no effort of thine speed they to a lower place.

"Moreover :—

*Verse.* 7. "Hesitating yet mature in raptures, a home alike of love and of delusion, with glances fleeting,

readily yielding to another's wit, when aptly urged what will not a woman do ?

“ And again :—

*Verse.* 8. “ In dainty devices, in adornment, and in fine apparel, yea, in fruits and flowers, doth the desire of women take its birth.

“ But it seemeth that Vidyâdhara, his chief minister, hath also great influence, and that appeareth to add difficulties to the task. So must I take every heed that all my schemes be not brought to nought by some piece of sagacity invincible. But verily God seemeth to be kind to me :—

*Verse.* 9. “ In schemes of polity doth a man count on God to show him kindness, as in games of chance he counteth on the kindness of the dice, and as in their happy delights doth a woman count upon the kindness of her beloved.”

Accordingly, as he considered that a Brâhman has everywhere the right of entry, he summoned a Brâhman named Chaturbhujâ, a man versed in all the four Vêdas and an accomplished linguist, and instructed him as follows : “ Chaturbhujâ, take thou ten lacs<sup>1</sup> of rupees with thee to Kanauj. When thou art there must thou use this money of mine, and thine own perspicacity, to bring Queen Śubhâ Dêvî under my influence ; and when thine efforts have been successful, great will be thy reward.” Replied Chaturbhujâ, “ As My Lord commandeth, so will I do ; though if I be successful, due will it be to My Lord's majesty alone. But great is the sum of money, and how am I to carry it thither ? ” “ I am arranging,” said the Sultan, “ to divide the money among ten merchants, a lac to each, and they will convey the ten lacs in the shape of goods, and go thither on the pretext of buying and selling merchandise. Subject to thy order will they there abide, and thou disguised as a mendicant beggar wilt make thy way into the royal court, and carry out my task.”

So, in due course, the Brâhman completed his preparations,

<sup>1</sup> A lac is a hundred thousand.

set out with all the equipment, and when he had reached Kanauj presented himself to King Jaya Chandra. There, by his varied accomplishments he became a familiar attendant at the court, and would recite the Vêdic texts while the king performed his daily worship. By degrees he succeeded in gaining an interview with the queen, and she, pleased by his courtly talk, would ask him about various matters. Thus each day would he hold her in converse, and as time went by, they became on terms of cordial intimacy, till one day he seized the opportunity of thus addressing her. "Your Majesty, in the whole circuit of the earth thou alone art supremely fortunate, for thou hast won the praise of the Sultan Sahâvadina." "Nay, shame on thee for such words!" cried she. "How can the Sultan know aught of me?" Said the Brâhman, "Your Majesty, not only doth he know of thee, but he knoweth also of the acuteness of thine intellect. Nay, there be one other tale that I could tell, but that I fear to make it known to thee." Said she, "Thou needst have no fear. Tell me. What be the tale?" So when he had satisfied himself that the Queen was verily desirous of hearing the story, the Brâhman continued, "Your Majesty, one day there came into the Sultan's possession a signet-ring, set with many jewels and consummate in its beauty. As he took it, he wept aloud, and cried, 'Alas, the Creator hath given this ring to me, and hath not given me the Dear Beloved on whom I might bestow it. For she is Śubha Dêvî, and her hath He to Jaya Chandra given. Ah, great indeed must be Jaya Chandra's virtues to have earned such reward!' Now, if thou be not wrathful, this ring can I fetch and offer to Your Majesty." Said the Queen, "And if thou offer the ring to me, what benefit will thereby come?" Said he, "Only the union of the elect with the elect, for it be only of Your Majesty that this ring be worthy." With these words he presented her with the ring; and as he observed the delight exhibited at the time of receiving it by this royal lady, ordinarily by nature so demure, he said to himself, "Aha, I have thee now! My labours have borne their fruit."

And so, as time went on, when he had confirmed her regard for him by over and over again making her presents, he one day counselled her. "My Lady, thou art His Majesty's chief queen and dearly loved by him. Yet all the same thy father and thy brethren are of no account in the kingdom. The entire authority resteth in the hands of Vidyâdhara, and it is he alone who devoureth all the sweets of office. What be the profit of thy happy fortune?" At this she asked him what she should do, and he replied, "The King is thy devoted slave, and so powerful art thou that nothing is impossible. Harken now to what thou shouldst do. Set in authority over all the revenue departments of the state men of thy father's family who are well disposed to thee and guarantee to the King thereby to double the revenue from each accruing. When the King findeth that he is getting double revenue in three or four departments, he will put implicit confidence in all that thou mayst say. The funds necessary for this will be provided by me, for through the generosity of the Moslem Sultan there will be no lack of money. So at length the King, in his greed for more and more revenue, will conclude that Vidyâdhara hath been guilty of peculation and will dismiss him from his office. In this way thy authority will become established over the whole kingdom. For kings are greedy of revenue, and the successful heads of state departments are those that succeed in increasing it. In this way when his entire realm hath fallen into thy hand, thou wilt easily carry out any scheme that may suggest itself."

The Queen followed the Brâhman's counsel and, as in each case the promised results were obtained, her satisfaction in his advice became confirmed. Her own relations—the King's brothers'-in-law, and so on—were appointed to high offices and every one of them became her strong partisan. Distrust in his minister, Vidyâdhara, was instilled into the King's mind, and seduced by the Brâhman's words the queen herself began to feel a longing for the Moslem Sultan.

When this news was conveyed to that monarch by a messenger despatched by the Brâhman, he forthwith assembled

his entire forces and with them threatened the territories of Kanauj. He knew that Jaya Chandra's minister, Vidyâdhara, would recognize that this hostile action was a seed of calamity to Kanauj, but was doubtful as to what action he would pursue—would he remain silent about it to the King, or would he report the facts knowing that the King no longer trusted him. Accordingly to test the progress of the Brâhman Chaturbhujâ's intrigue he sent forth one of his most trusted servants, a Moslem named Alapâ Sênâvara.<sup>1</sup> This man disguised himself as a wandering beggar, and made his way into the city bazaar, where he exhibited a dancing ram. It happened that as Vidyâdhara the minister was on his way from the palace his eye fell upon Alapâ, and he said to himself, "This fellow, with his wide brow, red-cornered eyes, long arms, and all the marks of some distinguished person, is certainly not a beggarman. He must be some Moslem, and I must get him into my house under pretence of wanting to see his dancing ram, and find out about him." So in due course he did, and then privily asked him, "Moslem, who art thou?" The Moslem replied, "A beggarman am I." Said Vidyâdhara, "Talk not like that. Come, tell the truth. Thou needst not be afraid. Why shouldst thou fear in honest company? A lying word before me hath no success. I know thee who thou art, Alapâ Sênâvara." "How knowest thou that?" said the Moslem. And Vidyâdhara produced a roll of pictures saying, "Minister of the Moslem Sultan, look thou upon this. Herein is portrayed the likeness of every man of authority in thy kingdom. See here, too, thine own portrait." Unable to make answer, in his amazement the Moslem cried, "Hail to thee, thou king among ministers! Prudent indeed art thou in thy well-timed deed. And yet thy Lord, King Jaya Chandra, tottereth to his fall." Said Vidyâdhara, "My word he heedeth not." "Then, verily,

<sup>1</sup> Who this was, I have been unable to ascertain. The first part of the name appears to be Turkish, and reminds us of Alap-tigin and Alp-arsalan. The Bengali translation calls him "Anap Shâh". Another reading of the Sanskrit text is "Alayâsa"; which is equally unintelligible to me.



is he a fool." "My Lord is, indeed, endowed with skill in each and every policy; but, thrall to a woman, doth he go astray." Said the Moslem, "Then indeed, is he a fool of fools; for when his Lord trusteth him not, a minister hath no recourse. As it hath been said:—

*Verse.* 10. "When a master, led by enemies, abandoneth his trust in a servant, then even wise counsel doth he suspect as perfidy.

"So, Sir, if it seem good to thee, I will take thee to the Sultan, and have this kingdom given to thee." Even as he heard these words, Vidyâdhara covered his ears with his hands crying, "Ah, God forbid, my friend, such evil thoughts! Let not such a thing be said again. Men that desire welfare in the future life betake not themselves to their master's foe; nor, when misfortune cometh, do they their Lord forsake. Nay, for his sake, do they their own lives sacrifice." The Moslem replied, "King among Ministers, although now thou knowest me as an abettor of thy foe, yet workest thou to me no ill. How can I this kind deed of thine requite?" Said Vidyâdhara, "If ill befall thee, what is that to me? It is Jaya Chandra that I serve. There be one manner of requital for my kindness, and that doth work ill to thee. When the time cometh for the assault upon the citadel, at its south gate will be my post; and with me will be five hundred horsemen faithful and devoted to my cause. There, though my Lord no longer showeth love to me, for him will I prove my faithfulness in deeds of derring do; and if the Sultan himself come before me as my adversary, then according to the greatness of my foe will I the greater glory win."

To this did Alapâ Sênâvara assent and so depart, while Vidyâdhara, the minister of Jaya Chandra, in order to secure the perpetuation of his line, first of all sent forth his own son in safety outside the citadel; and then, when the time came for the assault, himself grasped his sword, and with his half-thousand loyal and devoted horsemen adorned the southern gate. Then, when the enemy's army came in sight, and the



Sultan himself came before him, calling the holy Sun to be the witness of his loyalty to his master, he dashed full tilt into the midst of the opposing host, and sword in hand waged terrific combat. Many heroes of the foeman did Vidyâdhara slay before his soul abandoned his body, tortured with arrow-wounds—a *butea*-tree covered with scarlet blossoms—and forced its way into the celestial solar orb. To his bloody death did the foeman homage pay, as the Sultan captured the fortress, seized the kingdom, and with the plunder of its treasures, gave rich largess to his soldiers. But Jaya Chandra found he not, nor was aught discovered whither he had fled, what had befallen him, or by whom he had been slain.<sup>1</sup>

But the Sultan had Queen Śubha Dēvī brought before him, and he asked her, “Madam, what kind of wife art thou to Jaya Chandra?” To this made she reply, “His wedded wife was I, and eke his dearling. [But now, learning of thy love for me, it is thy spouse that I am become.]”<sup>2</sup> Cried he, “Ah! Sinful Jade, thou Worker of Treachery to thy Lord. Thou hast been his wedded wife, nor hast thou been content in honouring him who loved thee so. How canst thou be mine?” With these words, drawing his sword, he hacked her limb from limb and scattered her members broadcast on the plain.

And thus said he :—

*Verse.* 11. “If a wife be but a handmaid of his pleasure, then is it lawful for her mate to cherish her. But thralldom to her is aye forbidden, for the doom of a woman’s thrall is misery.”

So endeth the Tale of a LOVER INFATUATE.

<sup>1</sup> As a matter of history he escaped from Kanauj, and shortly afterwards (A.D. 1194) was defeated and slain by Shahâbu-d-dîn in the battle of Chandrâwar.

<sup>2</sup> The passage in brackets is not in the printed Sanskrit text, but appears in the Bengali translation.

## ON SALVATION

*Verses.* 1. Some there be which say that Salvation<sup>1</sup> consisteth in the experience of supreme and never ending bliss. Others affirm that it consisteth in freedom from suffering, and that that is what he desireth who striveth for Salvation.

2. It is by abandoning life at Benares, by apprehension of the Self, and through devotion to Śiva, the Lord of the three worlds, that the Salvation of those who know truth is accomplished.

Some there be which say that Salvation dependeth only on the Knowledge of the Truth, and that this knowledge of truth is gained through dying at Benares, by devotion to Śiva and so on. As the distinguishing mark of salvation is that it is accomplished by means of the Knowledge of the Truth, I proceed to describe those men who have this knowledge. These men are of three kinds, as described in the following verses :—

*Verses.* 3. Salvation is of but one kind, but of three kinds are they that strive for it—the Unfaltering, the Free from Worldly Ties, and He who hath attained Perfection.

### 42. THE TALE OF A SAINT UNFALTERING

4. If a man hath abandoned all mundane desire, hath devoutly accepted the word of his preceptor, and be resolute in striving for the knowledge of the truth, he is called a “Saint Unfaltering”.

In the city of Dvâarakâ<sup>2</sup> there dwelt a Brâhman hight Śuddhâśaya,<sup>3</sup> and he had a son named Vivêka Śarman, who,

<sup>1</sup> This is the last of the four objects of life (see p. 125)—Righteousness, Worldly Prosperity, Sexual Love, and Salvation. The first three are directly concerned with this world, but Salvation is concerned with the world to come. Righteousness has been dealt with on pp. 125 ff., Worldly Prosperity on pp. 138 ff., and Love on pp. 149 ff.

<sup>2</sup> A very famous and holy city in what is now the Kâthiâwâr Peninsula of Gujarat.

<sup>3</sup> i.e. Pureheart.

owing to merit acquired in former births, from his very childhood had been assured of the impermanence of all mundane conduct. As hath been said :—

*Verse.* 5. A vulture nestling taketh flesh for food, and a new-born deer-fawn straightway grazeth upon herbs. So reaping the harvest of his former births, a new-born manchild by nature drinketh milk for sustenance.

Later on, when he had passed his childhood in the pursuit of various branches of learning, and had become a youth, even at that early age he was completely indifferent to mundane attractions, and in his desire for the Knowledge of the Truth, he thus addressed his father :—

“My Father, I am one that seeketh for the Knowledge of the Truth. Fain, by some means, would I serve as pupil one who possesseth that knowledge ; nor, save by the favour of sitting at a preceptor’s feet, can it be obtained. Thou art my father, and art one who possesseth the Knowledge of the Truth and hath the Wisdom of the Scriptures. Therefore, it is thee whom as a pupil I would serve. For :—

*Verse.* 6. “When learning is present in his home, the seeker after knowledge wandereth not elsewhere. When a man can gather fruit at the foot of a tree, no need hath he to climb to its topmost branches.”

Said his father, “My son, thou art still in thy youth. Enjoy thou therefore first the pleasures of thine age. Thou wouldest abandon the stage of household life<sup>1</sup> and straightway become an anchorite. Doth one who would climb a tree begin his climbing at its top ?” Replied the son, “Dear one, who will be surety that my life will last so long ? O my Father, as I scrutinize the nature of the universe the more full of mystery doth it seem. If a son be smitten by a sore disease, his father, even though he love him, cannot share his pangs ; when a darling wife is being led away by Death’s apparitors,

<sup>1</sup> According to tradition there are four stages in the life of a Brâhman, viz. (1) that of a student, (2) that of a householder, (3) that of an anchorite, and (4) that of renunciation of all worldly ties.

no matter how mighty her spouse may be, he cannot save her; a mother knoweth not the desires of her son, even though he be born of her own womb; nay more, even a man's own body when racked by disease is not at his command; and so my mind, that hath achieved the certainty that no one hath aught in common with another, no longer occupieth itself in the course of worldly life, and I myself am striving to attain to the supreme object<sup>1</sup> of mankind. But neither worldly prosperity nor woman's love is such an object. Wealth is no cause of true happiness, for happiness hath its complement in sorrow, and in this rich and poor are both alike. Riches help not to save a man's life, as is proven when we observe that even a millionaire cometh to his death; nor are riches a cause of comfort, for even the man that possesseth a lac of money still desireth more, and as he gaineth more still more doth his thirst for more increase. Nor is the love of women such an object, for no matter how long it be enjoyed still a man it satisfieth not. Nor yet again is righteousness such, for when its fruit hath been earned and enjoyed, that fruit hath been lost for ever, and therefore as an object of life it hath but the semblance and no reality; for its rewards, such as an abode in Paradise, are but transient, and even they at some time find an end. Therefore the only real object of life is Ultimate Salvation. Tender is thy heart in the love of thy son, and therefore, prithee, teach me how I may achieve salvation."

Replied the father, "Well said, my Son, well said! That the world is utterly without savour is verily indeed the truth, and that thou knowest. If thou desire salvation, then do I tell the means thereto. But the mere knowledge of this means is in no way effectual, or else I myself would ere now have attained to it. For:—

*Verse.* 7. "Means are but paths, and rare on them are travellers. All men know the way, but only he who travellethe thereon reacheth the blessed goal.

<sup>1</sup> The four objects of life are, as we have already seen, Righteousness, Worldly Prosperity, Sexual Love, and Salvation (see p. 125).

"And moreover, as the Scripture saith 'Lo, Dear One, the Supreme must be heard, must be comprehended, must be pondered on, and must be made visible',<sup>1</sup> and it is by these words that he telleth the means thereto.

*Verse.* 8. "It must be heard from the precepts of the Scripture. It must be comprehended by reasonable proofs, and, when comprehended, must It be pondered over. It is these that make It visible.

"And the meaning of this is that the true nature of the Supreme must be 'heard', that is to say 'listened to', from the precepts of the Vêda. It must be comprehended by reasonable proofs, that is to say, as It is made known by a Vêdic precept, so is It established, and It must be comprehended (that is to say 'understood') by strict inference according to the rules of logic with its positive and negative assertions.

*Verse.* 9. "'He who is versed in the Sound-Brahma, reacheth the Supreme Spirit,'<sup>2</sup> and when he knoweth It, must he continually ponder thereon. These are they that make It visible.

"Again and again must thou continually meditate upon the nature of the Self. For as thou meditate on the Self, when the mind, turned away from worldly concerns, becometh fixed and unmoveable, then is born perception of the Self, and that be it that is the means of Salvation. As hath been said in the Upanishad,<sup>3</sup>

*Verses.* 10. "'For the mind is described as twofold—pure and impure. It is impure when it be touched by desire, and it is pure when from desire it be freed.'

11. "'When the mind kept under in the heart, hath cast off all contact with worldly concerns, when a man passeth into that state in which the mind no longer existeth, then that is the supreme goal.'

<sup>1</sup> This is a quotation from *Brihadâranyaka Upanishad*, II, iv, 5, and IV, v, 6.

<sup>2</sup> A quotation from the *Maitrî Upanishad*, vi, 22 (repeated in the *Brahmabindu Up.*, 17).

<sup>3</sup> *Maitrî Up.*, vi, 34; also *Brahmabindu Up.*, i and iv.

"But hard to ward off is the contact of the mind with worldly concerns, and it is but when the mind hath none of these, that the path of salvation becometh open to him that would fare thereon. For :—

*Verse.* 12. "When greed—that tigress with jaw ever opened wide for more and more possessions,—devoureth not; if lust,—that robber—no longer wound thee with the arrows of a fair maid's eyes; if the darkness, hight 'illusion', obscure not yonder view; then of a surety is the path of salvation but a day's journey for him that would go thereon.

"Therefore must thou concentrate the mind with the aid of the [eight] auxiliaries, viz., with the aid of duty, self-restraint, [posture],<sup>1</sup> suspension of the breath, restraint of organs, meditation, abstraction, and perfect absorption, and so wilt thou become unfaltering in the apprehension of the Self."

To all this did the son reply, "My Father, thou art my preceptor, and through the blessing of thy teaching, from this day will I become unfaltering in my search for this apprehension." "Then," said the father, "wilt thou win the fruit thereof. For, as the poet saith :—

*Verse.* 13. "Through unflinching resolve do men succeed in crossing over the Ocean of Existence, in chaining the wild elephant of their passions, yea, in mastering all sciences, and in roving forth from the binding-noose of fate. With senses subdued, and devotedly sunk in abstract contemplation, by slow degrees subduing the atmosphere of existence, do these Saints Unfaltering, well-pleased, behold that Supreme Goal, so hard to see."

So endeth the Tale of a SAINT UNFALTERING.

<sup>1</sup> The word "posture" is omitted in the printed text. As the list of auxiliaries is well known, I have supplied it.



#### 43. THE TALE OF A SAINT FREE FROM WORLDLY TIES.

*Verse.* 1. He whom hate and such other vices have abandoned, who hath become possessed by mercy and such other virtues, and who hath turned away from the things of this world, is said to be a "Saint Free from Worldly Ties."

In the city of Benares there once lived a wandering ascetic named Vâmana. He had made himself a master of scriptural philosophy, and was devoted to the performance of the teaching of him who had been his spiritual preceptor. Being unfaltering in following the doctrines of abstract contemplation, he had gradually subdued his vital airs, and had become supremely free from all passion, looking upon friend and foe with equal eye. In gain he rejoiced not, and in loss he felt no sorrow; for happiness he yearned not, nor did sorrow to him cause distress.

When the Holy Nârâyana<sup>1</sup> observed that Vâmana had thus become free from all emotion, he graciously deigned to utter to him a word of commendation in his own voice. The holy man, supremely delighted at hearing the actual audible words of the god, next became filled with desire for the privilege of beholding him with his own eyes, and thus addressed him, "Holy Nârâyana, Thou art all-seeing, towards everywhere are turned Thine eyes, Thy head, Thy face. Thou art all in all. In Thy gracious favour Thou hast deigned to utter a voice to me. Even so, grant Thou unto me a vision of Thyself." Replied the god, "Reverend Vâmana, I shall indeed show myself unto thee; but that will be in a future birth, when thy mind shall have become completely detached from all things of this world." To this replied the ascetic, "How can I feel a wish for things of this world—I, who am pure through my abandonment of all the three<sup>2</sup> kinds of

<sup>1</sup> i.e. Vishnu, the Supreme Deity.

<sup>2</sup> Apparently the Desire for sons, the Desire for wealth, and the Desire for higher worlds, as mentioned in *Brihadâranyaka Upanishad*, III, v, i; IV, iv, 22. I am indebted to Professor F. W. Thomas for this reference.



desire ? ” Said the god, “ My Son, put not thou thy trust in thy senses, for things of this world are near and close to them, and that be a cause of perturbation. The true anchorite is he whose heart is perturbed not even when he be close to the things of this world, and in these days there is but one such man. He is named Kṛishṇa Chaitanya,<sup>1</sup> and he alone in this present birth will gain such a vision, and so straightway achieve salvation. When thou also wilt become such as he, then also wilt thou gain that vision.”

So the ascetic meditated and said to himself, “ Ah, can it be possible that there existeth a man more indifferent to the world than I ! If such there be, I needs must go and see him.” At this he made his way to the Daṇḍaka<sup>2</sup> forest, and there in a shrine of Śiva close to a city, peaceful and so solitary that not even a fly was visible, he found the anchorite, rapt in contemplation, close to the image of the god. He was one that solicited no alms, nor in quest of such the city did he ever enter. When Vāmana saw him thus, he was not immediately convinced that this holy man was greater than he, and determined to stay by him and observe if he were the more unperturbed by the things of the world ; “ for,” thought he, “ it is only by long observation that a man’s real nature can be ascertained, and therefore must I watch and see.”

Now the festival of the Night of Bliss<sup>3</sup> happened to recur just at this time, and the king of that country had become enamoured of some other woman, and had neglected his own lawful wife and queen. She herself was not a chaste woman and was moreover of a jealous disposition. So, flaming with

<sup>1</sup> Vāmana and Kṛishṇa Chaitanya are two names celebrated in India. But Vāmana was a grammarian who flourished in the seventh century B.C., while Kṛishṇa Chaitanya was a famous Vaishṇava reformer, who flourished in Bengal in the sixteenth century A.D. There can therefore be no question of these two being the persons referred to in this story. The names are probably invented for the occasion.

<sup>2</sup> The name of a forest in Southern India, between the Nerbudda (*Narmadā*) and the Godavery (*Gōdāvarī*) rivers.

<sup>3</sup> i.e. the *Dīwālī* festival, also mentioned in connection with connubial love in Tale 38 (p. 155).

anger at her lord's neglect, she summoned her maid of honour, crying, "Hearken, friend dear as my life. My Lord, the King, though he hath experience of the pangs of the love by which he himself is possessed, still regardeth not such pangs when another is their thrall. He goeth to strange women, and cheateth me of my rights. If on this Night of Bliss I win not a man's embrace, then of what value is the bloom of my youth or my life itself?" Replied the maid, "My Lady, thy desire was not known to me during the daytime, and so to no gallant have I broached the matter. Now, in the night, the time when youths have already made their trysts, who is there left for me to find alone and in that privacy, without which no invitation could be made? Whither, too, can I go? For if a woman be seen wandering out by night, it giveth rise to evil suspicion. How, too, at such an hour shall I recognize a gallant of true discretion, and what happiness can come from some low fellow who is not discerning, and who therefore is not meet for thee? Still, one youth have I seen. He hath every mark of a noble disposition, and abideth in privacy—but he is an anchorite." "Ah, where is he?" asked the Queen. "At Śiva's shrine." "Come, let us straightway hasten thither." Said the maid, "Useless would be the journey. He is indeed young and well-favoured, but he is an ascetic who hath conquered all his senses. Ne'er can he be converted to the amorous creed." "Ah," cried the Queen, "How can he be young and not a slave to love:—

*Verse.* 2. "Save Śiva, I know of none in the three worlds who hath attained sufficient skill the god of love to master. Yet even this Śiva himself gave half his body to his spouse, and so became the father of Gaṇeśa."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> When Kandarpa, the god of love, dared to excite in Śiva, who was then engaged in austerities, amorous thoughts of his wife Pârvatî, Śiva reduced Kandarpa to ashes by merely looking at him with his terrible third eye. Ever since, the god of love has had no visible form, and is hence known as "the Bodiless One". In one of his forms, Śiva is half a man and half a woman, the female half being his spouse Pârvatî. In this condition, Pârvatî became the mother of the elephant-headed god Gaṇeśa, who is said to have sprung from the scurf of her body.

To this the maid replied, "Well said, My Lady, well said ! Verily the god of love is still alive, and if in the night hours a lovely form like thine be privily bestowed upon this youth, how can he turn away from thee ? So come ! Let us hasten thither. But I have observed that, though he be discerning, he is destitute. A mere strip of cloth to hide his nakedness is all that he possesseth. It is fitting therefore that we should take with us some things of value, for the desires of the poor are fixed on wealth and on wealth alone." To this the queen assented, and she collected a supply of articles suitable alike for dalliance and for the worship of Śiva, such as flowers, sandal-wood, and areca, together with many valuables, both money and jewels. Thus, longing for caresses, led forth by her maid of honour, on the pretext of going to worship Śiva, she hastened to the saint's abode. There, in Śiva's shrine saw she seated a handsome youth, living in solitude, who was no other than the anchorite Krishna Chaitanya. Under the pretence of offering worship to the god, she gradually drew near him, and began to display herself in wanton gestures. And thus :—

*Verse.* 3. With playful foot-trip marked by the tinkling of her anklets ; with graceful waving of her vine-like arms, and with sweet disarray of braided tresses ;—even though so roused by the slender creature, —charming with glances furtive yet tender and suffused with the nectar of her smiles,—still the god of love found no place in the ascetic's consciousness.

Said the maid, "My Lady, by thine amorous gestures he hath not been moved. Is it not now expedient that I should speak plainly to him of the matter ? " To this the Queen agreed, and the maid went on, "Sir Anchorite, here be this young lady come privily to thee, and why greetest thou her not ? In affairs of the heart, all that a lady need to do is but to disclose her inclination. In the arts that follow thereupon it is the man's intelligence that should be the guide." With these words, after laying the valuables—money and jewels—before him, she retired and waited outside the shrine. But

when she understood that even in such privacy the holy man's heart remained unmoved, she returned and cried, "Man, if passion awake not in thy heart, hast thou no pity for a woman? Behold, with Love's fever is she distraught, and hath sought thee for her comfort. Wherefore dost thou treat her with this contumely?" Then spake the saint and said, "Sweet-voiced Lady, dost thou seek aught of me, or why dost thou approach one whose heart is hard as timber or as a rock? If passion hath seized thee, approach some other man, and so fulfil thy desires. Take away also these thy goods, for an anchorite am I, and with money or with women have I no concern. As it is written:—

*Verse.* 4. "If a saint, who hath abandoned all earthly joys, harbour a wish for wealth, what remaineth of his saintship, as in the slough of desire he becometh engulfed?"

"Moreover:—

*Verse.* 5. "To me wealth is but a clod of earth; to me each and every woman is as my mother; all living creatures are my friends. No higher wisdom is there aught than this."

Now when Vāmana, the ascetic of Benares, who had all this time been watching Kṛishṇa Chaitanya, saw this entire metamorphosis (of all human nature), he marvelled, and said to himself:—

*Verse.* 6. "Who is this wiseacre! He heedeth not the solicitations of this fair lady, who hath thus in privacy approached him; and, lo, in her beauty she is graceful as a vine, accomplished in all the arts of delight, a very goddess of happiness fulfilling all desires!"

"Yea:—

*Verse.* 7. "He hath shunned the tryst with the fawn-eyed lady, that he had already gained. What other fruit of asceticism need a man secure, who hath gained a fruit that is so rich a cause of bliss?"

"I' faith, I myself will pay my court to her." But even as

he started forth with this intent, the Holy Nārāyaṇa uttered a voice to him from heaven, saying, "Ah, Vāmana, is not this the veritable word that I said unto thee, 'put not thou thy trust in thy senses.' " Then was Vāmana filled with shame, and he said to himself, "Once freedom from all desire hath been acquired, knowledge also can lead to salvation, but not so, by itself alone, all a man's accumulated merit of good works. Therefore, of a truth, the paths of an ascetic who treateth the things of this world as but naught are alone expedient. As the poet saith :—

*Verse.* 8. "So long as desire, so long as greed for wealth, dwell within the heart ; so long as the soul confesseth fear of the flower-arrowed god of love ; so long as friendship is not unselfish, nor looketh upon all and every with an equal eye ; so long can not the Self, ever full of mystery, hope to approach perception of the Infinite." <sup>1</sup>

So endeth the Tale of the SAINT FREE FROM WORLDLY TIES.

<sup>1</sup> The Sanskrit text ends the story here. But the Bengali version adds that Nārāyaṇa was so pleased with Kṛṣṇa Chaitanya's entire freedom from all desire, that he granted him a vision of himself, with the result that the holy man there and then gained perfect ultimate salvation. Neither account tells anything about the ultimate fate of the errant queen.

#### 44. THE TALE OF ONE WHO ATTAINED PERFECTION.

In the city of Ujjayinî there were once three princes born of the same mother, named respectively Bhartrihari, Śaka, and Vikramāditya.<sup>1</sup> Of these Bhartrihari was the eldest, and he, owing to the merits of good actions done in a former life, was faultless, unsullied, calm, tender-hearted, and free from all worldly ties. When, in course of time, his father departed this life, although he had no desire for kingship, at the urgent prayer of the ministers he let himself be raised to the throne; for he accepted the ordinance that, as he was born in a royal family and was the senior among his brethren, the royal duties were imposed upon him by law. He mounted the throne, not in accordance with his own inclination, but out of a sense of duty, and in so doing he addressed the ministers as follows, "Sirs, hearken ye. The sweets of royalty must be enjoyed by a king, but such sweets can only be enjoyed when they have not been previously experienced. Therefore never feed ye me again with food that hath been served before." On these conditions he accepted the sweets of royalty, skilful in the administration of justice, annihilating his adversaries, ruling the subdued, and cherishing his subjects. In this way he passed his time for only a year, and on the expiry of that period his ministers approached him saying, "In this single year Your Majesty hath enjoyed each and every one of all permissible sweets of royalty. But henceforth there can be only a repetition of these same sweets, and Your Majesty hath forbidden us to feed you with food that hath been served before. May Your Majesty deign to instruct us as to how we should act." Replied the King, "If a man may enjoy only those same sweets that he hath enjoyed before, then can there be no finality to his enjoyment and ne'er can he be satisfied. As the old saw hath it:—

<sup>1</sup> Ujjayinî is the modern Ujjain, see Tale 1. Vikramāditya is the hero of that tale and also of Tales 5, 17, and 39 (pp. 22, 73, and 158, qq.v.).



*Verses.* 1. "When a man hath seen a year, and each  
whim hath once been gratified, then he hath seen it  
all, and wherefore should it return again ?

2. "When a man's desire for pleasures is not  
allayed even by their full enjoyment, then doth  
craving greed ensue, a fatal disease that no man can  
ward off."

With these words did Bhartṛihari, in his freedom from all  
passion, abandon his entire kingdom, and all the sweets of  
royalty. He made over his throne to his brother Śaka, and  
departed to a grove of penance where he devoted himself  
to practices of austerity. Constantly abiding in the posture  
known as "the lotus-seat", his mind merged in his spinal  
cord, rending asunder the six mystic circles of his body,  
like an unborn babe devoid of all external consciousness,<sup>1</sup>  
he remained rapt in absorbed meditation on the comprehension  
of the Supreme Soul, and in contemplation of the Supreme  
Felicity. It happened that on one occasion, when for some  
cause or other his meditation was interrupted, he noticed that  
the rag of bark-cloth that formed his only garment was  
torn, and he began to sew it together with a needle made of  
a bamboo splinter. The Adorable Viṣṇu noticed that he  
was at leisure and conscious of his surroundings ; so, glorifying  
the door of his hut, he approached and thus addressed him,  
"Bhartṛihari, my faithful adorer art thou, and in thee am  
I well pleased. Therefore, choose thee thou a boon." To this  
did the King make reply :—

*Verse.* 3. "The world with all its oceans desire I not,  
nor do I desire length of days to cover myriads of  
ages. I long not for Paradise, nor for celestial damsels,  
nor for Indra's throne. How can there be supplica-  
tion from one who hath abandoned all desire, and how  
can a gift be made to him that hath abandoned  
supplication ? If, Lord of the Universe, thou wouldst  
make a gift, then give the boon to one that is a  
suppliant."

<sup>1</sup> These are all technical terms for the mystic exercises undertaken by  
Yogis. In the "lotus-seat" posture the legs are crossed and each foot  
rests in the hollow of the opposite thigh.



Said The Adorable, "my son Bhartṛihari, Verily art thou indeed free from all desire. Nevertheless, it is I, the Lord of the three worlds, the Giver of Boons, who am come to thee, and so is it meet that thou shouldst ask for something, to preserve the joy I feel in giving." Replied the King, "My Lord's behest may not be disobeyed, and therefore do I this petition make. Behold, at this moment would I sew together this my ragged garment. Grant thou that the thread may quickly pass into the needle's eye." Said The Adorable, "Well said, my son, well said! Come thou straightway unto me. Become thou one with me and merged in that form of me that is all radiant light."

At these words King Bhartṛihari there and then achieved that salvation that consisteth in becoming one with The Supreme Self, and so Final Perfection did he attain.

As the poet saith :—

*Verse.* 4. He, from Whom the world cometh into being, and in Whom it is again and again absorbed ; from Whom are evolved the five elements, water, heat, ether, earth, and air ; than Whom there is none higher and none lower ; of Him did Bhartṛihari's soul gain complete and everlasting comprehension.

So endeth the Tale of ONE WHO ATTAINED PERFECTION.

## EPILOGUE

*Verses.* 1. He whose grandfather, King Bhava Dêva Sîmha, resigned his body in the presence of Śiva on the bank of the river Vâgvati,<sup>1</sup> and purified (by fire) went to heaven escorted and adorned by his two wives,<sup>2</sup> after he had enjoyed the pleasures of royalty, had conquered the surrounding regions, defeated his enemies in battle and, at an oblation ritely made to fire, had fostered suppliants with gifts of wealth :—

2. He whose father is illustrious as the victorious King Dêva Sîmha replete with every virtue, who dug the lake at Sakkurîpura<sup>3</sup> and was wisely generous in his largess of gold, elephants, and chariots :—

3. He who himself, having won glory in battle-fields from the princes of Gauḍa and of Gajjana,<sup>4</sup> prepareth a place for jasmine-garlands in the tresses of all the maiden-like regions of the earth—at the command of him, of His Majesty Śiva Sîmha, the beloved of scholars, hath this work on the knotty science of politics been composed by Vidyâpati.

So endeth the Fourth Part, entitled "AN EXPOSITION OF THE FOUR OBJECTS OF LIFE" of THE TEST OF A MAN, composed by the poet Vidyâpati Thakkura at the command of His Majesty Śiva Sîmha, endued with all the insignia of royalty and high in honour.

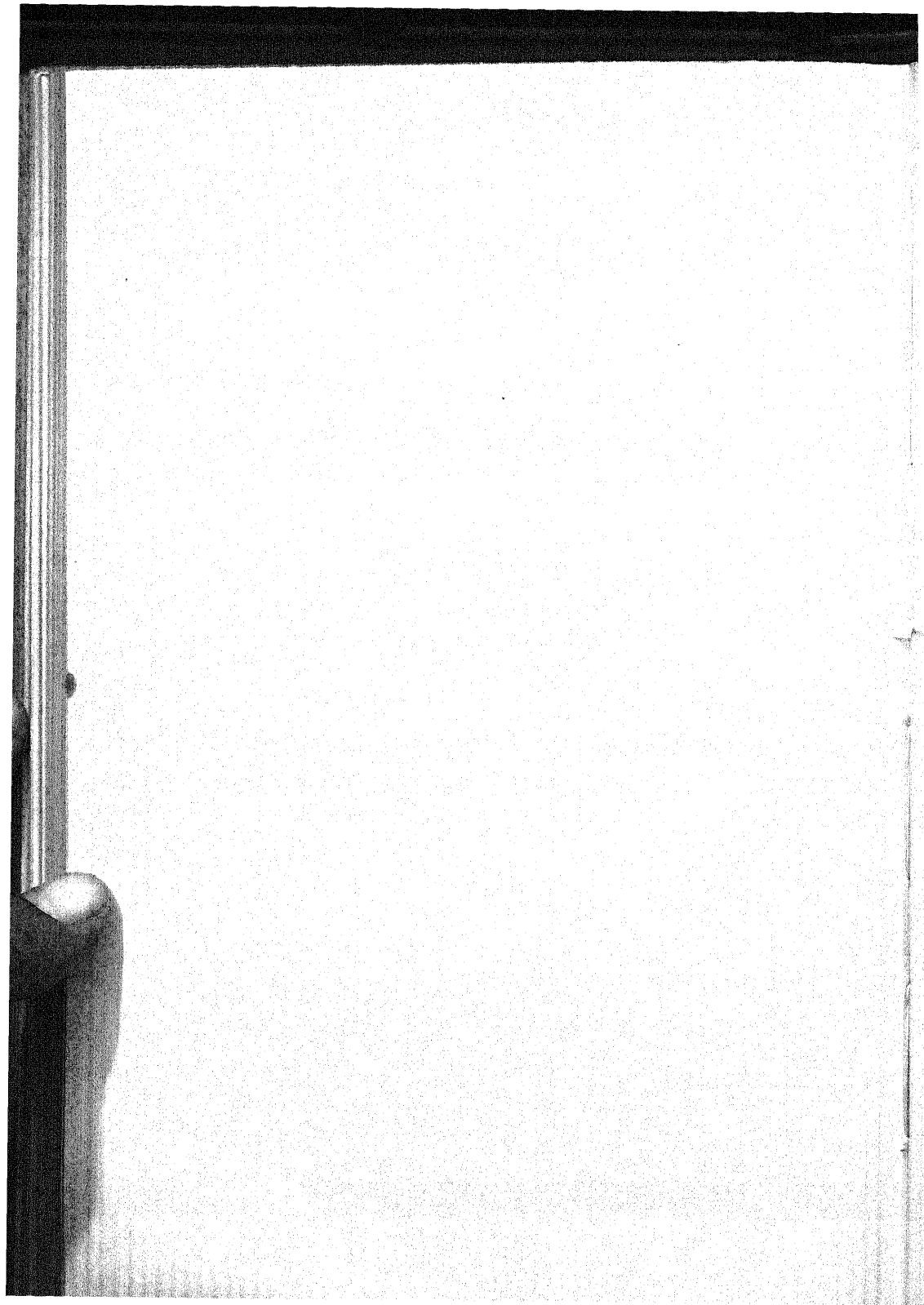
AND HEREWITH IS THIS WORK COMPLETED.

<sup>1</sup> The Bâghmati of the Gazetteers. It is a well-known river in the Darbhanga District.

<sup>2</sup> They became *Satî*.

<sup>3</sup> Perhaps the present town of Sakrî in Darbhanga.

<sup>4</sup> Gauḍa is northern Bengal. Gajjana has not been identified. Shyam Narayan Singh, in his *History of Tirhut* (p. 73) suggests that its prince was "perhaps some Muhammadan ruler near Tirhut". Chandra Jhâ makes him the "King of Ghazni" (in Afghanistan), which is here, of course, impossible. Cf. note on Tale 34 (p. 141).



## INDEX

(MAINLY OF PROPER NAMES)

*Unless otherwise stated, numbers refer to the numbers of the Tales*

- Agni**, name of one of Vikramāditya's attendant genii, 1, 39 (cf. 5).
- Alapā Sēnāvara**, name of a trusted servant of Shahābu-d-din, sent by him as a spy to Kanauj, 41. Another reading of the name is "Alayāsa".
- 'Alāu-d-din Khilji**, captured Ranthambpôr in A.D. 1301, Tale 2, and Dēvagiri in A.D. 1294, Tale 11.
- Allāvadīna**, the same as **'Alāu-d-din Khilji**, q.v., 2.
- Arjuna**, an ancient example of the Hero Valorous. Introduction to Part I.
- Avanti**, name of the country of which Ujjayini was the capital, 18.
- Ayôdhya**, name of a city, the modern Ajôdhya, 34.
- Balāha**, name of a certain king, a Hero Generous, who was helped by Vikramāditya, 1.
- Balirāj Gaṛh**, name of an ancient site in the Darbhanga District of Tirhut, 24.
- Benares**, name of a city. It is very holy, and death there insures salvation, 19, Introduction to 42, 43. It was inhabited by learned men, 10, 11. Besieged by King Lakshmana Sēna, 38.
- Bhādra Bhaṭa**, name of a general. He was an adherent of Chāṇakya, but posed as a friend of Malayakētu, 20.
- Bhāgurāyana**, name of a spy in the service of Chāṇakya in Malayakētu's court, 20.
- Bharata**, author of a treatise on the theatre, 23, 37, 39.
- Bhartṛihari**, name of the brother of Śaka and Vikramāditya, 44.
- Bhāskara Datta**, said by some to have been the father of Viśākha. Cf. Tapasīla, 9.
- Bhava**, a name of Śiva, Colophon of Part III.
- Bhavabhūti**, name of a Sanskrit dramatist, 23.
- Bhava Dēva Simha**, the grandfather of King Śiva Simha, Introduction, pp. x, xi, Epilogue (p. 185).
- Bhōja**, King of Dhārā (A.D. 1018-1060), 16, 25. In 39 he is described as a contemporary of Vikramāditya.
- Bliss, Night of**, see **Diwāli**.
- Bōdhi**, name of a righteous Kāyastha of Tirhut, 30.
- Brahma-kiṭa**, name of a certain disease of the brain, 17.
- Butea**, a certain tree with red blossoms, which are often used as a simile for blood from a wound, 4, 41.

**Châchika Dêva**, name of a Chauhân Râjpût, who was a Hero Truthful, 4.

**Châmunḍâ**, name of a terrific form of Durgâ, 1.

**Châpakya (Śarman)**, name of the Indian Machiavelli. He was an irascible Brâhman, who, on being insulted by King Nanda (19), ousted him from his throne, and installed Chandragupta in his place, 13, 20. His appearance was ugly, 19.

**Chânḍâla**, a man of the lowest and vilest caste. Such a man was the father of Kshudra Buddhi, 13.

**Chandana Dâsa**, name of a dear friend of Râkshasa, 20.

**Chandragupta**, with the aid of Châpakya, he became the first king of the Maurya dynasty, after having ousted Nanda, 13, 20.

**Chandra Sênâ**, a prince of Viśâlâ, son of Samudra Sêna, 12.

**Chandrâtapâ**, the city of King Pârâvâra, Introduction to Part I.

**Chaturbhujâ**, name of a Brâhman emissary of Shahâbu-d-dîn, sent by him to Kanauj, 41.

**Chikkôra**, name of a king, served by Malla Dêva, and attacked by Jaya Chandra, 3.

**Chitra Ratha**, Prince of Yûthikâpura and son of Nila Ratha, 12.

**Chitra Sênâ**, name of a princess, daughter of Nila Ratha, and married to Chandra Sêna, 12.

*Churning of the Ocean*, 40.

**Dandaka**, name of a forest in Southern India, 43.

**Dêva Dhara**, name of an astrologer of Kauśâmbi, 14.

**Dêvagiri**, the modern Daulatabad in the Hyderabad State, 11.

**Dêva Simha**, the father of King Śiva Simha, Introduction, p. xi, p. 1, Epilogue (p. 185).

**Dhârâ**, name of a city in Central India, the capital of King Bhôja, the modern Dhâr, 16, 25, 39.

**Diwâlî**, name of a festival in honour of the goddess Lakshmi. Its night is called "The Night of Bliss", as husbands are then expected to be specially attentive to their wives, 38, 43.

**Durgâ-Mâhâtmya**, a section of the *Mârkaṇḍêya Purâṇa* celebrating the victories of the goddess Durgâ, 28.

**Durgâ-pûjâ**, a great autumnal religious festival in honour of the goddess Durgâ, 28, 33.

**Dvârakâ**, name of a city in Kâthiâwâr, 42.

**Gajjana**, name of a place probably near Tirhut, not identified, Epilogue (p. 185). In Tale 34 it perhaps means Ghazni in Afghanistan.

**Gaṇḍakî**, name of a river, the modern Gaṇḍak, 15.

**Gandharva**, name of an actor at the court of Lakshmana Sêna, 23.

**Gaṇêsa**, name of a god, the son of Śiva and Pârvatî, 43.

**Gaṇêsvara Thakkura**, name of the brother of Virêsvara Thakkura and great grandfather of Vidyâpati, 8. He was minister of Hari Simha Dêva, king of Mithilâ, 11.

**Ganges**, confluence of the Ganges with the Jumna is called Prayâga, 31.

- Gauḍa**, the same as Northern Bengal, 33, Epilogue (p. 185).  
**Gaur**, see **Lakshmaṇāvatī**.  
**Ghazni**, name of a town in Afghanistan, 34, Epilogue (p. 185).  
**Ghiyāṣu-d-dīn Tughlak**, a Sultan of Delhi, 4. He conquered Hari  
 Simha Dēva of Mithilā, 4, 11.  
**Gōdāvari**, name of a river, 12.  
**Gōrakshapura**, name of a city, the modern Gōrakhpur, 22, 28.  
**Gūḍha Dhana**, name of a miser of Mathurā, 7.
- Hambīra Dēva**, name of a king of Rapastambha, a Hero Compassionate.  
 In modern language Hammir Dēo Chauhān, 2.  
**Hara** (or **Hari**, 22) **Simha Dēva**, name of the last and most celebrated  
 king of the Kārṇāṭa dynasty of Mithilā, 8, 11, 22. He was conquered  
 by **Ghiyāṣu-d-dīn Tughlak**, 4, 11.  
**Harīschandra** (1), name of an ancient king famed for his liberality, a  
 Hero Generous, Introduction to Part I, 33.  
**Harīschandra** (2), name of a physician of Ujjayinī, 17.  
**Hastināpura**, the modern Delhi, 4.  
**Hēmāngada**, name of a king of Kampilā, 32.
- Jātaki**, name of a courtesan of Dhārā, 39.  
**Jaya Chandra**, king of the country between Kanauj and Benares (died  
 A.D. 1194), 3, 41.  
**Jayanti**, name of a city, unidentified, 36.  
**Jiva Siddhi**, name of a spy of Chāṇakya, 20.  
**Jumna**, the modern English name (a corruption of "Yamunā") of the  
 river herein called Kālindī, 2, 31. Its confluence with the Ganges  
 is called Prayāga, 31.
- Kailāsa**, name of a peak in the Himālaya, said to be the abode of Śiva, 25.  
**Kālānidhi**, name of a singer of Tirhut, 22.  
**Kālindī**, name of the river Jumna, 2.  
**Kampilā**, name of a city, the modern Kampil in the Farrukhabad District  
 of the United Provinces, 32.  
**Kanauj**, the ancient Kānyakubja, a city in the Gangetic Dōāb, the  
 capital of King Jaya Chandra, 3, 41.  
**Kānchi**, name of a city, the modern Conjeeveram, 29.  
**Kandarpa**, the god of love. Reduced to ashes by Śiva, and hence known  
 as "The Bodiless One", 43.  
**Kānyakubja**, i.q. **Kanauj**, q.v., 3, 41.  
**Kāphara** (i.e. **Kāfir**), probably Tarmashirin, the Mongol **Khān**, 4.  
**Kārṇāṭa**, name of a Dynasty of Mithilā (Tirhut), 3, 4, 8, 11, 22.  
**Kāśī**, the same as Benares, 3, 41.  
**Kaumudī**, name of a princess of Kauśālāpurī, who in a former birth  
 had been a hind, 21.  
**Kauśālāpurī**, name of a city, the modern Audh or Oude, 21.  
**Kauśāmbī**, name of a city, the modern Kosam, 14.

- Kayastha*, a man of the scribe caste, 13, 19, 30. For reputation, see 13, 30. One who was tempted, yet righteous, 30.
- Kētaki*, name of a courtesan of Dhārā, 39.
- Khaḍga Sarvasva*, name of a Rājput of Patna, 40.
- Kōka*, name of a learned man of Benares, 10.
- Kōkila*, one of Vikramāditya's attendant genii, 1, 39 (cf. 5).
- Kṛishṇa Chaitanya* (1), name of a holy saint in the Daṇḍaka forest, 43.
- Kṛishṇa Chaitanya* (2), name of a famous Vaishṇava reformer of Bengal (sixteenth cent. A.D.), 43.
- Kṛita Kuśala*, name of a garland-maker of Vijayapura, 35.
- Kshudra Buddhi*, "Mean-wit." A Brāhman rescued as a baby by Sômadatta, and brought up by him, 13.
- Kumudapura*, i.q. the modern Patna, 13, 20.
- Kusumapura*, another name for Patna, 19, 20.
- Kuśa Śarman*, name of a sciolist Brāhman, 28.
- Lakshmaṇa Sēna*, name of a king of Bengal. Attacked Benares, 38. Conquered by Muḥammad Khiljī, 23.
- Lakshmanāvatī*, name of Lakshmaṇa Sēna's capital. The same as the modern Gaur in Northern Bengal, 38.
- Lakshmi*, the goddess of Good Fortune. She was born from the Ocean of Milk, 25, and was the spouse of Viṣṇu, 36.
- Lavangikā*, name of a loose woman with whom Ratāṅgada consorted, 32.
- Mahamada*, i.q. Muḥammad bin Tughlak, q.v., 4.
- Mahārāja Dēva*, name of the Kshatriya minister of the king of Gauḍa, 33.
- Mahima Sâhi*, i.q. Mir Muḥammad Shâh, 2.
- Mâlâtî*, name of a virtuous woman of Avantî. The name means "Jasmine", 18.
- Malayakētu*, the son of Parvatésvara, with whom Rākshasa took refuge from Chandragupta, 13. He joins Seleucus Nicator, 20.
- Malla Dēva*, a son of Nānya Dēva, a Hero Valorous, 3.
- Mana Dhara (Śarman)*, name of the learned son of Ravi Dhara, 27.
- Maṇikarṇikā*, name of a bathing place at Benares, 10.
- Mathurā*, name of a city, the modern Muttra, 7.
- Milk, Ocean of*, the mythical Ocean from which Lakshmi, the goddess of Good Fortune, was born, 25. Cf. 40 (p. 161).
- Mithilā*, name of a country, the modern Tirhut, 3, 8, 11, 30.
- Mudrārākshasa*, name of a famous drama, 9, 13.
- Muḥammad bin Tughlak*, name of a Sultan of Delhi, 4.
- Muḥammad Ghôri*, see *Shahâbu-d-dîn*, 41.
- Mûla Dēva*, see *Śasî*.
- Murâ*, name of the low-caste mother of Chandragupta, who was, through her, half-brother of Nanda, 20.
- Muttra*, see *Mathurâ*, 7.
- Nadârî*, name of a village in Darbhanga District, from which Chāṇakya is said to have destroyed Nanda, 20.



- Nāga**, a kind of snake-demon, 37.
- Naishadha-charita**, name of an epic poem by Śrī Harsha, 10.
- Nanda**, name of a cruel king of Kusumapura (Patna), 19, 20.
- Nānya Dēva**, name of the founder of the Kārṇāṭa Dynasty of Mithilā, 3, 4.
- Nara Simha Dēva** (1), name of a Prince of the Kārṇāṭa Dynasty, the grandson of Nānya Dēva, 4.
- Nara Simha Dēva** (2), name of a Kārṇāṭa Prince of Tirhut, taken by Ghiyāsu-d-dīn to Delhi, 4.
- Nārāyaṇa**, a name of the god Viṣṇu, 43. Postscript to Part III (p. 123).
- Narmadā**, name of a river, the "Nerbudda" of English books, 12.
- Nāyaka Khān**, "Noble Khān," a nickname of Mahārāja Dēva, 33.
- "Night of Bliss,"** see *Diwālī*.
- Nīla Ratha**, name of the King of Yūthikāpura, 12.
- Nirapēksha**, name of a King of Central Bengal, 26.
- Nirvivēka**, name of an unruly lad in Dhārā, 16.
- Nuddea**, modern name of a capital of Lakshmaṇa Sēna, 23.
- Ocean, Churning of**, by the gods, 40. Cf. 25 (p. 109).
- Padmāvatī**, name of the daughter of King Pārāvāra, Introduction to Part I (p. 1).
- Paksha Dhara Mīśra**, name of a Brāhman warlock of Tirhut, 24.
- Pāṇḍupattana**, name of a city in Gauḍa, the modern Paṇḍuā in Northern Bengal, 33.
- Pārāvāra**, name of the King to whom the stories in this book are told, Introductions to Parts, I, II, III, and IV.
- Pārībhadrā**, name of a certain cowardly king, 6.
- Parvatēśvara**, "King of the Mountains," who helped Chāṇakya in installing Chandragupta as king of Patna. Afterwards killed by a poison-damsel, 20. His son, Malayakētu, joined with Seleucus Nicator in attacking Chandragupta, 13, 20.
- Pārvatī**, name of a goddess, the spouse of Śiva and mother of Gaṇēśa, 43.
- Pāṭalīputra**, name of a city, the modern Patna, 40.
- Patna**, called "Kumudapura", 13, 20; "Kusumapura", 19, 20; "Pāṭalīputra", 40.
- Pichinḍila**, name of a keeper of a wineshop in Ujjayinī, 5.
- Poison-damsel**, sent by Rākshasa to Chandragupta and passed on by Chāṇakya to Parvatēśvara, whom she kills, 13, 20.
- Prachura Dhana** or **Prachura Vasu**, "Having ample wealth," name of the son of Vasu, a merchant of Ayōdhya, 34.
- Prayāga**, name of the confluence of the Ganges and the Jumna, 31.
- Prīthu**, name of an ancient king, 9.
- Priya-sringāra**, name of a dissolute king of Avantī, 18.
- Purapati**, name of a rich man of Ujjayinī, 5.
- Rādhā**, the modern Rārī, i.e. Central Bengal, 26, 31.
- Rāja Dēva**, name of a certain king in Tirhut, 24.

- Rākshasa**, name of the minister of the last king of the Nanda dynasty, and afterwards of Chandragupta, 13, 19, 20.
- Rāma**, name of an incarnation of Vishnu. His spouse was Sitā, an incarnation of Lakshmi, Colophon to Part III (p. 124).
- Rāma Dēva** (or (?) **Vāma Dēva**), name of a king of Dēvagiri, 11.
- Rāma Pāla**, name of a treacherous minister of Hambīra Dēva, 2.
- Raṇastambha**, name of a city in the present State of Jaipur. It was the capital of Hambīra Dēva. The modern Ranthambhōr, 2.
- Ranthambhōr**, see the preceding.
- Ratnāngada**, name of the son of King Hēmāngada of Kampilā, who succeeded his father, 32.
- Ratna Prabhā**, name of the Queen of Lakshmaṇa Sēna, 38.
- Ravi Dhara**, name of a rich, but untaught, Brāhman of Tirhut, 27.
- Rāya Malla**, name of a treacherous minister of Hambīra Dēva, 2.
- Rūpa Nārāyaṇa**, a title of King Śiva Siṃha, Colophon of Part I, Colophon of Part II, Postscript to and Colophon of Part III.
- Śabara Svāmin**, name of a Vedic Theologian of Ujjayinī, 17.
- Śahāvadīna**, the same as Shahābu-d-dīn **Ghōrī**, q.v.
- Śaka**, name of a brother of Bhartṛihari and Vikramāditya, 44.
- Sakata Dāsa**, name of a scribe of Patna, who was an adherent of Chāṇakya, 20.
- Sakaṭāra**, name of a minister of King Nanda of Patna, a Kāyastha by caste, 19, 20.
- Sakkuripura**, name of a place in Tirhut, where there is a lake dug by King Dēva Siṃha, Epilogue (p. 185).
- Śalabha**, "Grasshopper," name of a foolish cowherd, 15.
- Sāma Vēda**, 18.
- Samudra Sēna**, name of a king of Viśālā, 12.
- Śankara**, a name of the god Śiva, 25.
- Śānti Dhara**, name of the son of Dēvadhara. He was a Booby Born, 14.
- Sarasvatī**, name of the goddess of eloquence and learning, 26, 27.
- Sarayu**, name of the main river of Oudh, 33.
- Sarīṣṭipa**, "Creepy Crawly," name of a thief, 5.
- Śārṅgarava**, name of a pupil and spy of Chāṇakya, 20.
- Śaśi and Mūla Dēva**, names of two traditional Ne'er-do-weels of Mithilā, 21, 40.
- Śaśilēkhā**, the name taken by Śaśi, when he contrived to become an attendant on Princess Kaumudī, after disguising himself as a woman, 21.
- Satya Rājā**, "Truthful Rājā," a nickname of Mahārāja Dēva, 33.
- Seleucus Nicator**, attacked Chandragupta, 13.
- Shahābu-d-dīn Ghōrī**, name of the conqueror of Jaya Chandra, 3, 41. He was Sultan of Delhi, and was also known as Muḥammad **Ghōrī**, 41.
- Śibi**, name of a celebrated king who lived in the Golden Age. He was an ancient example of a Hero Compassionate, Introduction to Part I.

- Siddhârthaka**, name of a minion of Chânakya, who posed as a friend of Râkshasa, 20.
- Simarâmapura**, name of the capital of Nânya Dêva and his successors in the Karnâta Dynasty of Mithilâ, the modern Simraon, 3.
- Simbali**, the modern Sihulâ-ban, the name of a forest in the Darbhanga District of Tirhut, 24.
- Simhala**, the name of a Râjpût of Dhârâ, a skilled archer, 16.
- Simraon**, see **Simarâmapura**, the name of the capital of Nânya Dêva and his successors in the Karnâta Dynasty of Mithilâ, 3, 4, 8.
- Śiva**, name of the well-known Deity of the Hindûs, *passim*. In the Postscript to Part III, King Śiva Simha is compared with him.
- Śiva Simha**, name of a king of Mithilâ. He was Vidyâpati's patron, Introduction to Part I, Colophon to Part II, Postscript and Colophon to Part III, Epilogue and Colophon to Part IV.
- Sômadatta**, name of a merchant of Patna, who rescued and brought up Kshudra Buddhi, 13.
- Śri Harsha**, name of a famous poet of Bengal, 10.
- Śri Kan̐tha**, name of a Brâhman who was righteous though in darkness, 31.
- Śubha Dêvi**, name of the Queen of King Jaya Chandra, 41.
- Śubhankara Śarman**, name of Udaya Simha's chief priest, 28.
- Subuddhi**, name of the narrator of the tales in this book, Introductions to Parts I, II, III, and IV.
- Suchêtana**, name of a spy in the service of King Vikramâditya, 5.
- Śuddhâsaya**, name of a Brâhman of Dvâarakâ, 42.
- Śûdraka**, name of a certain king who was a faithful lover, 37.
- Sukhâlasâ**, name of the Queen of King Śûdraka, 37.
- Sulôchanâ**, name of the Queen of King Prithu, 9.
- Supratâpa**, name of a King of Kâncî, 29.
- Tapassîla**, name of a certain hermit, the father of Visâkha, 9.
- Tilôttamâ**, name of a certain sylph, the mother of Visâkha, 9.
- Tirabhukti**, the ancient name of what is now called Tirhut, 22.
- Udaya Simha**, a king of Gôrakshapura, a contemporary of Hara Simha Dêva of Tirhut (early part of fourteenth century A.D.), 22, 28.
- Ujjain**, see **Ujjayinî**.
- Ujjayinî**, name of the capital of King Vikramâditya, the modern Ujjain, 1, 5, 17. It was also the capital of Bhartîhari, 44. It was the chief town of the country of Avantî, 18.
- Umâpati Dhara**, name of the minister of King Lakshmana Sêna, 23.
- Uttara-Râma-Charîta**, name of a drama by Bhavabhûti, 23.
- Vâgvatî**, name of a river in Darbhanga District, the Bâghmati of the gazetteers, Epilogue (p. 185).
- Vâgvilâsa**, "Elegant in speech," the name of a poet who visited King Nirapêksha, 26.
- Vallabhâchârya**, name of an Indian reformer, who was born near Bettiah, 3.

- Vāma Dēva** (or (?) **Rāma Dēva**), name of a king of Dēvagiri, 11.
- Vāmāna** (1), name of a wandering ascetic of Benares, 43.
- Vāmāna** (2), name of a writer on Sanskrit grammar (seventh century B.C.), 43.
- Varāha** (**Mihira**), name of an astrologer of Ujjayinī, 17.
- Vasu** (usually spelt "Bose" by Europeans). The name of a merchant of Ayōdhyā, 34.
- Vāsuki**, name of the King of the Nāgas, 25.
- Vēda Śarman**, name of a Brāhman skilled in chanting the Sāma Vēda, 18.
- Vichakshana**, name of the minister of King Nirapēksha, 26.
- Vichakshanā**, name of a maid-servant of King Nanda, 19.
- Vidyādharma**, name of the chief minister of King Jaya Chandra, 41.
- Vidyāpati Thakkura**, the name of the author of this work, *passim* in the Colophons, etc. For the legend of his death, see 30 (p. 129).
- Vijayapura**, name of a certain city, ? the modern Bijāpur in the Bombay Presidency, 35.
- Vikramāditya**, name of a celebrated king. His date uncertain, 1. His attempt to reform a thief, 5. His mystic powers, 1, 17. Quoted as an example of intrepidity, 33. Spoken of as a contemporary of King Bhōja (A.D. 1018-1060), and acts as arbitrator between two courtesans, 39. Mentioned as a brother of Bhartrihari and Śaka, 44.
- Vira Parākrama**, name of the King of Jayantī, 36.
- Virēvara Thakkura**, name of the minister of King Hari Simha Dēva of the Karṇāta Dynasty, 8, 11.
- Viśākha**, name of a foundling rescued by Queen Sulōchamā. He was the author of the *Mudrāraksha*, 9.
- Viśālā**, name of a city, the same as Ujjayinī, 12.
- Vivēka Śarman** (1), name of the father of Nirvivēka, 16.
- Vivēka Śarman** (2), name of the son of Śuddhāśaya, 42.
- Vṛishala**, a derogatory name of Chandragupta, 13, 20.
- Yāja Dēva**, name of a general of Hambira Dēva, 2.
- Yōginipura**, name of the modern Delhi, 2, 41.
- Yudhishthira**, name of a hero of the Golden Age, quoted as an ancient example of the Hero Truthful, Introduction to Part I (p. 3).